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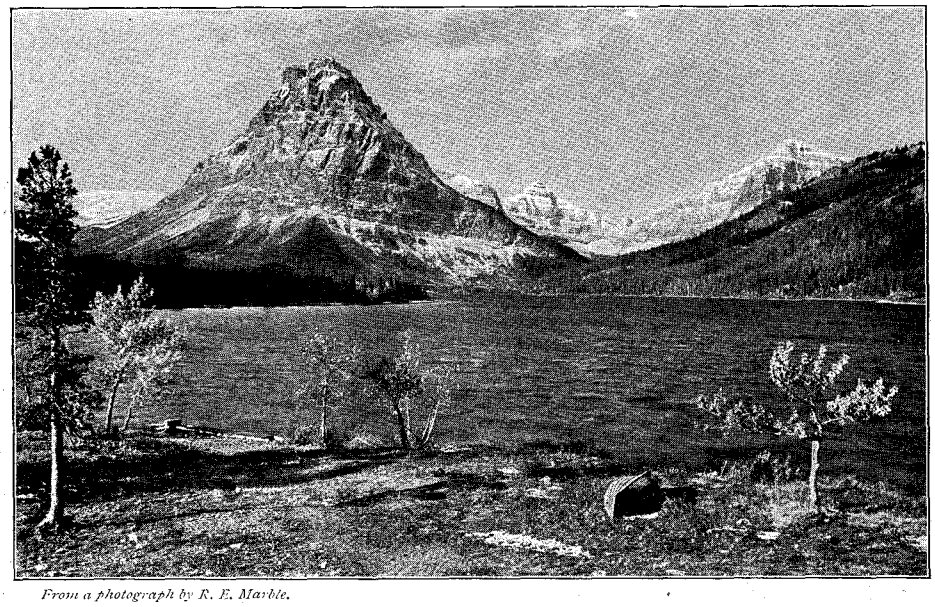

From a photograph by R. E. Marble.

The famous Two Medicine Lake in July.

Mount Rockwell in the middle background stands out in front of the Continental Divide. The two peaks on the right are Mount Helen and Flinsch Peak, both on the Continental Divide.

GLACIER REVEALED

By Robert Sterling Yard

Chief, Educational Division, National Park Service

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS

I

THIS article considers Glacier National Park from a different point of view. Its facts are not those usually offered. Its purpose is to explain why this extraordinary landscape stands alone in kind amid the great scenery of the world. Its hope is to add the keen pleasure of appreciation to the other pleasures which there await the visitor.

To say that Glacier National Park is the Canadian Rockies done in Grand Canyon colors is to express a small part of a complicated fact. Glacier is so much less and more. It is less in its exhibit of ice and snow. Both are dying glacial regions, and Glacier is hundreds of centuries nearer the end; no longer can it display snowy ranges in August and long, sinuous, Alaska-like glaciers at any time. Nevertheless it has its glaciers, sixty or more of them perched upon high rocky shelves, the beautiful shrunken remainders of one-time monsters. Also it has the stupendous walled cirques and painted, lake-studded canyons which these monsters left for the enjoyment of to-day.

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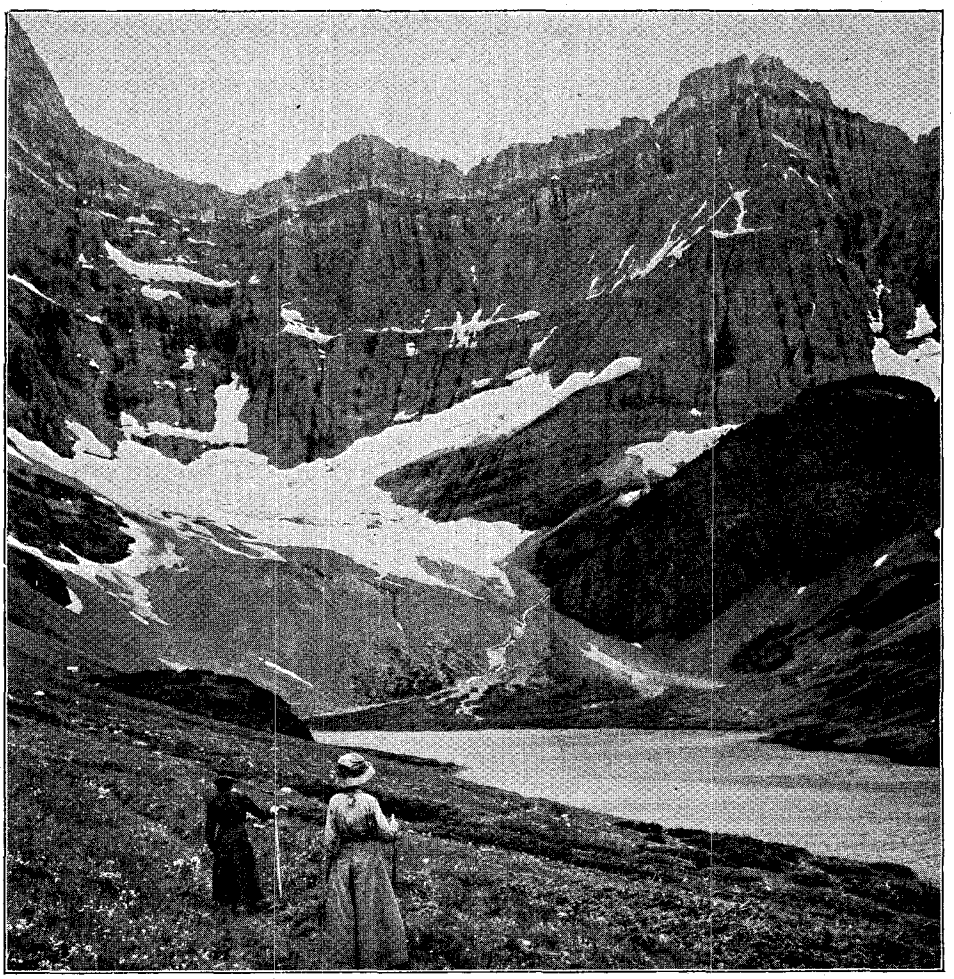

From a photograph by Haynes.

Cracker Lake, above which Mount Siyeh rises four thousand feet, almost sheer.

The dark colored rock masses near the water are deep pink, the cliffs dark gray. The slope on the right of the lake is red and green. The water is a vivid robin's-egg blue, with pink edges where the colored sand shows through.

It is these cirques and canyons which constitute Glacier's unique feature, which make it incomparable of its kind. Glacier's innermost sanctuaries are comfortably accessible and intimately enjoyable for more than two months each summer.

Glacier National Park hangs down from the Canadian boundary-line in northwestern Montana, where it straddles the Continental Divide. Adjoining it on the north is the Waterton Lakes Park, Canada. The Blackfeet Indian Reservation borders it on the east. Its southern boundary is Marias Pass, through which the Great Northern Railway crosses the crest of the Rocky Mountains. Its western boundary is the North Fork of the Flathead River. The park contains more than fifteen hundred square miles.

Communication between the east and west sides within the park is only by trail-passes over the Continental Divide.

There are parts of America quite as distinguished as Glacier: Mount McKinley, for its enormous snowy mass and stature; Yosemite, for the quality of its valley's beauty; Mount Rainier, for its massive radiating glaciers; Crater Lake, for its color range in pearls and blues; Grand Canyon, for its stupendous painted gulf. But there is no part of America or the Americas, or of the world, to match

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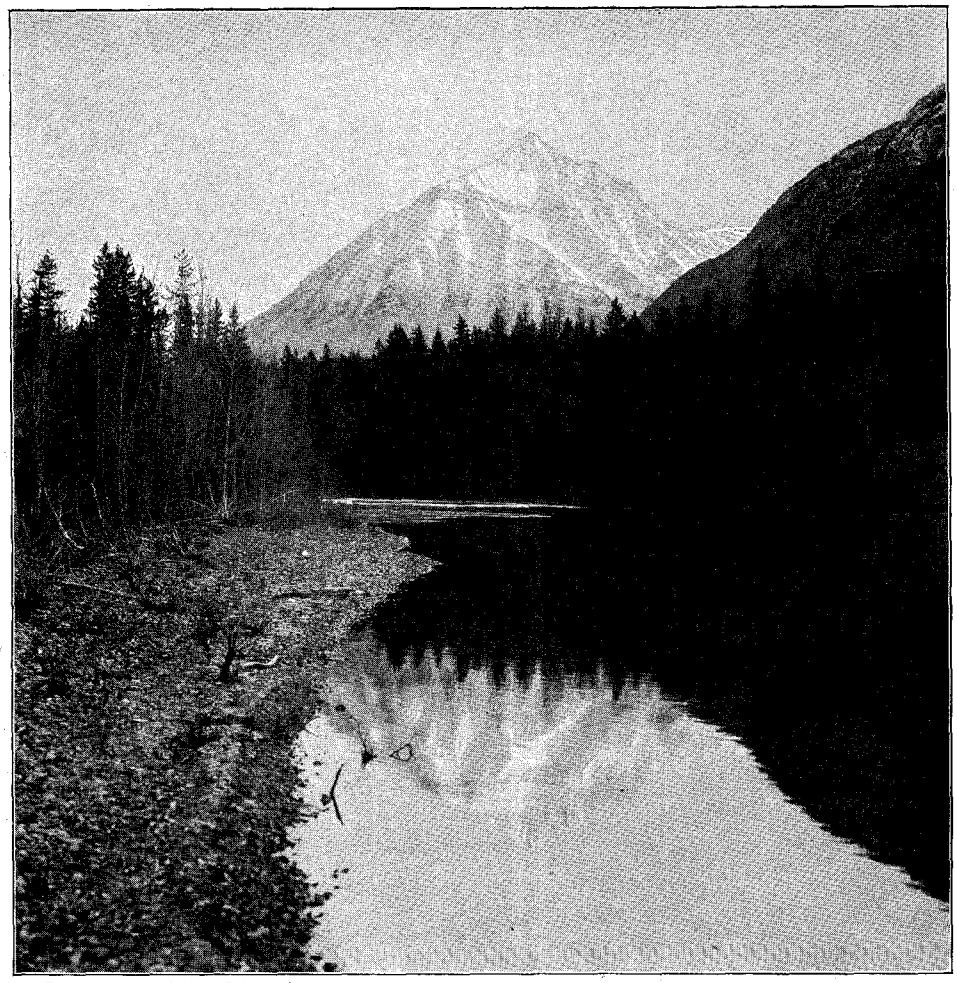

From a photograph by A. J. Baker.

Early morning on Lake McDonald (lower west side).
Mount Cannon in the background.

this of its kind. As for the particular wondrous thing these glaciers of old left behind them when they shrank to shelved trifles, there is no other. At Glacier one sees what he never saw elsewhere and never will see again—except at Glacier.

Visitors seldom comprehend Glacier; hence they are mute, or praise in generalities or vague superlatives. Those who have not seen other mountains find the unexpected and are puzzled. Those who have seen other mountains fail to understand the difference in these.

"My God, man, where are your artists?" cried an Englishman who had come to St. Mary Lake to spend a night and was finishing his week. "They ought to be here in regiments. Not that this is the greatest thing in the world, but that there's nothing else in the world like it."

II

THE elements of Glacier's personality are so unusual that it will be difficult, if not impossible, to make phrases describe it. Comparison fails. Photographs will help, but not very efficiently, because they do not convey its size, color, and reality; or perhaps I should say its unreality, for there are places like Two Medicine Lake in still pale midmorning,

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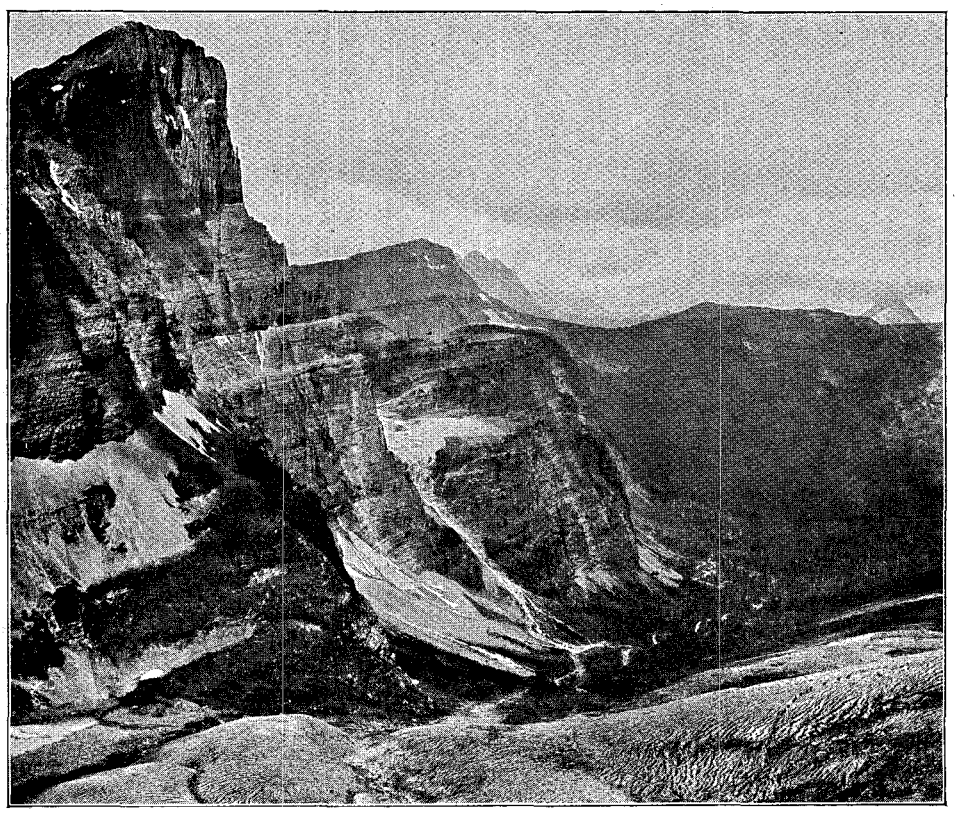

From a photograph by A. J. Baker.

North from Piegan Pass.

A familiar trail route between St. Mary Lake and Lake McDermott. Peak of Pollock Mountain shown on the left side and Mount Grinnell on right.

St. Mary Lake during one of its gold sunsets, and the cirques of the Belly River under all conditions which never seem natural.

To picture Glacier as nearly as possible, imagine two mountain ranges roughly parallel in the north, where they pass the Continental Divide back and forth between them across a magnificent high intervening valley, and, in the south, merging into a wild and apparently planless massing of high peaks and ranges. Imagine these mountains repeating everywhere huge pyramids, enormous stone gables, elongated cones, and many other unusual shapes, including numerous saw-toothed edges which rise many thousand feet upward from swelling sides, suggesting nothing so much as overturned keel boats. Imagine ranges, glacier-bitten alternately on either side, with cirques of three or four thousand feet of precipitous depth. Imagine these cirques often so nearly meeting that the intervening walls are knife-like edges—miles of such walls carry the Continental Divide; and occasionally these cirques meet and the intervening wall crumbles and leaves a pass across the divide. Imagine places where cirque walls have been so bitten outside as well as in that they stand like amphitheatres builded up from foundations instead of gouged out of rock from above.

Imagine these mountains plentifully snow-spattered upon their northern slopes and bearing upon their shoulders many small and beautiful glaciers perched upon rock shelves above and back of the cirques left by the greater glaciers of which they are the remainders. These glaciers are nearly always wider than they are long; I have seen only three with elongated lobes.

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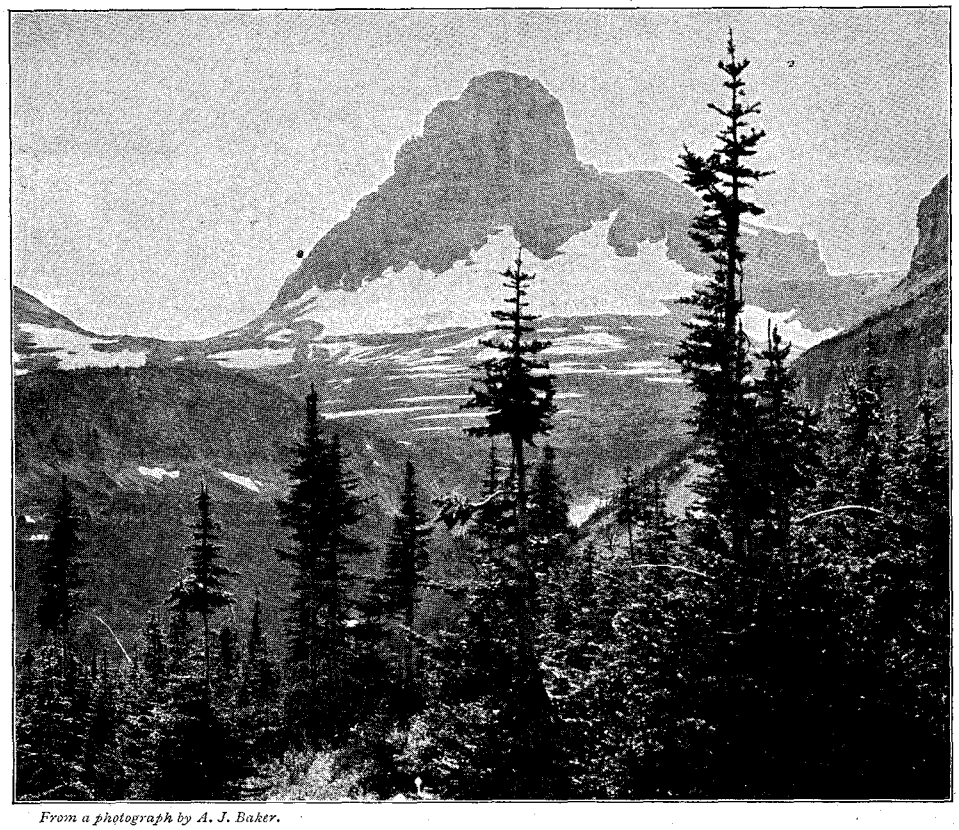

From a photograph by A. J. Baker.

Mount Reynolds, as seen from St. Mary Lake Trail.

Hanging gardens below the snow on its near front. Just the other side of Reynolds is Hidden Lake.

Imagine deep, rounded valleys emerging from these cirques and twisting snake-like among enormous and sometimes grotesque rock masses which often are inconceivably twisted and tumbled, those of each drainage basin converging fan-like to its central valley. Sometimes a score or more of cirques, great and small, unite their valley streams for the making of a river; seven principal valleys, each the product of such a group, emerge from the east side, thirteen from the west.

Imagine hundreds of lakes whose waters, fresh-run from snow-field and glacier, brilliantly reflect the odd surrounding landscape. Each glacier has its lake or lakes of turquoise blue. Every successive shelf of every glacial stairway has its lake—one or more. And every valley has its greater lake or string of lakes. Glacier is pre-eminently the park of lakes. When all is said and done they constitute its most distinguished single element of supreme beauty.

And, finally, imagine this picture done in soft, glowing colors—not only the blue sky, the flowery meadows, the pine-green valleys, and the innumerable many-hued waters, but the rocks, the mountains, and the cirques besides. The glaciers of old penetrated the most colorful depths of earth's skin, the very ancient Algonkian strata, that from which the Grand Canyon also is carved. The rocks appear in four differently colored layers. The lowest of these is called the Altyn limestone. There are about sixteen hundred feet of it, pale blue within, weathering pale buff. Whole yellow mountains of this rock hang upon the eastern edge of the park. Next above the Altyn lies thirty-four hundred feet of dull green shale. The tint is pale, deepening to that familiar in the depths of the Grand Canyon. It weathers every

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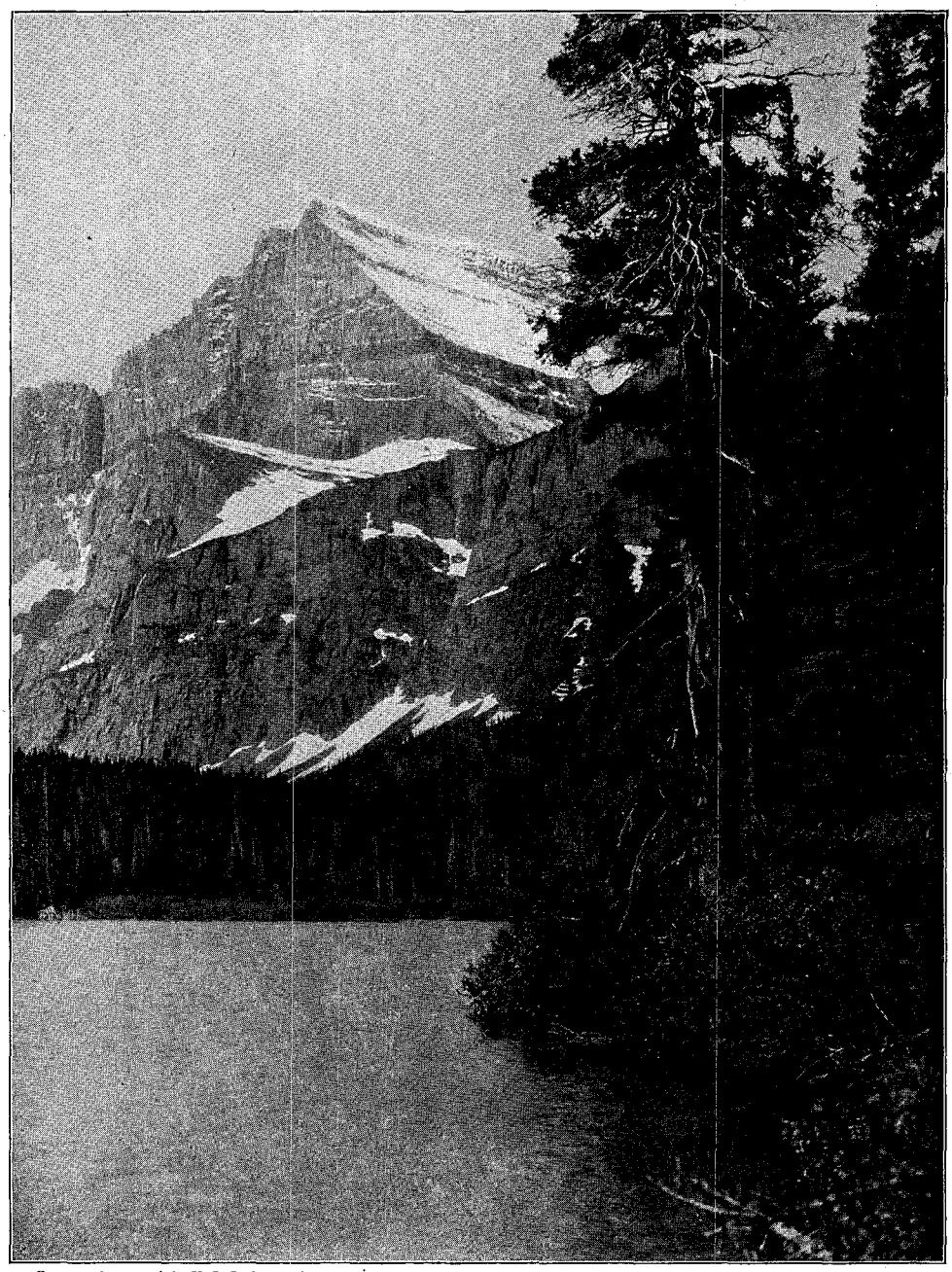

From a photograph by U. S. Geological Survey.

Lake McDermott, showing the huge limestone gable of Gould mountain.

darkening shade to very dark greenish brown. Next above that lies twenty-two hundred feet of red shale, a dull rock of varying pinks, which weathers many shades of red and purple, deepening in places almost to black. There is some gleaming white quartzite mixed with both these shales. Next above lies more than four thousand feet of Siyeh limestone, solid, massive, iron-gray with an insis-

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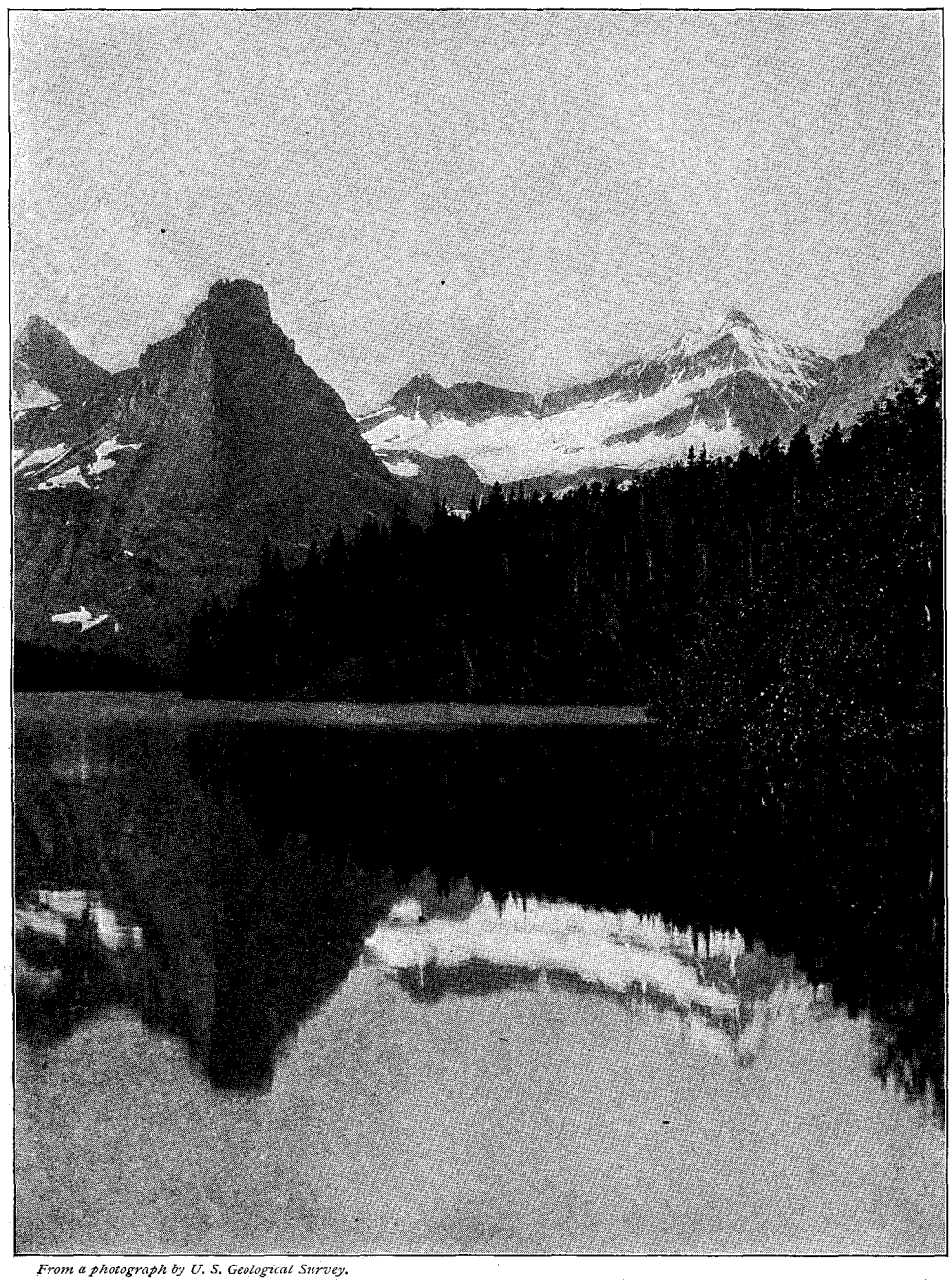

From a photograph by U. S. Geological Survey.

Middle Fork of the Belly River, showing Pyramid Peak and the Shepard Glacier across Crossley Lake.

tent flavor of yellow, and weathering buff.

This heavy stratum is the most impressive part of the Glacier landscape. Horizontally through its middle runs a dark broad ribbon of diorite, a rock as hard as granite, which once, while molten, burst from below and forced its way between horizontal beds of limestone; and occasionally, as in the Swiftcurrent and

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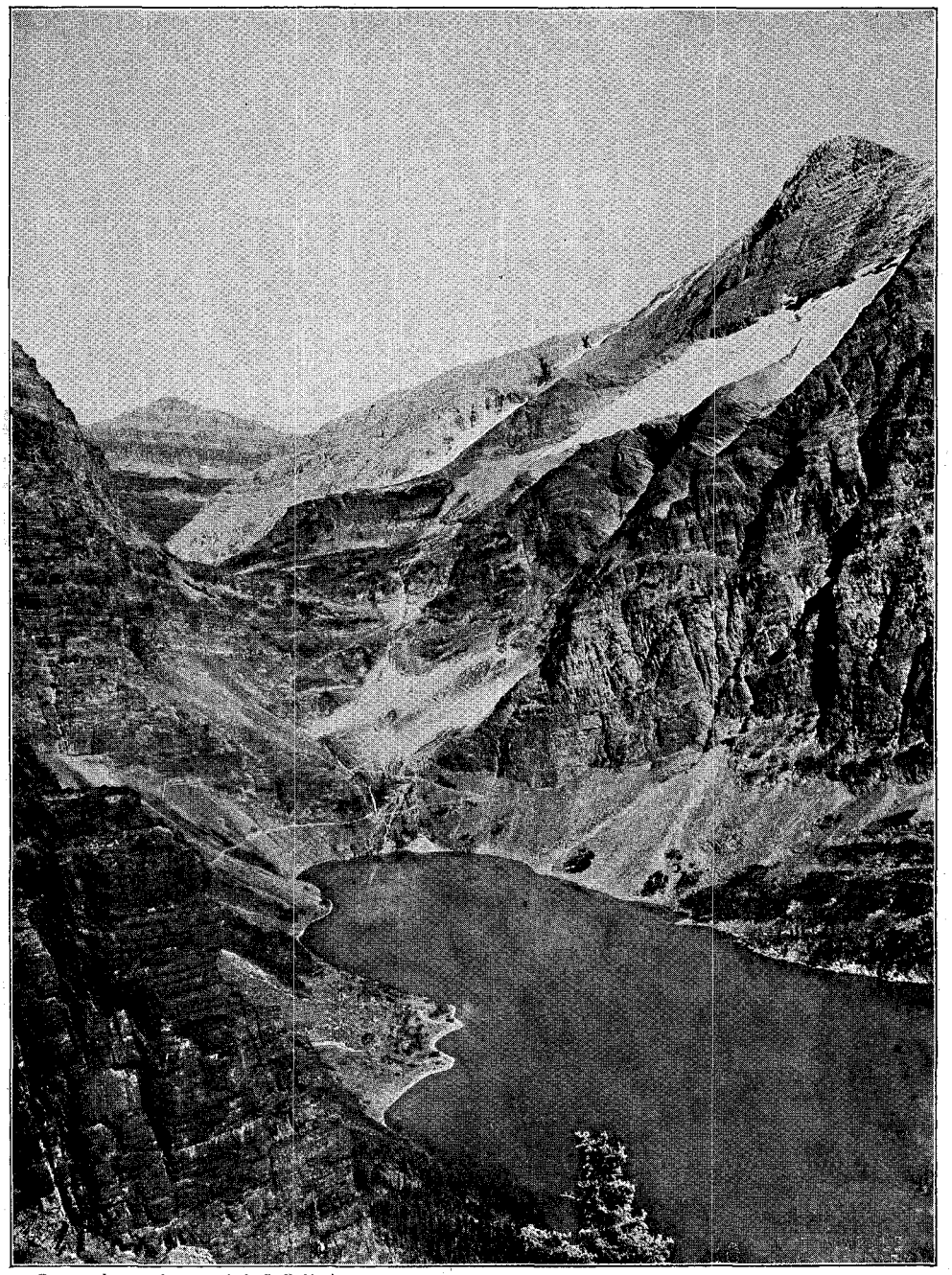

From a photograph, copyright by R. E. Marble.

Gunsight Lake and Gunsight Pass from a spur of Mount Jackson.

Triple Divide Passes, there are dull iron-black lavas in heavy twisted masses. Above all these once lay still another shale of brilliant red, fragments of which may be seen topping mountains here and there in the northern part of the park.

Imagine these rich strata hung east and west across the landscape and sagging

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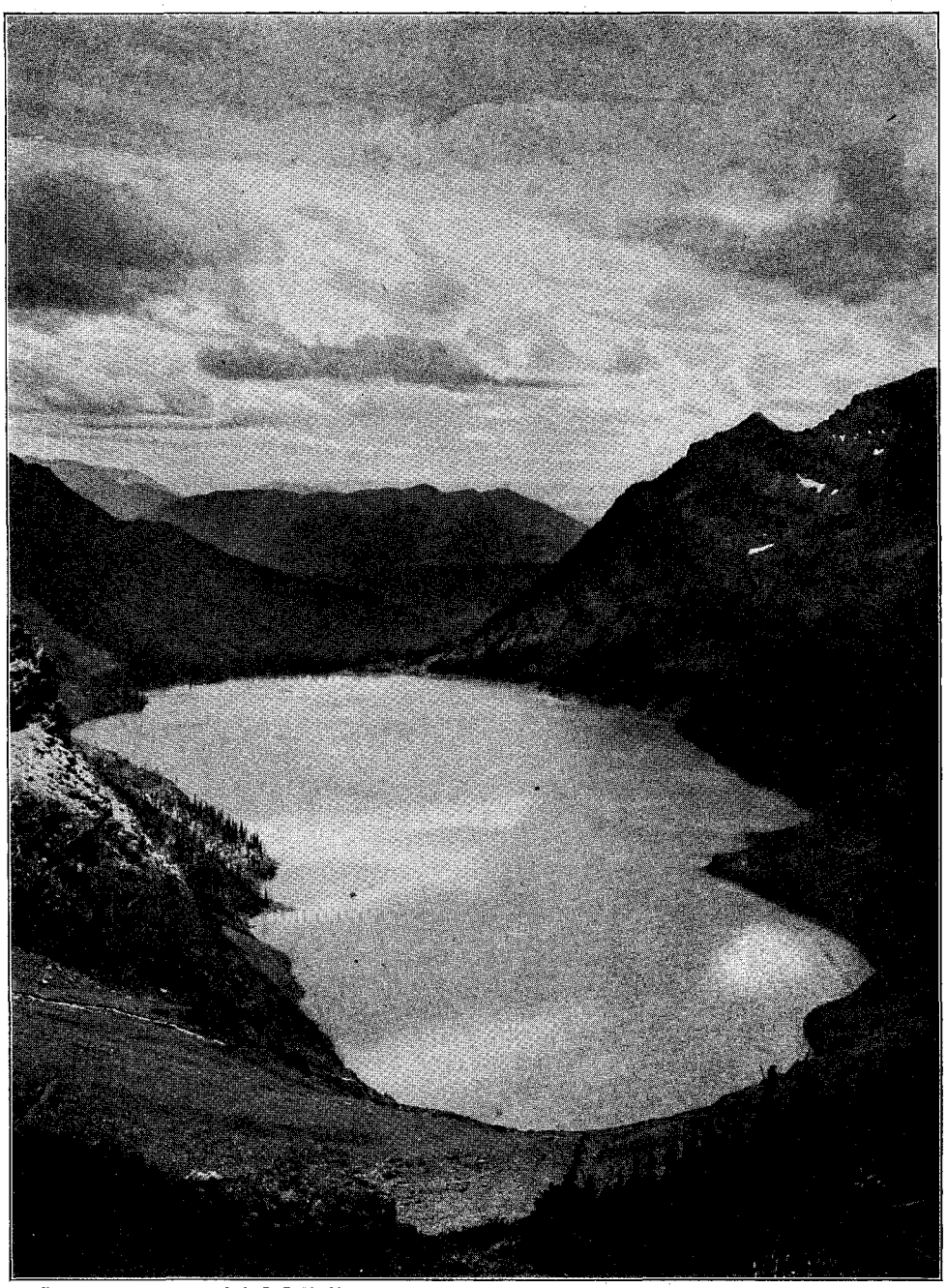

From a photograph, copyright by R. E. Marble.

Storm on Lake Ellen Wilson.

Lake Ellen Wilson lies at the west side of Gunsight Pass, corresponding in position to Gunsight Lake on the east.

deeply in the middle, so that a horizontal line would cut all colors diagonally!

Now imagine a softness of line as well as color resulting probably from the softness of the rock; there is none of the hard insistence, the uncompromising definiteness of the granite landscape. And imagine further an impression of antiquity, a

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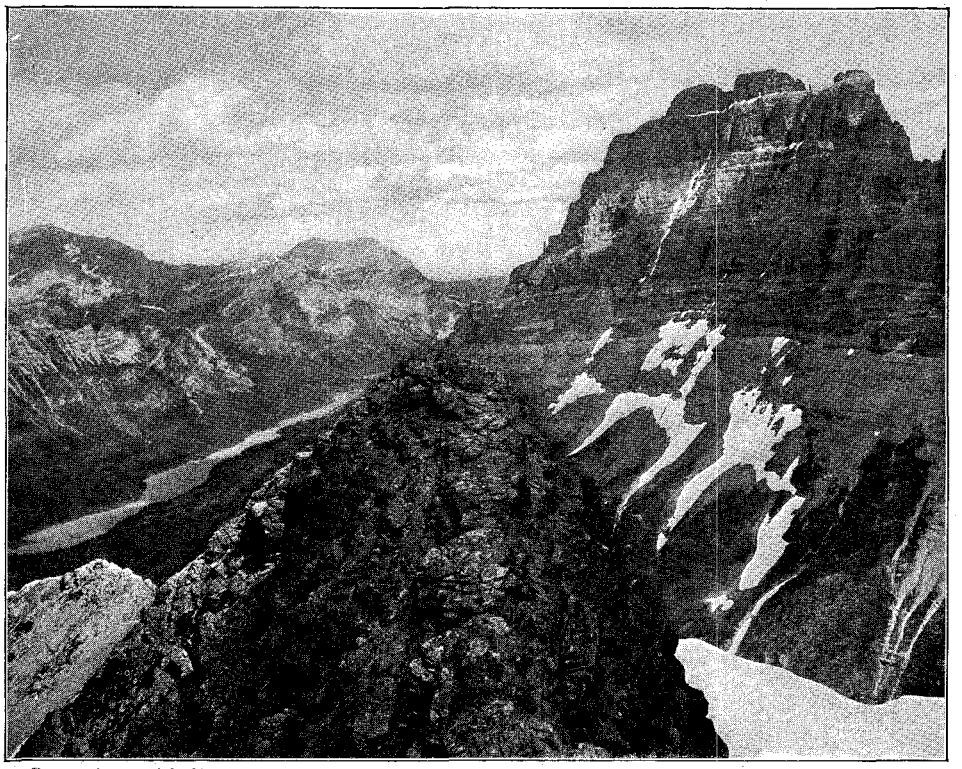

From a photograph by Scenic America Co., Portland, Oregon.

Middle Fork of the Belly River, from one of the cirques at its head.

Glimpse of Chaney Glacier and noble Mount Merritt on right. Foothills of Mount Cleveland, the giant of the park on left. Glenns Lake and Crossley Lake shown in the valley.

feeling akin to that with which one enters a mediæval ruin or sees the pyramids of Egypt. Only here is the look of immense, unmeasured, immeasurable age. More than at any place except perhaps the rim of the Grand Canyon does one seem to stand in the presence of infinite ages; an instinct which, while it baffles analysis, is sound, for there are few rocks of the earth's skin so aged as these ornate shales and limestones.

And now, at last, you can imagine Glacier!

III

But, with Glacier, this is not enough. To see, to realize in full its beauty, still leaves one puzzled. One of the peculiarities of the landscape, due perhaps to its differences, is its insistence upon explanation. How came this prehistoric plain so etched with cirques and valleys as to leave standing only worm-like crests, knife-edge walls, amphitheatres, and isolated peaks? The answer is the story of a romantic episode in the absorbing history of America's making.

Perhaps a hundred million years ago, to quote the assumption of the majority of geologists concerning a period which is only guesswork at best, these lofty mountains were deposited in the shape of muddy sediments on the bottom of shallow fresh-water lakes, whose waves left many ripple marks upon the soft muds of its shores, fragments of which, hardened now to shale, are frequently found by tourists. So ancient was the period that these deposits lay next above the primal Archean rocks, and marked, therefore, almost the beginning of accepted geological history. Life was then so nearly at its beginnings that the forms which Walcott found in the Siyeh limestone were not at first fully accepted as organic.

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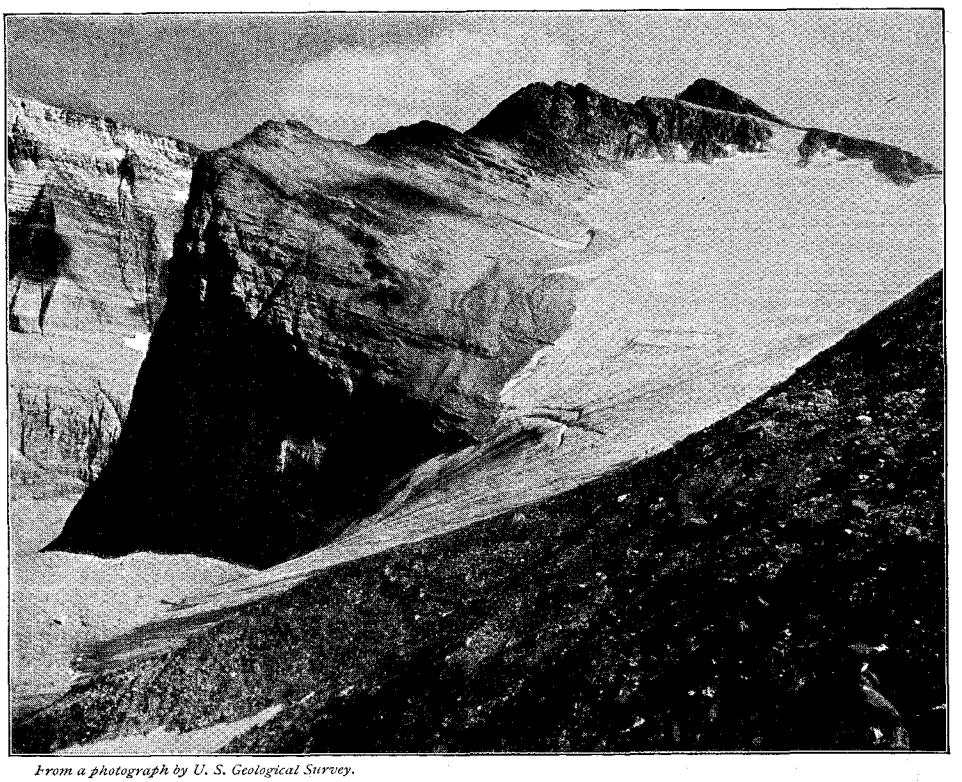

From a photograph by U. S. Geological Survey.

One of the cirque glaciers, middle fork of the Belly River.

Thereafter, during a time so long that none may even estimate it, certainly for many millions of years, the history of the region leaves traces of no extraordinary change. It sank possibly thousands of feet beneath the sea which swept from the Gulf of Mexico to the Arctic, and accumulated there sediments which to-day are scenic rocks. It may have alternated above and below sea-level many times, as our Southwest has done. Eventually, under earth pressures concerning whose cause many theories have lived and died, it rose to remain until our times.

Then, millions of years ago, but still recently as compared with the whole vast lapse we are considering, came the changes which seem dramatic to us as we look back upon them accomplished, but which came to pass so slowly that no man, had man then lived, could have noticed a single step of progress in the course of a long life. Under earth pressures, the skin buckled, and the Rocky Mountains rose. At some stage of this process the range cracked along its crest from what is now Marias Pass to a point just over the Canadian border, and, a couple of hundred miles farther north, from the neighborhood of Banff to the northern end of the Canadian Rockies.

Then the great overthrust followed. Side pressures of inconceivable power forced upward the western edge of this crack, including the entire crust from the Algonkian deposits up, and thrust it over the eastern edge. During the overthrusting, which may have taken a million years, and during the millions of years since, the frosts have chiselled open and the rains have washed away all the overthrust strata, the accumulations of the geological ages from Algonkian times down, except only that one bottom layer.

This alone remained for the three ice invasions of the glacial age to carve into the extraordinary area which is called to-day the Glacier National Park.

The Lewis Overthrust, so called because it happened to the Lewis Range, is

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From a photograph by A. J. Baker.

Up Brown Pass Trail.

From Waterton Lake looking westward up the Olson Creek, the route of Brown Pass Trail over the Continental Divide. Porcupine Ridge on the left. The Sentinel in the middle. This is one of the greatest scenic trails in America, but is known as yet to very few.

ten to fifteen miles wide. The eastern boundary of the park roughly defines its limit of progress. Its signs are plain to the eye taught to perceive them. The yellow mountains on the eastern edge near the gateway to Lake McDermott lie on top of the Blackfeet Indian Reservation, whose surface is many millions of years younger and quite different in coloring. Similarly Chief Mountain, at the entrance of the Belly River Valley, owes much of its remarkable distinction to the incompatibility of its form and color with the prairie upon which it lies but out of which it seems to burst.

Perhaps thousands of years after the overthrust was accomplished another tremendous faulting still further modified the landscape of to-day. The overthrust edge cracked lengthwise, this time west of the Continental Divide, all the way from the Canadian line southwest nearly to Marias Pass. The edge of the strata west of this crack sank perhaps many thousands of feet, leaving great precipices on the west side of the divide similar to those on the east side. There was this great difference, however, in what followed: the elongated west side gulf or ditch thus formed filled up with the deposits of later geologic periods.

This whole process, which also was very slow in movement, is important in explaining the conformation and scenic peculiarities of the west side of the park, which, as seen by the tourist to-day, are remarkably different from those of the east side. Here, the great limestone ranges, glaciered, cirqued, and precipiced as on the east side, suddenly give place to broad, undulating plains.

The inconceivable lapse of time cov-

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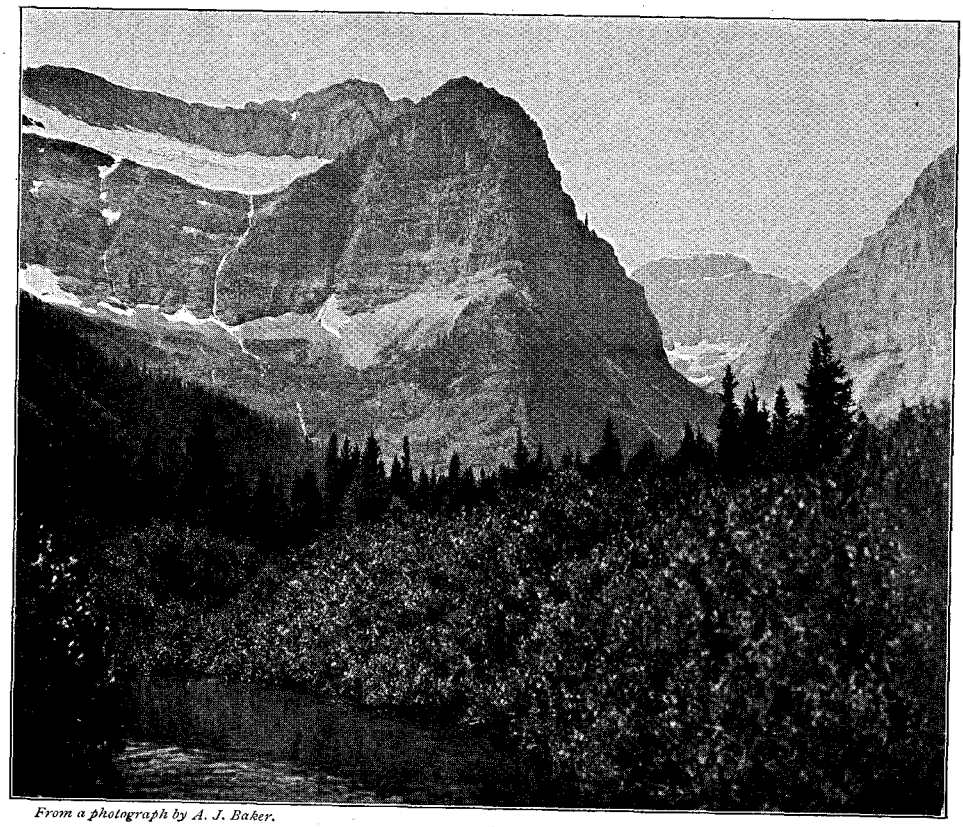

From a photograph by A. J. Baker.

Up Brown Pass Trail.

Porcupine Ridge and an unnamed glacier on the left. Guardhouse in distance, with glimpse of Dixon Glacier.

ered in these titanic operations of nature and their excessive slowness of progress rob them of much of their dramatic quality. Perhaps an inch of distance was an extraordinary advance for the Lewis Overthrust to make in any ordinary year, and doubtless there were lapses of centuries when no measurable advance was made. Yet sometimes sudden settlings, accompanied by more or less extended earthquakes, must have visibly altered local landscapes.

It is with these backgrounds graven deeply on his mind that I want the future visitor to enter Glacier National Park. Then, with an eye keen for the meaning of pebble and cliff, of cirque and gnawed summit, of form and differentiating color; with imagination alert to summon the mighty past for the interpretation of the glowing, magical, stupendous present, he will realize a high degree of pleasure which is wholly denied to the thousands who enter to gape and wonder, asking footless questions of guides more ignorant than themselves. If we are to see at all so marvellous a revelation of nature's workaday processes, let us see it intelligently.

IV

THE limits of a magazine article do not permit a survey of so elaborate and complicated an exhibition as this National Park presents. Many thousands of travellers have seen the parts already developed by road and trail, passing from hotel to chalet, from chalet to hotel, in the seeing; and hundreds of thousands are familiar with the reproductions of photographs of these scenes. The towering, painted pyramids of Two Medicine Lake, which are not pyramids at all but the gable ends of mountain ledges thousands of feet high and miles long; the unreal snowy horizon at the head of St. Mary

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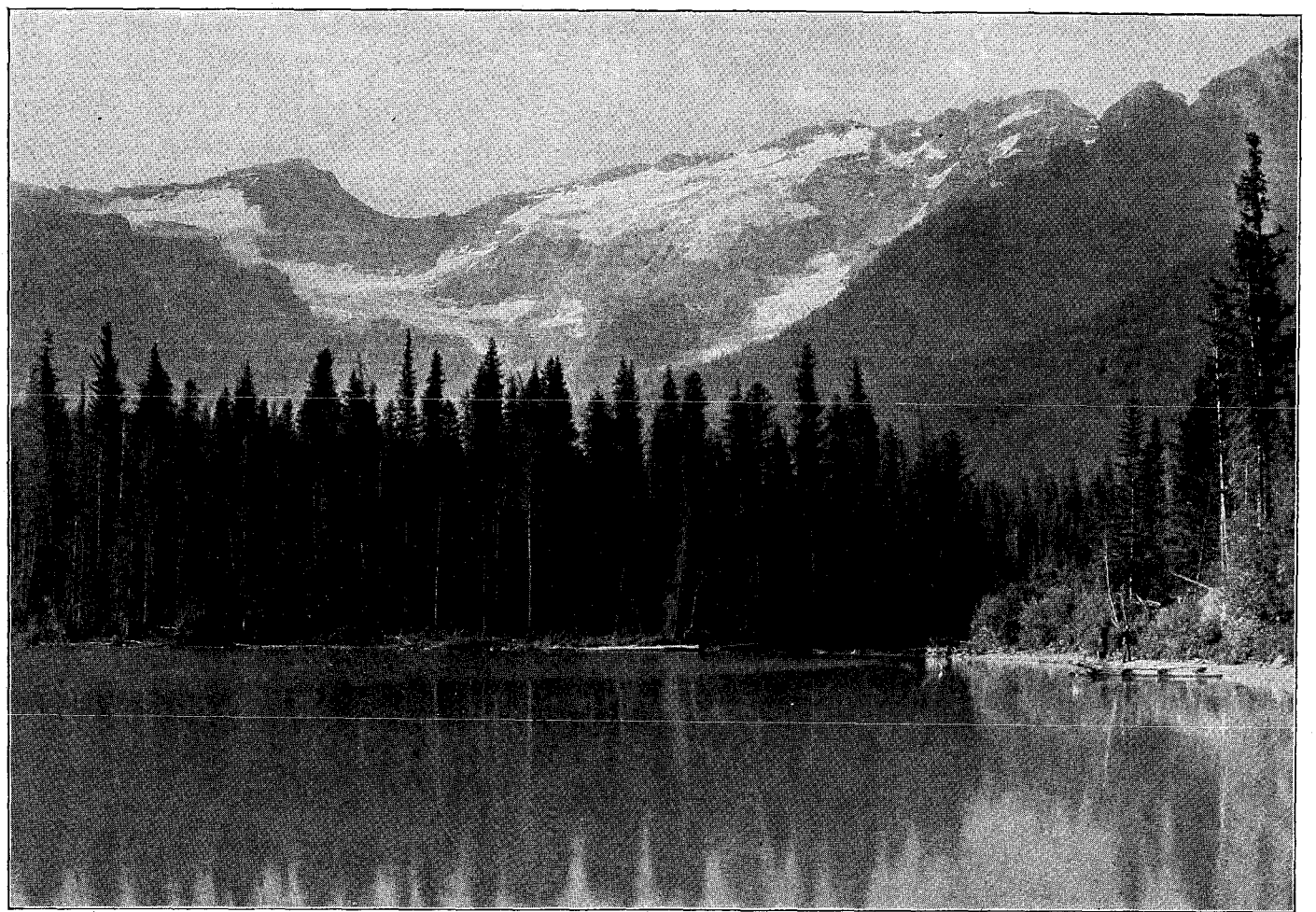

From a photograph by U. S. Geological Survey.

Upper Kintla Lake, showing the Agassiz Glacier.

Kintla Peak, 5,000 feet above lake's surface, spreads glaciers out either way like wings.

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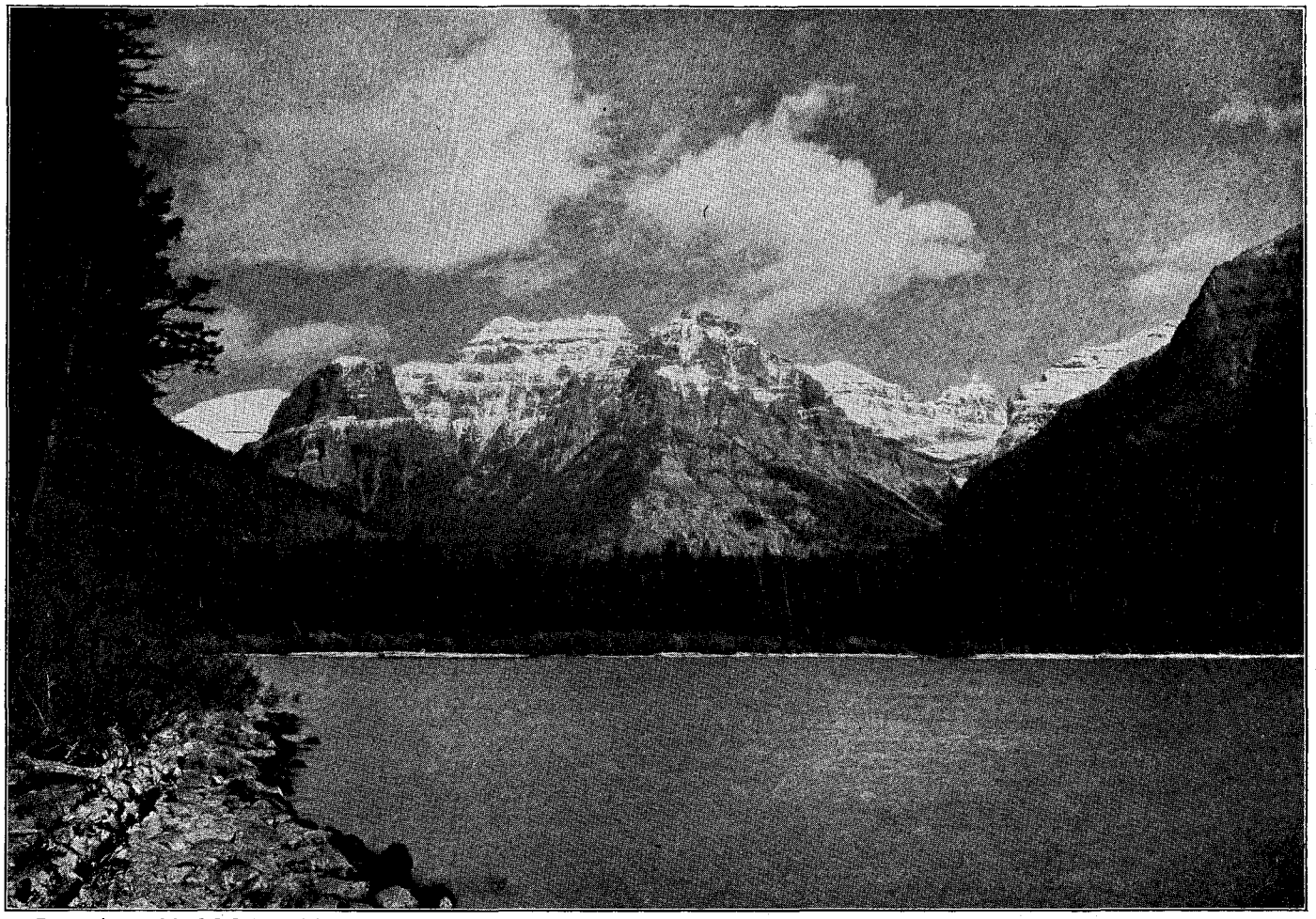

From a photograph by U. S. Geological Survey.

Beautiful Bowman Lake.

One of the most exquisite spots in America, but known so far to very few. It is reached through Brown Pass.

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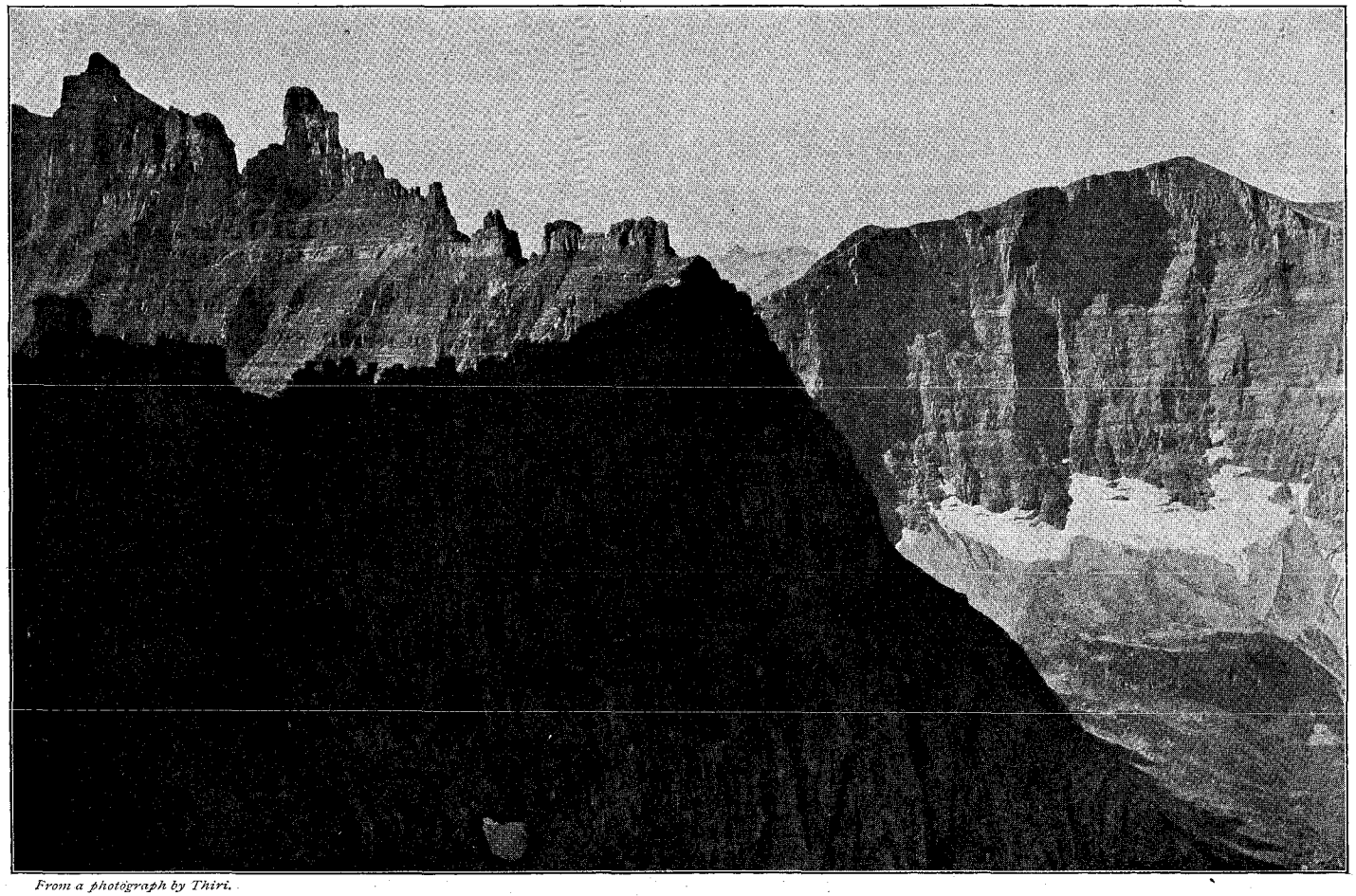

From a photograph by Thiri.

The head of the South Fork of the Belly River with the lower Ahern Glacier clinging to the perpendicular wall of the Continental Divide, here 3,000 feet high. The circular rock wall on the right encloses Iceberg Lake, 2,200 feet below.

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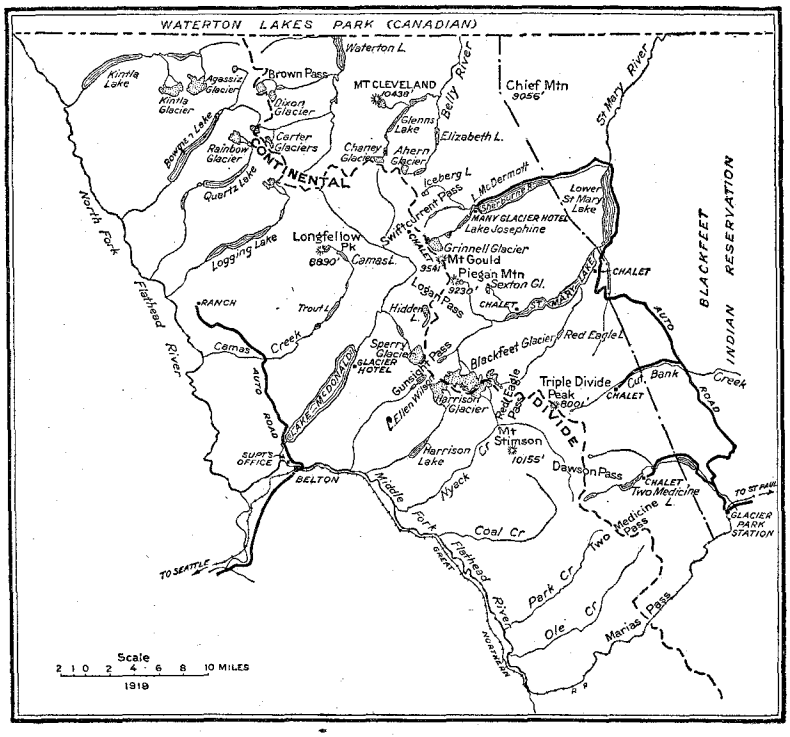
Lake, bristling with cones and flanked with bulky knife-edge monsters, purple below and yellowish gray above; the indescribable circle of gables, toothed walls, pyramids, shining cliff glaciers, and sprawling red mountains which surround Lake McDermott; the mammoth amphitheatre of Iceberg Lake, gouged as deep

The northern wilderness may be roughly divided into four scenic areas: the deep central valley from Mount Cannon to Waterton Lake, between the Lewis and Livingston Ranges, which alternately carry the Continental Divide; the Belly River valleys east of this and north of the Iceberg Lake wall; the walled cirques of



Map of Glacier National Park.

and steep without as it is within; the romantic unreality of Gunsight Pass, carrying the Continental Divide over a giant's causeway between the gulf-like cirques in whose bottoms lie Gunsight Lake and Lake Ellen Wilson; the calm beauty of Lake McDonald, largest and longest of the pine-bound lakes of the west side; these, and many others, are familiar, at least in picture, to a large part of intelligent America.

Let us then glance at some of the features in the little-known wilderness north of these, an area as large or larger, whose repetition of similar forms discloses them in fascinating variety and upon a scale of surpassing beauty and grandeur.

the Bowman and Kintla valleys, and their scenic gateway, the Brown Pass Trail up Olson Valley from Waterton Lake; and the west side north of Lake McDonald. All these, in very different ways, for each is highly individualized, express the Glacier personality in supreme degree. Any one of them alone would nobly furnish a national park.

The central valley, which consists of two valleys lying end on, their streams flowing in opposite directions from a central watershed, might well be called, to designate it as a whole, the Avenue of the Giants, for it is lined on both sides by gigantic mountains. Many have looked up its length from Granite Park near its

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lower end, and a few have seen it—and the whole park besides—in full relief from the summit of Swiftcurrent Mountain. The old game trail through its deep forested bottom, which the ambitious must travel if he would follow its majestic length, fortunately emerges upon occasional opens or he would lose all benefit of one of the scenic opportunities of America. The trail ends at Waterton Lake, where the Brown Pass Trail starts west up Olson Valley.

It requires no seer to pronounce the Avenue of the Giants the key to the entire development of the northern wilderness, all of whose greatest spectacles may easily be reached from it; nor does it require inspiration to prophesy it the site of a motor highway connecting Canada's highway system, through the Waterton Lakes Park, with a motor road already planned to cross the Continental Divide through Glacier's centre.

I like to think of the Belly River valleys as the land of exuberance, for here all expression is in the higher powers. They are broad valleys; the grass of their meadows is thick and high, their wild flowers large and many, their underbrush rank, their forests full-bodied. The Middle and South Forks are rushing streams harboring hard-fighting cutthroat trout. The lakes are large and deep. The mountain walls are grim, sprawling yellow monsters at the eastern outlet of the combined forks, towering peaks at their sources.

The cirques in which these rivers rise are the wildest spots in Glacier. The North Fork is born amid groups of glaciers close to the top of the Continental Divide, and its branches descend over four enormous limestone steps through turquoise lakes upon each step. Mount Cleveland, the highest peak in the park, towers upon the north; Mount Merritt, one of the noblest of all, upon the southeast. It is a day's hard scramble to climb into these cirques now, but some day trails will save time and labor.

The South Fork is born close by, southwest of Mount Merritt, in Helen Lake, which is the bottom of a well thousands of feet deep, the upper lips of which drip with glaciers. For bigness and sheer wildness I know of no cirque which seems to equal this. Its lofty, precipitous, toothed, southern wall is the lofty, precipitous, toothed, northern wall of Iceberg Lake of the Swiftcurrent drainage basin.

Yes, on the other side of that wall hundreds of tourists are riding and tramping the Iceberg Trail, and on this side you stand alone, except for the marmots whistling in the talus, the mountain-goats high on the ledges, and the eagles circling over the abyss. A shot aimed high in air might drop its bullet down into Iceberg Lake; and yet, to reach this spot from Iceberg Lake, you had to make a trail détour of nearly forty miles!

Few enter the Belly River valleys to enjoy and explore them except Canadians, who drive in over a road which is a joke to all except those in the wagons. Yet no area in all Glacier combines scenery of such distinction with so great an abundance of essentials for comfort and pleasure. Far down the valley, far out on the prairie, miles even, across the Canadian line, the view back into those many glaciered cirques and their massing of tall peaks and serrated walls is one of pure nobility. The day of the Belly River's valleys, when it comes, will be big and fair. Their promise for popular development is greater than that of any part of the Glacier wilderness.

The name arouses curiosity. Why Belly? The river is principally Canadian. Was not the name, then, the Anglo-Saxon frontier's pronunciation of the Frenchman's belle? Surely in all its forks and tributaries, in all its moods and tenses, this was and is the Beautiful River!

But the ultimate expression of the sheer glory of the Algonkian exhibit, and consequently of Glacier National Park, is the headwater country of the Bowman and Kintla valleys in the extreme northwest of the park. The way in to Bowman leads from Waterton Lake, up the Olson Valley, and over Brown Pass. This trail is a panorama of pleasure and astonishment from its beautiful beginning to the splendid climax west of the pass.

I shall not attempt in this space to describe the lakes reflecting toothed horizons, the cliff glaciers whose frothing outlets cascade like forked lightnings fifteen hundred feet into the depths, or the towering heights of Guardhouse, Mount

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Peabody, and Boulder Peak, which wall in the shelf from which one looks between the fluted precipice of Rainbow Peak and the fading slopes of Indian Ridge into the pale waters of Bowman Lake winding far away among its unbroken forests; nor shall I describe the Hole-in-the-Wall Fall where reappears through a hole, like a silver horse tail fastened upon a precipice, a stream which had lost itself a mile away on the summit of Boulder Peak.

From this spot a trail is building over a spur of Boulder Peak into the grand climax of Kintla, to reach which, summer before last, I had been obliged to make a détour through Canada.

Kintla has been called the Perpendicular Land. The mountain walls of its two lakes are extremely steep and high, and the picture of snow-splashed rugged limestone summits about its head presents, I think, few equals in composition and grandeur. Commanding all, Kintla Peak rises five thousand feet above the upper lake, spreading from its shoulders, like wings prepared for flight, two broad and beautiful glaciers.

With the climax of Kintla, the southern section of the Lewis Overthrust ended, and our exhibit closes. Not far over the Canadian border, and for two hundred miles beyond it, the mountains resume the knobs and rounded summits characteristic of the granite Rockies.

BIOLOGY AND DEMOCRACY

By Edwin Grant Conklin

Author of "Heredity and Environment in the Development of Men"

THE war which was begun by autocrats and military leaders for personal and national aggrandizement has ended with the victory of the forces which were fighting to make the world safe for democracy. Scientists and professional men of world-wide renown joined heartily in a crusade to force militarism, war, and autocracy upon an unwilling world. The sanction of science and especially of biology was claimed for the highly militarized state, for a hereditary aristocracy, for the beneficial effects of war. It would be interesting to know whether these military biologists now believe in the beneficial effects of an unsuccessful war, in the survival of the fittest as determined by an armed conflict disastrous to their cause, and in their supermen and superstate as the highest products of evolution.

On the other hand, throughout most of the world there has been in recent times a wonderful growth and spread of democracy, not merely in forms of government but also in social, industrial, economic, and educational affairs. Our own government is the greatest of democracies, and the influence of our example has extended to every nation in this hemisphere and to almost every country in the world. The most ancient and powerful autocracies of Europe have gone down in the wreckage of this war and on their ruins democracies are being erected. The plaintive appeal of Carl to Ferdinand, "We kings must stand together now," was a recognition, when too late, of the conquering forces of democracy which were released by the war. It begins to appear that the world is not only safe for democracy but that it is unsafe for anything else.

Our passion for democracy has been with us a kind of religion; it has rested in the main upon instinct rather than reason, upon sentiment rather than science. No one of us would wish to disturb the firm foundations of our faith which are laid in instincts and emotions, and yet it is our privilege and duty to give reasons for the faith that is in us and to examine the merits and demerits of our institutions in the light of knowledge and experience. If democracy is to endure and prevail it must rest upon science as well as

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sentiment. Popular approval or disapproval will not alter the course of nature and civil laws cannot abolish natural ones.

In spite of the growth of democracy not a few thoughtful people are afraid of it and many would gladly see it limited in extent or application. Before the war there was apparent in this country a growing distrust of democracy, especially on the part of our "better classes," who are somewhat removed from the ranks of the common people; during the war this distrust was more or less concealed, but now amid the social earthquakes which are shaking the world this feeling is greatly increased, and it is evident that we are soon to witness such a conflict of opinion regarding genuine and universal democracy as the world has never before known. Distrust of democracy runs through the histories of all nations, ancient and modern. It was shown even by the founders of this greatest of democracies in the limitations which were placed upon citizenship and suffrage and in the many attempts which were made to guard the highest offices against popular interference, as, for example, in the constitutional provision for the election of the President by an electoral college, the election of senators by State legislatures, and the appointment of judges by the executive. It appears to-day in the opposition to woman's suffrage, in the fear of popular control of education, and in the alarm over the spread of socialism and internationalism throughout the world.

These great problems of the hour should be viewed not only in the light of human history but also in the long perspective of the history of living things upon the earth. Undoubtedly the fundamental concepts of biology apply to man no less than to other organisms, but it must be admitted that the application of biological principles to specific problems of social organization is often of doubtful value. Thus we find that biological sanction is claimed for wholly antagonistic opinions, as, for example, for and against war, woman's suffrage, polygamy, etc. Those who are searching for biological analogies to support almost any preconceived theory in philosophy, sociology, education, or government can usually find them, for the living world is large and extraordinarily varied and almost every possible human condition has its parallel somewhere among lower organisms. This uncertainty and ambiguity in the application of biological principles to man and his institutions has brought this whole process of reasoning into disrepute among those who look upon man as a being who stands wholly outside the realm of biology, but in spite of the uncertainties of biological analogies when applied to minor phases and problems of human society no one who has felt the force and sweep of the great doctrine of evolution can doubt that biological principles underlie the physical, intellectual, and social evolution of man—that biology is a torch-bearer not merely into the dark backgrounds of human history but also into the still more obscure regions of the future development of the race.

The Declaration of Independence is in many respects the charter of our democracy. Adopted at a time when it was necessary to secure the utmost co-operation of the Colonies and of the world, it made its appeal directly to the social instincts as well as to the intelligence of men, to their love of freedom, justice, and equality. The rights of man have ever been the foundation-stones of democracy. The Declaration held "these truths to be self-evident; that all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness; that to secure these rights governments are instituted among men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed." Here are the foundation-principles of democracy, which are summarized more concisely in the motto of France: "Liberty, Fraternity, Equality."

What is the teaching of biology regarding these principles of democracy? How can we harmonize individual liberty and social organization, universal fraternity and national and class hostility, democratic equality and hereditary inequality? Or, to put the question in a more practical form, how can we develop social organization in spite of individual liberty, universal fraternity in spite of national and class antagonisms, democratic equal-

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ity in spite of hereditary inequality? These are great problems and the student of animal organization and evolution can do no more than to offer a few biological suggestions as to their solution.

I

With the growth of intelligence among animals and men responses to external stimuli and to internal instincts become less immediate and direct; memories of past experiences come in to modify or inhibit instinctive responses and these responses are no longer as fixed and mechanical as when instinct acts alone. There thus arises a certain amount of freedom in behavior; such freedom is never complete and is always directly proportional to the degree of intelligence involved and inversely proportional to the strength of the instincts. The more intelligence one has the greater is his freedom from purely instinctive acts, but man is never wholly free from the influence of instincts; the greater his rational and volitional powers the more complete is his self-determination, but man is never entirely emancipated from external compulsions of his physical and social environment.

The birth and growth of freedom in man has led to many conflicts between instinct and reason, between personal desires and the social welfare. Such conflicts are lacking among individual cells and other constituent parts of the body—as such fables as that of "the belly and the members" plainly imply; the perfect integration of the parts of an organism is the result of organic contact, especially through the nervous system, of chemical messengers, or hormones, which pass from one part to another, and of simple reflexes or tropisms. In societies such as those of ants and bees the integrating factors are complex reflexes or chains of reflexes which are known as instincts. There is here so little intelligence and freedom that instinct is the only ruler and harmony is complete. The incompleteness of integration, co-operation, and harmony in human society is due to the fact that imperfect intelligence and freedom have come in to interfere with instinct. Disharmony in ourselves and in society is the price we pay for personal intelligence and freedom. In our individual behavior and in our social organization we now seek the ideal harmony of the hive, but on the higher plane of intelligence, freedom, and ethics.

The history of mankind has been one long struggle for freedom—freedom not only from the control of irrational instincts but also and chiefly from the compulsion of outside forces and of other persons. The eternal struggle against unfavorable environment and for the conquest of nature, the battles for personal freedom in thought, speech, and act, and for social freedom in religion, government, and industry are among the noblest aspirations of man. The struggle to be free is part of a great evolutionary movement, and yet in any society individual freedom must be limited in the interest of the common good, and the larger and more complex the society the greater must be these limitations. Here, as elsewhere, life and evolution are balanced between opposing principles. Should the human ideal be individual freedom or social co-operation, liberty or duty, individualism or socialism? It may be granted at once that both of these alternatives are desirable and to a certain extent attainable, but where one must be sacrificed for the other, which should it be? Is the ideal state one in which the social bond is as loose as possible and individual freedom is the chief aim, or is it one in which the bond is as close as possible and the good of the nation or race or species is the supreme object?

There can be no question as to the biological answer. The whole course of evolution from amœba to man is marked by increasing differentiation and integration of the constituent parts of the organism; the whole course of development from the egg to the adult is a series of progressive differentiations and integrations of the constituent cells; the most essential feature of biological progress consists in the subordination of minor units to the larger units of organization. In the relations of organisms to one another nature invariably sacrifices the individual, if it be necessary, for the good of the colony or race or species. Race preservation and evolution is the supreme good,

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and all considerations of the individual are subordinate to this end.

Is it possible that the same rule of progress which applies all along the way from amœba to man is set aside when we come to human society? Does democracy, as contrasted with autocracy or aristocracy, mean greater freedom for the individual and a looser social organization? If it does it would seem, from a biological point of view, to be doomed to retrogression or extinction, for it would represent a return toward the protozoan condition, a process of disorganization and devolution rather than of progressive organization and evolution.

Undoubtedly the usual conception of democratic freedom does involve just this idea of maximal individual freedom and minimal social control, but individualism is not a necessary part of democracy and when carried to extremes it ends in anarchy. In this country we still cling to the ideals of a pioneer society in which there is little specialization and co-operation and great personal freedom; indeed, to many persons such a condition seems the best possible one and the only one consistent with democracy. As a people we exalt freedom above service. Liberty is our national deity; her image is stamped on our money, her colossal figure is the first to greet the stranger from other lands; America is, above all else, the "sweet land of liberty." And yet a change in our conception of liberty has been coming over the nation; we are finding that the pioneer ideals of personal liberty and independence are incompatible with the requirements of a populous country and a well-organized society. We still preserve the ancient formulas, but their content is changing and must continue to change as society develops. Personal freedom must be subordinated more and more to social freedom and pioneer society must give place to the more highly organized state in which increasing specialization and co-operation are the companion principles of progress.

Our lack of specialization is reflected in our contempt for specialists and experts of every sort. The belief is wide-spread that one man's opinion is as good as another's and that expert knowledge is merely another way of fooling the people. We intrust education to those who can find no other occupation, apparently with the idea that any one can teach. We leave the control of food, fuel, clothing, and other necessities of life to speculators and middlemen, and the health, happiness, and employment of the people to Providence or to selfish exploiters. In a democracy where "every citizen is a king" we assume that statesmanship comes by nature; almost every citizen thinks that he could solve complex problems of government ranging all the way from international relations to parochial affairs better than those who have devoted years of study to them. We elect demagogues and grafters to political office so frequently that the very name "politician" has come to be a reproach. We send narrow partisans to Congress, and by stupid adherence to party regularity men wholly untrained in statesmanship are frequently put into the most important public places. It is generally assumed that appointive positions will go to men who have been successful in winning votes, and positions requiring great technical knowledge are often filled by political figureheads, with the suggestion that subordinates can do the work.

Does democracy mean that every citizen knows how to govern the country or wage war or conclude peace or develop industry or conserve the public health or do a thousand other things which are necessary in a modern state? Is this lack of specialization one of the necessary evils of democracy? Certainly not. Ideal democracy means not less specialization but fuller co-operation than in other forms of government. In science, medicine, education, commerce, industry, agriculture, and innumerable other fields we must have specialists. The war has done us a great service in awakening us to this fact, and it will be a crime against civilization and progress if we allow the nation to settle back once more into the conditions which prevailed before the war.

Our lack of co-operation has been even more evident than that of specialization. Insistence on personal freedom and on the rights of individuals has gone far toward weakening the bonds of union and destroying co-operation. The disharmonies of society, the conflicts of inter-

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ests and minds and purposes have come largely from the exalting of individual rights over social obligations. We need a new revolution which will enforce the duties of man as our former revolution emphasized the rights of man. How easily the disharmonies of society could be silenced and the conflicts between individuals and classes and nations could be settled if men could be taught to think more of their duties and less of their rights. Unquestionably the further evolution of society must lie in the direction of greater co-operation and any system of organization which exalts individual freedom to the detriment of social union must go under in the struggle for existence.

Democratic freedom is not the freedom of isolation nor of anarchy; the liberty for which the peoples of the world are fighting and dying is not the liberty of a Robinson Crusoe, who is "monarch of all he surveys," nor yet the lawlessness of Bolshevism and revolution; it is not freedom to plunder or oppress or dominate others, but the freedom of fellowship, common service, and mutual esteem; not freedom from general social control but freedom from the tyranny of selfish individuals and classes. Normal human beings do not desire a kind of freedom like that of cancer cells, for example, which run riot without regard to the welfare of the organism, but rather a freedom like that of the normal cells of the body, each of which is a unit, preserving its own individuality and to a certain extent its own independence and free to do the work for which it is fitted under the control of the body as a whole. Men do not desire a freedom like that of the solitary wasp, which lives and works alone, but rather a freedom like that of ants or bees in a colony, where each individual is free to serve as best it can under the control of the colony as a whole, or of what Maeterlinck calls "the spirit of the hive." It is a mistake to ascribe monarchial or class ideals drawn from human society to the ant or bee colony. The so-called "kings," "queens," "soldiers," and "workers" are in no sense rulers or subjects or favored classes. Each does "what seems good in its sight," namely, the work which it is fitted by nature to do, and there is no ruler but instinct; each shares in common prosperity and hardships and is esteemed according to its capacity to serve the common good. Democracy can offer and normal human beings can desire no other freedom for the individual than this —based, however, on reason and ethics rather than upon tropisms and instincts.

But there is a vastly larger and more important freedom which democracy brings to society as a whole. The freedom of the individual man is to that of society as the freedom of a single cell is to that of the human being. It is this larger freedom of society rather than greater freedom of the individual which democracy offers to the world. In all organisms and in all social organizations the freedom of the minor units must be limited in order that the larger unit may achieve a new and greater freedom; and in social evolution the freedom of individuals must be merged more and more into the larger freedom of society. The liberty which we worship is not, or at least should not be, that of the individual but rather that of society as a whole—the freedom of nations and races rather than of individuals, the self-determination of peoples rather than of persons. This is the biological ideal of freedom and it is also the democratic ideal.

II

Biology shows that we are all cousins if not brothers. The lines of descent from innumerable ancestors converge in us and will radiate from us to innumerable descendants. If the number of our ancestors doubled in each ascending generation, as it would do if the marriage of cousins of various degree did not take place, each of us would be descended from more than a billion ancestors of a thousand years ago, let us say in the reign of William the Conqueror. Even allowing for numerous intermarriages of relatives it is highly probable that all people of English or French or German stock are descended from common ancestors of a thousand years ago. A book has been published recently in which several of our Presidents, heads of universities, and captains of industry and

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finance are shown to be descended from Charlemagne. This distinction is one which they share with probably one-half of the citizens of this republic. If it were possible to trace our genealogies far enough into the past and through all their ramifications it would be found that all of us are literally descendants of royalty, of Alfred and Charlemagne and William the Conqueror, and of any and every other person of one thousand or more years ago who left many descendants, including nonentities and worse. We hunt up our noble ancestors and forget the others.

In length of descent we are all equal and in community of descent we are all cousins, if not brothers. Our lines stretch out to all our race. Each individual or family is not a separate and independent entity, but merely a minor unit in the great organism of mankind. Biology and the Bible agree that "God hath made of one blood all nations of men." There are no really pure lines of human descent, and few isolated stocks, and these owe their origin to geographical isolation rather than to anything else. There has been and still is abundant interbreeding among all minor varieties and races of men, and as a result mankind is a hopelessly mongrel species. Indeed, in this respect man is like any other wide-ranging species. He has no such claim to ancestral purity as has any pure breed of domesticated animals or plants. Man is, indeed, a wild species and cannot be domesticated because there is no one to domesticate him.

As a result of this common descent human resemblances are vastly more numerous and important than the differences. This fact is especially evident to the biologist, for even the types which differ most widely, such as the white, yellow, and black races, are evidently only varieties or subspecies of *Homo sapiens*, while no other existing creature can be placed in even the same genus with man. When I reflect upon the resemblances between all men and the differences which separate man from all other animals I think I can understand the words of a prayer which I used to hear when I was a boy: "We thank thee, Lord, that thou hast made us men."

Nevertheless, in spite of this universal brotherhood of man, racial, varietal, national, and class antagonisms have arisen everywhere, and have often led to terrible hostilities. Racial and varietal differences represent a natural classification based upon physical characteristics. There are also undoubtedly intellectual and social differences between these major subdivisions of the species which tend to cause a natural and desirable social segregation of races, but while our instincts lead to such segregation they do not lead to nor justify racial antagonisms. The fundamental instincts of all types of men are so essentially similar that all may, and often do, live together harmoniously; and the co-operation of all types of men in organized society is so much a matter of education and environment that it has been demonstrated again and again, and nowhere better than in this country, that persons of the most distinct races may have the same social ideals and may co-operate in mutual helpfulness in the realization of those ideals.

When we come to those minor subdivisions represented by the so-called races of Europe the natural distinctions are usually so slight that they form no barrier to the most intimate association and co-operation. Most Americans represent a mixture of English, French, German, Scandinavian, and other European stocks, and we at least know that the result is good, not only physically but also intellectually and socially. The inherent antagonisms between these stocks that agitators and designing politicians tell us about are really not inherent at all, but are largely created, cultivated, and magnified by education and environment for national and selfish purposes.

The biologist must look with concern upon the breaking up of European nations into minor independent units along lines of language, customs, or religion, just as the intelligent American would deprecate the breaking up of his own country along similar lines. Biological and social progress does not generally lie in that direction, as the course of evolution clearly shows. In so far as the differences between peoples are due to environmental causes they may to a great extent be removed. The most effective

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size of governmental units must vary with the possibilities of integration and co-operation of the constituent parts, and these possibilities are favored by homogeneity of race, language, and education and by ease of intercommunication. All of these, except race, are environmental factors, and are to a large extent subject to social control. Even when differences are so great that segregation is desirable, it is usually possible to unite these smaller units into a larger federation, as the history of this nation has demonstrated. Indeed, this is apparently the only democratic way of counteracting the social and national disintegration which is so imminent in parts of Europe to-day. With the greatly increased facilities for communication and education which exist in the modern world enormous national units of federated states are possible, including, as in the case of the British Empire, one-fourth or one-fifth of the entire human species under one general government, and it does not seem impossible that the greater part of the other three-fourths or four-fifths may yet be brought into some sort of federation. As the union of many cells into one body, the union of many persons into one colony, the union of many colonies into one nation have marked great advances in evolution, so let us hope the union of nations into the "Parliament of man, the Federation of the world" will mark the next great step in human progress.

Finally, when we come to those minor class distinctions which are based only upon occupation, wealth, or social position we have the most artificial and unnatural classification of all; and the antagonisms between these classes, which are engendered and fomented by designing agitators, are not only non-instinctive but they are usually anti-instinctive and utterly irrational. This is not to say that men should not associate in congenial groups which have common interests and ideals; such associations are natural and inevitable; but when attempts are made to array one group or class against another and to make these classes permanent and hereditary an artificial disharmony is introduced into society which can work only disastrously.

When we turn from the more personal aspects of fixed social classes to their control of governments and of public affairs in general, we find that the evidences of their disruptive and antisocial influences are worst of all. The world has had experience of many kinds of exclusive class rule—absolute monarchy, aristocracy, middle class, and proletariat—and, though some of these have proved better than others, they have all been bad, for they have endangered or destroyed social unity and have ended sooner or later in disaster. Russia has recently gone from one of these extremes to the other, and the end of the tyranny of the proletariat cannot be long delayed. An autocracy or aristocracy may be progressive and efficient, but it is always dangerous, for no person or class is wise or good enough to rule other persons or classes without their participation and consent. Not only do governments derive all their just powers from the consent of the governed, but they derive their safety and stability from this source as well. What a demonstration have the greatest military autocracies of Europe furnished the world of their utter weakness and helplessness against an aroused people!

The strength and stability of democracies are proportional to their all-inclusiveness, their breadth of base, whereas autocracies are inverted pyramids. Equal universal suffrage and majority rule are the only self-regulating and self-preserving mechanisms which have been discovered as yet for harmonizing conflicting interests in governments; they are the safety-valves of society. Theoretically there is danger that majority rule may end in tyranny over minorities, but the social instincts of justice and fair play are wide-spread among men, and experience has generally shown that in the long run majorities may be counted upon to be just to minorities that play fair. The more intelligent members of society always have an immense advantage over the more ignorant, and even in a genuine democracy the danger is that intelligent but unscrupulous minorities may exercise tyranny over the mass of the people in spite of their numbers.

Majority rule would level society down to general mediocrity were it not for the instinct of the people to follow leaders.

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As a matter of fact, neither in a democracy nor an autocracy do the people make the plans for forms of government, for war or peace, for the control of industry, economics, education, or for anything else. These plans are always made by leaders, but in the one case they are laid before the people for approval and in the other they are not. Leaders in a democracy may have great power; they may be called autocrats by their opponents, but they are not autocrats, for their plans must be approved by the people. The greatest danger that confronts democracy is not its slowness and inefficiency, but the fact that unscrupulous leaders may pervert and misdirect the normal social instincts of the people in order to accomplish selfish and partisan purposes. During the war there has been a widespread and highly organized cultivation of emotions of hate, suspicion, Chauvinism, and this has not been confined entirely to the enemy nor always directed against the enemy. In some instances leaders, newspapers, and organizations have done their best to work the people up to a frenzy, little realizing or caring how dangerous this process is. It is this appeal of unscrupulous or ignorant leaders to primitive instincts and emotions rather than to reason which makes possible blind prejudice and hatred between classes and races and nations; it is this which provokes wars and destroys peace and progress. There are, so far as I can see, but two possible remedies for this most serious condition, and these are, first, that leaders shall always be honest and intelligent, a condition which we can probably never hope to attain; or, second, that the people as a whole shall be educated so as to appreciate the difference between evidence and emotion, science and sentiment, reason and instinct. Sensationalism, emotionalism, irrationalism are the greatest dangers that threaten democracy, and even civilization itself, for they are a direct return to barbarism, savagery, and prehuman conditions. Our most dangerous enemies are within and not without, and they are the forces of unreason.

Even in the midst of such a revival of patriotism as this nation has not witnessed for more than a generation let us not forget that there are forces that are deeper and more universal than patriotism; that the very things which make patriotism holy are the love of fellow men and the passion for service and sacrifice; that anything which narrows and restricts human sympathies and fellowship tends to create discord between nations and classes; and that human progress, peace, and civilization depend to-day as never before upon the rational recognition of the great truth of universal brotherhood.

III

EQUALITY is one of the most important factors in producing social harmony. It is the dearest one of the democratic graces. And now abideth Liberty, Fraternity, Equality, but the greatest of these is Equality. The creed of democracy is that "all men are created equal" and that the inequalities which exist are due to environment, education, or opportunity.

And yet nothing is more evident than the inequalities of personality, intelligence, usefulness, influence; and the inequalities of heredity are greater even than those of environment. Recent work on development and evolution shows that the influence of environment is relatively slight, that of heredity overwhelming. Not only poets, but also scholars, statesmen, leaders, and laborers are born and not made. Hereditary inequality has always been the strong fortress of aristocracy, and on first thought scientific studies of heredity seem to support the contentions of aristocracy rather than those of democracy.

How shall we harmonize the teachings of biology with those of democracy; the proven inequalities of heredity with the assumed equality of man? Shall we revise our ideas of heredity or of democracy? I have sometimes been asked: "Do you believe in heredity; how, then, can you believe in democracy? Do you believe in equality; how, then, can you believe in heredity?"

Aristocracy is founded upon an obsolete idea of heredity, namely, the "law of entail." It confuses social and biological inheritance. A son may inherit

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the property of his father but not his personality; under the law of primogeniture the oldest son inherits the kingdom, titles, privileges of his father in their entirety, but not his intelligence, character, and personality. In natural or biological inheritance the germinal causes of the traits of the parents are separated and are redistributed to their offspring so that the latter are "mosaics" of ancestral traits. These germinal causes of traits, which are called genes, are transmitted unchanged, but in the fertilization of the egg one-half of the genes from each parent is lost and is replaced by the half from the other parent. So numerous are these genes that the combinations of them in the offspring are rarely, if ever, the same in two individuals, and so complex is their influence upon one another and upon the process of development that no two sexually produced individuals are ever exactly alike. Consequently the best traits may appear in parents and be lost in their offspring; genius in an ancestor may be replaced by incompetence, imbecility, or insanity in a descendant. As each generation must start life anew from the germ-cells so in every person there is a new distribution of hereditary factors or genes. Every person has a new hereditary deal, if not always a square one.

Owing to the fact that some traits, or rather their genes, are dominant and others recessive, certain of the latter may be carried along for several generations in a latent condition only to appear in some later offspring in which the dominant genes are not present. Feeble-mindedness, for example, is a recessive character and East has calculated that it is present in a recessive form in one person out of fourteen of the entire population of this country, but it does not actually appear unless two of these recessive genes which cause feeble-mindedness come together in a fertilized egg. On the other hand, feeble-mindedness and other recessive characters become latent when mated with normal and dominant characters. The later history of the famous, or rather infamous, "Jukes family" shows that many of the descendants are normal and useful citizens because their parents married into normal families.

This is the great law of heredity discovered by Mendel and it differs fundamentally from the law of entail. Property may be entailed but not personality, titles and privileges but not character and ability. With the law of entail in mind it is not surprising that strict hereditarians should have questioned the reputed parentage of Jesus or Shakespeare or Lincoln, or that lovers of democracy should have refused to believe in this kind of heredity; but the law of entail is of man's making, while the law of Mendel is the law of natural inheritance. Apparently nature delights in humbling the high and mighty and in exalting those of low degree. Think of the great men of unknown lineage and the unknown men of great lineage; think of the close relationship of all persons of the same race; of the wide distribution of good and bad traits in the whole population; of incompetence and even feeble-mindedness in great families and of genius and greatness in unknown families, and say whether natural inheritance supports the claims of aristocracy or of democracy.

When we remember that most of the great leaders of mankind came of humble parents; that many of the greatest geniuses had the most lowly origin; that, for example, Beethoven's mother was a consumptive, the daughter of a cook, and his father a confirmed drunkard; that Schubert's father was of peasant birth and his mother a domestic servant; that Faraday, perhaps the greatest scientific discoverer of any age, was born over a stable, his father a poor, sick blacksmith and his mother an ignorant drudge, and that his only early education was obtained in selling newspapers on the streets of London and later in working as apprentice to a bookbinder; that the great Pasteur was the son of a tanner; that Lincoln's parents were accounted "poor white trash" and that his early surroundings and education were most unpromising, and so on through the long list of names in which democracy glories—when we remember the great men of humble birth we may well ask whether aristocracy can show as good a record. The law of entail is aristocratic, but the law of Mendel is democratic.

Quaint old Thomas Fuller wrote many

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years ago in his "Scripture Observations":

"I find, Lord, the genealogy of my Savior strangly checkered with four remarkable changes in four immediate generations:

"1. Roboam begat Abia, that is, a bad father begat a bad son.

"2. Abia begat Asa, that is, a bad father a good son.

"3. Asa begat Josaphat, that is, a good father a good son.

"4. Josaphat begat Joram, that is, a good father a bad son.

"I see, Lord, from hence that my father's piety cannot be entailed; that is bad news for me. But I see also that actual impiety is not always hereditary; that is good news for my son."

It may be objected that I have ended by denying that there is any inheritance, at least so far as intellectual and social qualities are concerned, but this is not the case. While it is true that good and bad hereditary traits are widely distributed among all classes and conditions of men, they are not equally distributed. On the contrary, the chances of good or bad traits appearing in offspring are much higher in some families than in others, but no family has a monopoly of good or bad traits and no social system can afford to ignore the great personages that appear in obscure families or to exalt nonentities to leadership because they belong to great families. In short, preferment and distinction should depend upon individual worth and not upon family name or position. This is orthodox democratic doctrine, but not the faith or practice of aristocracy.

Finally, democratic equality does not now mean and has never in the past meant that all men are equal in personality. It is not a denial of personal inequalities, but is the only genuine recognition of them. On the other hand, rigid family and class distinctions are denials of individual distinctions. Democratic equality does not mean equality of heredity, environment, education, possessions, nor even of opportunity, for this depends upon the ability to utilize opportunity; least of all does it mean equality of intelligence, usefulness, or influence.

It does mean equality before the law, equal justice for all, no special privileges due merely to birth, freedom to find one's work and place in society. In short, it means that every man shall be measured by his own merits and not by the merits of some ancestor whose good traits may have passed to a collateral line.

Democracy alone permits a natural classification of men with respect to social value, as contrasted with all artificial and conventional classifications. It contributes more than any other system of government to the contentment, happiness, stability, and peace of a nation. It brings a message of justice and hope and inspiration to people in all walks of life. It inspires the youth of a land with visions and living examples of—

"Some divinely gifted man
Whose life in low estate began
And on a simple village green;

Who breaks his birth's invidious bar,
. . . . . .
And moving up from high to higher,
Becomes on Fortune's crowning slope
The pillar of a people's hope,
The centre of a world's desire."

This was the passion which fired the souls of our fathers and led them to establish this great Republic, and these are some of the reasons which recall us at this great crisis in the history of the world from our artificial aristocracies and plutocracies and class distinctions to a genuine democracy.

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"A. P. O. 714"

THE UNIVERSITY OF THE A. E. F.

BY MAJOR E. ALEXANDER POWELL

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS

THOUGH this is the story of one of the most remarkable and interesting achievements of America in France, the phase of the great war which it illustrates is to most Americans unfamiliar. It is unfamiliar for the reason that the correspondents were not permitted to write about it, lest through their despatches the enemy get a hint of the surprise which we were preparing for them. This is not a war article in the over-the-top meaning of the term. Rather it has to do with the behind-the-scenes side of the war. At the play it is the actors who receive the applause, the audience rarely giving a thought to the perspiring stage-manager in the wings or to the unobtrusive gentleman in a dinner coat and horn-rimmed glasses sitting at the back of a stage-box. So this article is intended to show how the infantry and the gunners and the flying men were assigned their respective parts in the great drama, and told when to speak them, by highly trained specialists who carried on their work unobtrusively, often far from the grumble of the cannon, and of how these specialists, whose ability, no less than the valor of the troops they directed, placed the names of Château-Thierry and St. Mihiel and the Argonne on our battle-flags, were themselves trained for their work. What I particularly wish to emphasize, however, is the beneficent effect which this enforced training in leadership, administration, decision, and resolution is bound to exercise on the characters and careers of our citizen-officers when they return to civil life.

But before proceeding further I ought, perhaps, to gratify the curiosity of my readers in regard to the somewhat cryptic title I have chosen by explaining that "A. P. O. 714" means "Army Post Office 714," this being the *nom de guerre* by which the American military authorities concealed the identity of the French town of Langres. Until the signing of the armistice made unnecessary the continuance of this precaution, the identity of "A. P. O. 714" was supposed to be a profound secret, it being forbidden to mention the place in letters or newspaper despatches otherwise than by its post-office number. Those violating this order were liable to the unpleasantness of having to explain their indiscretion before a general court martial, for Langres was, so far as American activities were concerned, one of the three most important towns in France, the others being Chaumont, which was the general headquarters, commonly referred to as "G. H. Q.," and Tours, which was the headquarters of the "S. O. S."—Services of Supply. The atmosphere of secrecy which was

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thrown over the activities at Langres was due to the fact that the town was the centre of the great training area for American officers, its dozen or more schools, with their fourteen thousand student-officers, making it the largest military university in the world. To believe that the Germans were ignorant of all this was severely to strain one's credulity, however, for our own Intelligence not only knew where each of the German schools was situated, but it knew the names of their directors and the number of officers attending them and the curriculum which they followed, not to mention other carefully guarded secrets of the German organization, our familiarity with which would have caused grave concern to Hindenburg and Ludendorff.

When General Pershing landed in France, in the early summer of 1917, one of the most important and pressing problems which confronted him was the immediate organization of a system of higher education for officers in various branches of the staff and line. The training which the officers commissioned from civil life had received at Plattsburg and similar camps was admirable as far as it went, but it was, from lack of time, of the most elementary character. Moreover, it had been conducted, through force of circumstances, along essentially American lines. The commander-in-chief quickly realized that, as we were to fight shoulder to shoulder with the French, British, and Italians, our officers must be trained in the methods of our Allies. And, though it was essentially a war of specialists, few if any of our officers had had the time or the opportunity to specialize. What, for example, did we know of chemical warfare, of sapping and mining, of flash and sound ranging, of liaison and intelligence work, of camouflage, tanks, balloons, grenades, search-lights, pigeons, 37-millimetre guns, anti-aircraft artillery, automatic rifles, of transportation by road and rail under European conditions, and, most important of all, of the innumerable phases of staff work as developed by the great conflict? A general staff organized and trained for war had not hitherto existed in our army. In fact, when we entered the war the American army did not possess a staff manual or a staff handbook of its own. Imagine trying to teach geography without an atlas! This lack of special knowledge had to be remedied, and remedied quickly, if our armies were to take the field in time to save the Allied cause. There was no time to lose. A comprehensive system of intensive instruction had to be devised and put in operation whereby our officers, many of whom were ignorant of even the rudiments of military technic, could acquire in a few months the special knowledge which our Allies had gained in three years of warfare.

Looking about for a suitable place in which to establish this unique educational centre—for it was wisely decided to locate all save the artillery and aviation schools in the same area in order that the officers attending them might profit by witnessing demonstrations of the work of the various branches and by the interchange of ideas—the American High Command selected the ancient hill town of Langres, in the Department of the Haute-Marne, as the best available site for this great new university, whose one and only aim was to afford instruction in the most effective and expeditious methods of exterminating the Hun.

If, with your pencil, you will trace on the map of eastern France the devious course of the Marne, you will discover that it has its source some fourscore miles due south of Verdun and about the same distance from the Rhine, near the little town of Langres. Until the vulnerability of permanent fortifications was proven by Germany's heavy artillery at Liége and Antwerp and Namur, Langres, with its encircling chain of barrier forts, was generally considered one of the most formidable strongholds in Europe, the Prussians having balked at the task of reducing it during the 1870 invasion. It stands at a height of 1,550 feet, perched on a rocky promontory which rises so abruptly from the plain that the railway is unable to make the ascent, the final stage of the journey being made by funicular. There are few quainter or more picturesquely situated towns in France. It has been held in turn by Gauls, Romans, Vandals, and Huns—the original Huns, I mean—its ancient walls and towers and ramparts bearing mute witness to the place's stir-

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ring and romantic past. Standing on its eastern ramparts there lies spread before one, like a map in bas-relief, the fertile valley of the Marne, checkerboarded with fields and overlaid by a network of poplar-bordered highways. In the distance, beyond the silver ribbon of the historic river, rise the blue Alsatian mountains, and on clear days there can be descried to the southeastward the majestic cone of Mont Blanc and the snowy barrier of the Alps. Far from the beaten paths of travel, Langres dozed on its rocky hilltop, an occasional raiding Zeppelin or Fokker serving to remind it now and then that over there, amid the violet peaks of the Vosges, barely an hour's motor-ride away, snaked the western battle line.

Almost overnight Langres was transformed from the sleepiest of French provincial towns into a bustling American city. Its cobble-paved streets and narrow sidewalks became thronged with thousands of alert young officers whose collars bore the insignia of every branch of the American army. The clumsy two-wheeled carts of the peasants, drawn by shaggy ponies, were crowded from the roads by staff cars and trucks and ambulances and motor-cycles painted in the olive drab of the Expeditionary Forces. Endless caravans of hooded camions, successors of the old-time prairie-schooner, rumbled down the highways leading toward the Rhine. The fat French gendarmes, resplendent in their uniforms of blue and silver, were replaced by businesslike military police with Colts sagging from their hips and scarlet brassards on their arms and scarlet bands encircling their Stetsons. A detachment from the Sanitary Corps cleaned up the town as in all its history it had never been cleaned before, renovating its sanitation and purifying its water system. Langres did not have a speaking acquaintance with the telephone, but the Signal Corps installed an up-to-the-minute system, and from America came girls in trim blue uniforms to operate the switchboards. American bands gave daily concerts in the local parks and soon the townspeople were whistling "When You Come Back" and "K-K-Katie" and "The Long, Long Trail." The Red Cross took over the only motion-picture house in the town and modernized it, and introduced to Langres Charlie Chaplin and Fatty Arbuckle and Douglas Fairbanks and all the other heroes of the screen. If the war had lasted a year or two longer Langres would have become as American as Schenectady or Montclair.

The personalities of the officers who nightly thronged the shabby dining-rooms of the Hôtel de la Poste and the Cheval Blanc made one overlook the indifferent food and the worse than indifferent service, for they stood for everything in American life that is adventurous and high-spirited and vigorous. One of them, an instructor in the Engineer School, was diamond-mining in the Katanga district of the Congo when word reached him by native runner that the American representatives in Germany had been recalled. It took him four months of uninterrupted travel by horse, wagon, rail, and boat to reach the United States and offer his services to the War Department. One of the instructors in the Mining School was a prisoner of the revolutionists in Mexico when the rumor penetrated to his prison cell that the United States had gone to war. That night he overpowered his guards, scaled the prison wall, made his way on foot across northern Mexico, and reached American soil in time to go to France with one of the first contingents.

Thronging the smoke-filled, garlic-scented restaurants at the dinner-hour were officers hailing from every quarter of the United States and representing every shade of American opinion. Here, with the silver oak leaves of a lieutenant-colonel on his shoulders, was the son of an ex-President of the United States; there, with the insignia of the Corps of Interpreters on his collar, for he speaks seven languages, sat the son of a railway magnate whose systems span the continent. Over in the corner the son of America's greatest constitutional lawyer was engaged in earnest conversation with the grandson of America's greatest merchant prince. Gathered about another table were the organist of one of New York's most fashionable churches, a professor of literature in a mid-Western university, a sculptor of international reputation, an osteopath who, when he found that his

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school of medicine was not recognized by the army medical authorities, obtained a commission in a machine-gun battalion, a painter whose portraits make his sitters famous, and a former Harvard football captain whose exploits on the gridiron are still spoken of with awe and admiration. At the other end of the room was a millionaire politician, the author of numerous political measures which bear his name; a young financier—he has since "gone West"—who rose from an obscure consulship in Manchuria to a partnership in America's greatest banking-house; and a liaison officer who, though he divides his time in civil life between his grouse moors in Scotland and his fox hounds in Pennsylvania, wears a decoration for gallantry in action which he won as a bluejacket at Santiago. And mingling with these amateur officers of our new armies were the professional officers of the old army, the campaign ribbons on their blouses telling of their services to the republic in little wars in forgotten corners of the world.

In one of the largest and finest barracks in Langres (the town was the headquarters of a French army corps before the Americans took it over) was installed the General Staff College. Close by, in the Caserne Carteret-Trécourt, which was a convent before Napoleon turned it into a barracks, were the School of the Line and the Intelligence School. Across the street, in another ex-convent, the Sanitary School had its quarters. Outside the south gate, with its ancient carvings, was the Candidates' School, housed in the Turenne Barracks, where six thousand men, carefully selected from the ranks of the A. E. F., were in training for commissions as second lieutenants. Here also was located the Army Signal School, where instruction was given in the erection, operation, and repair of field telegraphs and telephones, radio work, signalling by lamps, flags, and panels, and in the work of the Listening-In Service. Five miles to the north of Langres, at Fort St. Menge, was the Army Engineer School, with its Mining, Pioneer, Camouflage, Flash and Sound Ranging, and Gas Sections, while on the banks of the great artificial lake known as the Reservoir de Charmes was carried on the work of the Bridging Section. The Infantry Specialists' School was established at Fort de Plesnoy, where upward of two thousand students received practical instruction in the use of automatic rifles, trench mortars, 37-millimetre guns and hand-grenades, and in sniping, scouting, bayonet work, and musketry. At Fort de la Bonnelle was the Pigeon School, where thousands of birds were trained for use at the front. (Perhaps you were not aware of the extraordinary efficiency of the Pigeon Service. The records kept by the Allied armies show that of all messages intrusted to pigeons during the four years of the war, 96 per cent were delivered.) At Fort de Peigney was the Machine-Gun School, where officers were trained in the tactical use of the Browning, Vickers, Lewis, and Hotchkiss. Four miles to the north of Langres was the Searchlight School, the lurid beams from its giant projectors illuminating the countryside at night as an electric torch lights up a closet. Ten minutes' ride by motor south from the town brought one to the Tank School, where instruction was given in the operation of the Renault "whippets," the little two-men machines which played such important rôles in the St. Mihiel and Argonne offensives. Only two instructional centres of importance were outside the Langres area: the Artillery School at Saumur and the immense plant at Issoudun for training cadets in aviation. And scattered here and there and everywhere throughout the zone of the armies were smaller schools, scores of them: schools for cooks and bakers, for blacksmiths and horseshoers, for veterinarians, mechanics, motor-truck drivers, and heaven only knows what besides.

When the signing of the armistice brought the courses of instruction to an end, upward of fourteen thousand students, ranging in rank from privates to brigadier-generals, were in attendance at the army schools of the A. E. F. It was, indeed, a truly remarkable organization, this great university of war, which in less than eighteen months had been built up from nothing. So complete and efficient was it, so up to the minute in everything that pertained to modern warfare, that it seemed, in a way, a pity to have it close. Those of us who had the privilege of at-

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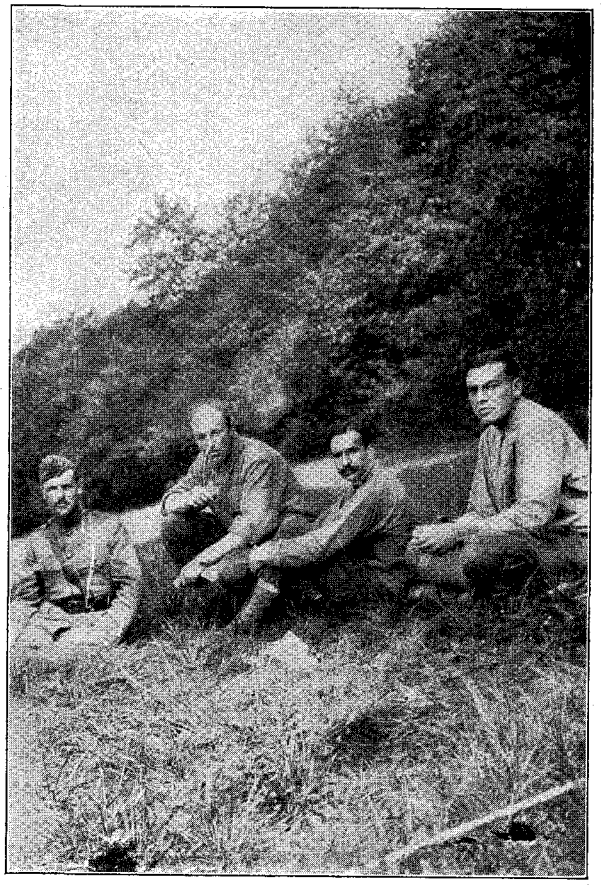
tending it, when we heard that the Boche had begged for an armistice, felt like the small boy who burst from the nursery at bedtime exclaiming indignantly: "Oh, mother, the nerve of Emily! Praying for peace when father's just been made a captain!"



A group of officers at Langres.
Left to right, Major Powell, Lieutenant André Roosevelt, Lieutenant Kingdon Gould, Captain Hamilton Fish, Jr.

At the apex of the training system which I have just outlined was the General Staff College, where the principles of general-staff work were taught to some two hundred officers carefully chosen from the regular establishment and the reserve corps, about half of them being men who had graduated with honors from the School of the Line. Perhaps I ought to explain that our General Staff, as now organized, is divided into five groups, G. 1 being charged with the organization and equipment of troops, G. 2 with intelligence, G. 3 with operations, G. 4 with supply, construction, and transport, and G. 5 with training. Those officers who satisfactorily completed the three months' course at the Staff College were generally assigned to one of these branches on the staff of a division, corps, or army or at general headquarters.

I once heard some one describe the course at the Staff College as "a militarized training in big business." It was all of that and more, for it taught men how to feed and clothe and house armies, how to operate networks of railways and fleets of motor-trucks, how to administer towns and territories, how to procure and

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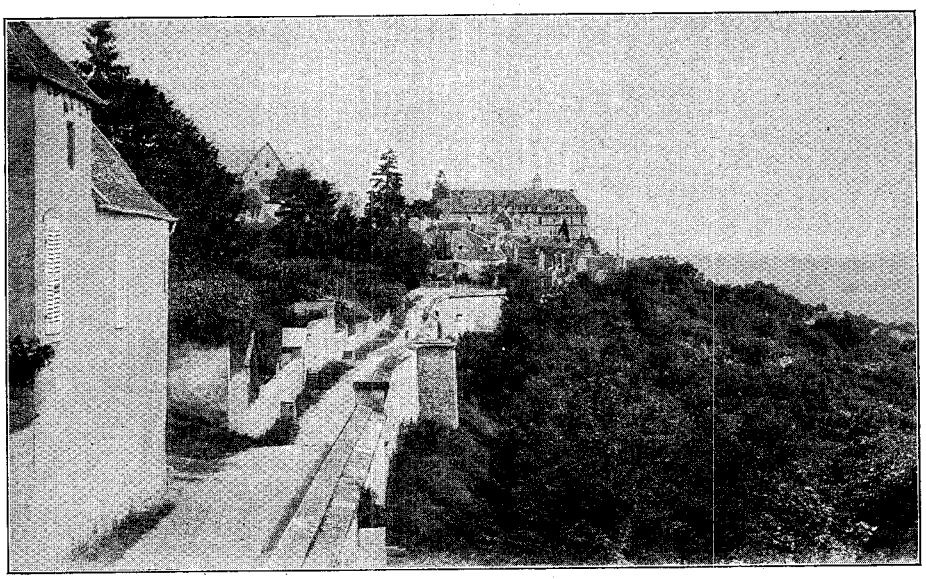

Looking toward the Vosges from the eastern ramparts of Langres.
The School of the Line in the distance.

transport and distribute incredible quantities of supplies, and, above all else, how to decide questions of vast importance and decide them quickly and wisely. Were I the head of a corporation which required such qualities in its officials, I think I should keep my eyes open for any graduates of the General Staff College at Langres.

The curriculum at the Staff College was about equally divided between lectures by French, British, and American officers, demonstrations at the other schools, and problems. The latter, which dealt with all phases of warfare, were essentially practical. The student-officers might be required, for example, to issue all the necessary orders for the movement by rail of a division of infantry, with its animals and transport, from one area to another. Now an American division, with its auxiliary units, comprises over 28,000 men, and to be called upon without warning to make arrangements for the immediate transportation of such a force, equivalent to the population of a small city, would tax the ability of an experienced traffic manager. Yet the officers at the Staff College were allotted just eight hours in which to complete the necessary orders. This necessitated the calculation of the number of box cars, flat cars, and passenger-coaches which would be required and their procurement; drawing up entrainment schedules—for large bodies of troops are generally entrained at several stations; the designation of entraining, detraining, billeting, police, and sanitary detachments; arrangements for feeding both men and animals en route; billeting of the troops at the place of destination; and, finally, making out a complete time-table—no small task in itself, for the movement of a division requires in the neighborhood of sixty trains. The course was far from being an easy one. When the work of an officer was unsatisfactory he would find a red card in his letter-box some morning. This, which was equivalent, as they used to say at Plattsburg, to "getting the brown derby," served as a notification that his days at the Staff College were ended and that he would forthwith return to his organization.

In order that the students might become accustomed to working under approximately front-line conditions, they would occasionally be required to enter the classrooms wearing their gas-masks at the "alert" position. During the course of the day the cry of "Gas! Gas!"

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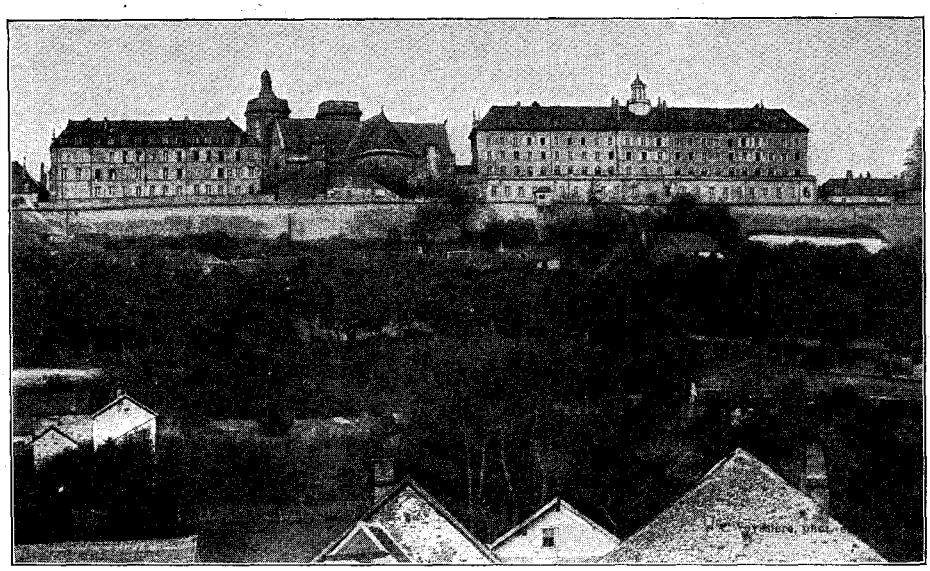

Langres as seen from the valley of the Marne.
The buildings from left to right are: Sanitary School, Cathedral, Intelligence School, School of the Line.

would echo through the corridors, whereupon every one would don his mask and continue his work, precisely as he would do at the front in case of a gas bombardment. Perhaps you have never attempted to solve a problem requiring every ounce of concentration you possess with a rubber mask drawn over your face, a clamp pinching your nostrils, a gutta-percha mouthpiece clinched in your teeth, and, hanging on your chest, a miniature suitcase. Take my word for it, it is not nearly as amusing as it sounds. Nor was it safe occasionally to take a surreptitious breath of fresh air, for an officer made the rounds of the classrooms, spraying them with lachrymal gas from an atomizer.

The School of the Line, as its name implied, was devoted to the training of officers in the higher branches of combat work, teaching them the principles of leadership and tactics and the use of the various weapons developed by the war, such as machine-guns, automatic rifles, infantry-accompanying cannon, trench mortars, flame-throwers, and the various types of gases. The curriculum, like that of the Staff College, consisted of lectures by officers of the Allied armies, interspersed with frequent map and terrain problems, the latter being solved on the ground where the action was supposed to take place in order that the students might study its topography for themselves. They were assumed to be in command of companies, battalions, regiments, or brigades, as the case might be, and were required to state exactly what action they would take and what orders they would issue under the conditions as given in the problem. The unheralded arrival in some sleepy French hamlet of a mounted class of two hundred or more Line School officers, followed by their orderlies and horse-holders, for the purpose of planning an imaginary scheme of defense, was always a source of entertainment to the villagers, who stood about in curious, staring groups while the Americans animatedly discussed the advisability of placing machine-guns in the garden of the *Mairie* and argued as to whether the highway could be most effectively enfiladed by putting a battery of 75s in the orchard or in the cemetery.

I have already mentioned, I think, that the work of the Line School and the Staff College had as its primary object the training of the officers to assume responsibility and to make quick decisions. Here is an example of such a problem:

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"You are Colonel A, commanding the 1st Blue Infantry, which is billeted in Humes. At 7 A. M. on September 27th you receive a telegram from Brigadier-General B, commanding the 1st Brigade, at Montigny-le-Roi, ordering you to march immediately on Chalindrey, seize the railway junction at that point, and hold it against a Red force, believed to consist of two battalions of infantry, which is advancing from the southeast. Reinforcements will be sent you from Montigny-le-Roi and should reach you within twelve hours after your arrival at Chalindrey. When the main body of your command is within nine kilometres of Chalindrey the commander of your advance-guard sends back word that a Red force, estimated at one regiment of infantry, a battery of field artillery, and a company of engineers, is reported by his patrols to be within seven kilometres of Chalindrey Junction. State what action you decide to take, give your orders exactly as issued, and state briefly the reasons for your decision."

It seems simple enough, doesn't it? But, were *you* the colonel of a regiment and responsible for the lives of some three thousand men, what action would you take? According to the reports of the patrols, the enemy's strength is considerably greater than your own and he is two kilometres nearer the junction. Would you make a race of it, in the hope of reaching Chalindrey first? Or would you wait until nightfall and attempt a surprise attack? Would you retire on Humes? Or would you intrench and await the arrival of reinforcements? And if you chose either of the two last-named courses, how would you reconcile your action with your orders to seize and hold the junction? And, mind you, there is no time to mull the problem over as a lawyer does a legal question. You have to decide, and decide quickly, for every minute brings the enemy nearer. A sound decision will probably bring victory; an unsound one may mean disaster and the death of hundreds of men. How practical was this training in logic, deduction, and decision was shown when many of these same officers were called upon to solve similar problems, but under battle conditions, on the Meuse and in the Argonne.

I find that there is quite a general impression among business men in America that the training which our officers received in the Army Schools of the A. E. F., though likely to be a good thing for those who intended to make the army a profession, was of little value to those officers returning to the occupations of civil life. But therein the American business man is wrong. When the smoke of battle which still obscures his vision has cleared away he will find, among many other unexpected things, that the time spent by our citizen-officers in the "University of the A. E. F." was not wasted. The enforced lessons of administration, decision, and leadership which they learned there can hardly fail to be of benefit to them in any form of civilian endeavor. The officer who has learned how to handle fighting men in battle will know how to handle working men in days of peace. The officer who can move a division of troops by rail from Toul to Verdun will be able to move commuters from Yonkers to Forty-second Street. The officer who has acted as provost marshal or town major of an occupied German city will be able to guard the public safety of an American community. I am convinced that ninety per cent of this special training has fitted its recipients for more responsible positions and for more rapid advancement in civilian occupations than they could have hoped for otherwise. These young men will bring back with them not only a special equipment for big tasks, an ability to make great decisions and to assume great responsibilities, and an ingrained discipline over themselves and others, but also the culture that comes from a knowledge of other lands and other peoples, the self-confidence that is the result of having exercised command, and a justifiable pride in having played a man's part in the Great Adventure. The training and knowledge which they acquired in that old hill town on the Marne has done more than make of them efficient officers; it has made them more useful citizens and better Americans.

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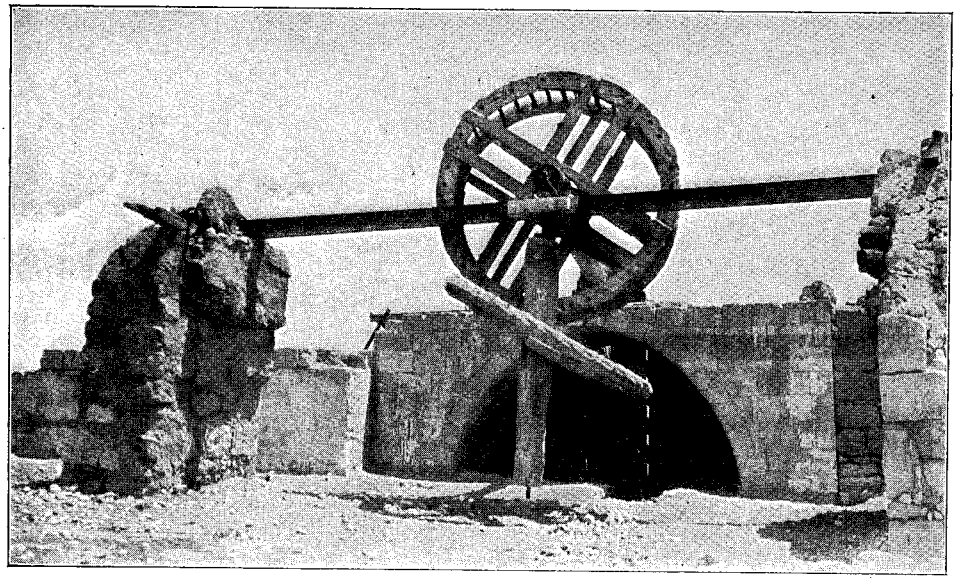

A well in Beersheba called the Well of Abraham.

FROM BEERSHEBA

BY JOHN H. FINLEY

Red Cross Commissioner to Palestine

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR

IN the phrase that is current wherever the Bible is read, Beersheba is at the end of the journey, and not at the beginning. It was the farthest outpost of the Land of Promise. It was off into the wilderness, beyond Beersheba, that Hagar wandered with her boy Ishmael, and that Elijah fled from the woman-wrath of Jezebel, for when he left Beersheba he went "a day's journey into the wilderness."

But one of the most appealing and most picturesque journeys of all history, though a brief one, was made *from* Beersheba as the starting-point; it was the journey on which Abraham set out when he went with his little son Isaac to offer him up for a burnt offering on Mount Moriah.

And it was from the well which Abraham is said to have digged (or one of seven), the well to which the very name Beersheba, the place of oath, is memorial (because it was there, in witness of the digging of the well that Abimelech and Abraham swore unto one another and made covenant), it was from this well that I started on my journey northward as far as I could at that time go in Palestine toward Dan. I would go as Abraham to Mount Moriah, and thence I would go, if the English advances made this possible, at least to Shechem where the Israelites buried the bones of Joseph who had been "embalmed and put in a coffin" in Egypt, after they had carried these bones forty years in the wilderness.

I started, not as Abraham, early in the morning, but at noon, when the mid-August sunshine was blazing over the desert to the south. But before evening I passed him somewhere near the foothills of Judæa, in the level stretches of the land of Simeon—Simeon, who in Jacob's roster of his sons, was set down immortally as one who "in anger slew men and in self-will houghed oxen." But Abraham had very good reason for not wishing

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to get to the end of his journey earlier than he must, for when he reached the Mount, he was, for aught he knew, to sacrifice his only son through whom the promise of his becoming the father of a multitude of nations was to be fulfilled. I saw him and Isaac toiling slowly on the way far ahead of me toward evening. They stopped early for the first night. The father was very gentle with the boy, who did not suspect his own fate. As I passed them I could see Abraham looking away from the boy toward the heaven and its stars without number, and thinking, doubtless, that Eliezer of Damascus might, after all, become the possessor of his house.

I thought of this ancient father and son through the night, but I thought, too, of the thousands of fathers whose sons were marching to sacrifice that very night, in Europe, marching to the places of burnt offering on hundreds of mounts from Kemmel to Moab, and with no certainty of any such substitute for their sons as Abraham found at the last moment. And now America has come to the trial of her faith in the tenets of her profession and her teaching. As an American I am proud of the response to the test. America has not questioned the call of justice and of human right. I see the millions going forward, not slowly, as did Abraham, who took three days to make the journey to the site of Mount Moriah (and in my heart I, a father, forgave him), but by forced marches. America's going up from her Beersheba is indeed a more glorious chapter in history than Abraham's. America looks at the stars in her own heavens, not doubting that the sacrifice, whatever it may be, will not quench that which these stars symbolize.

A refugee man from Es Salt, the author's interpreter at Beersheba.

As for myself, I kept praying that if I had my own lads with me under these stars, I should not loiter nor saunter. As it was, I travelled in one afternoon and night over the road that it took Abraham and his son more than three days to travel, for it was on the morning of the third day that Abraham "lifted up his eyes and saw the place afar off," and then went forward with the boy alone, carrying the fire in his hand and a knife, while the boy bore the wood.

It is said in guide-books to Palestine, published before the war, that one who travels below Hebron should take a "dragoman and horses and tents," together with an "escort of Turkish sol-

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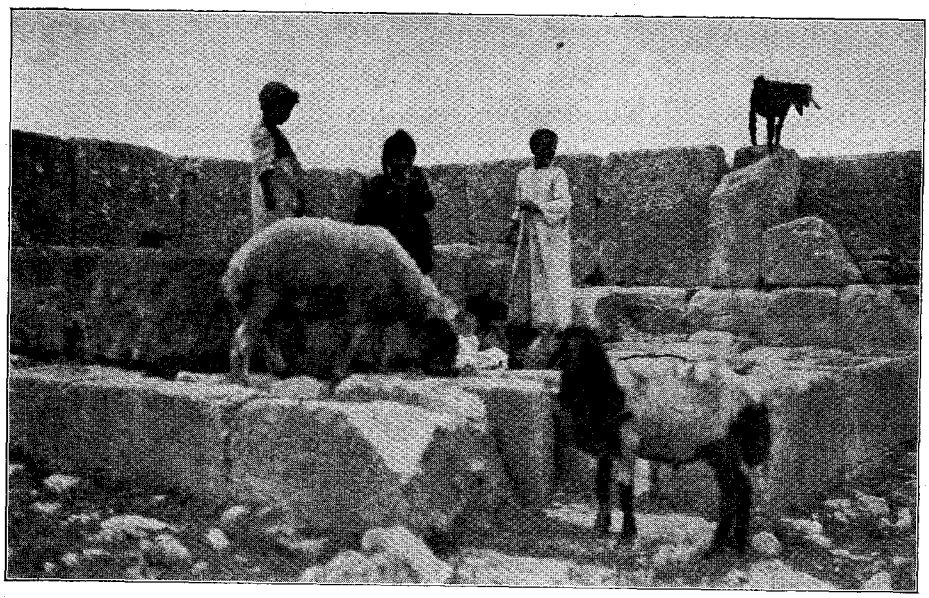

Children drawing water from an ancient well near Hebron.

diers"; and I have since my journey been told that one in those days needed for safety an escort of a dozen men. But that precaution, now that the English have come, seems not to be necessary. I travelled alone through the night without serious molestation. I was stopped by a group of men at dusk and asked rather savagely for cigarettes and "backsheesh," both of which requests I had to refuse, after some parleying, because I had no cigarettes, and I was not disposed to give "backsheesh," but no violence was offered (though I had no weapon beyond my hickory stick, which had come with me from far America's trees, with rings of

Inhabitants of the ancient village of the giants (the Enakim) called Debir.

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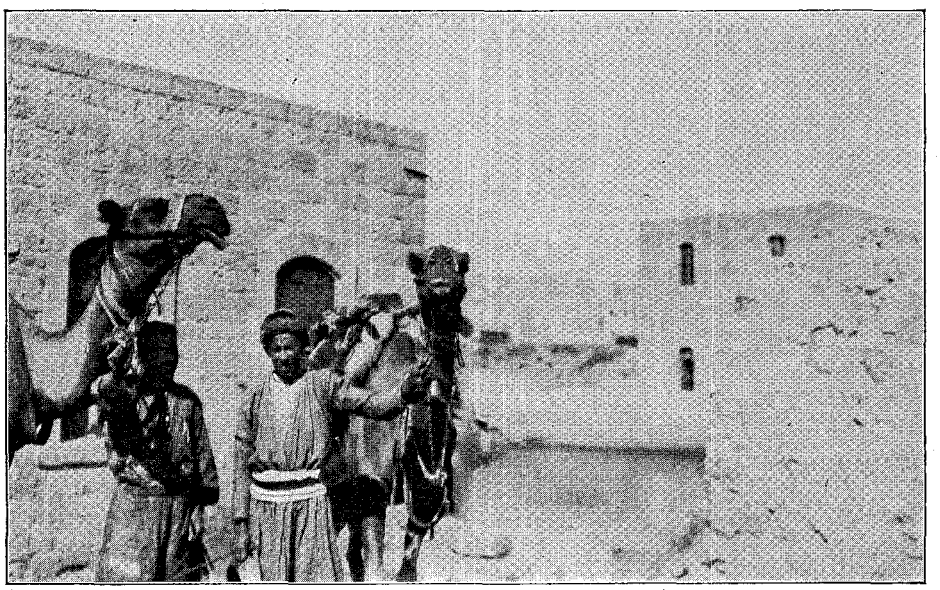
many seasons in its memory, and with the names of places where it has been the companion of my walks from London to Beersheba).

On the contrary, great courtesy and hospitality were shown me along the way by the fellaheen as well as by the British officers and men. This wayside kindness showed itself chiefly in keeping me supplied with water. (I can understand why blessings were promised by Christ to those who gave cups of cold water.) In the heat of the afternoon when the supply in my two canteens was getting low (and I wished to preserve in each a little of the water with which I had filled them at the very start from Abraham's well, or one of his seven wells), I came upon a company of men putting up telephone lines from Hebron to Beersheba. They filled one brimming cup for me from their "fantasia," and then told me of their camp, six or seven kilometres beyond, where I should find other "fantasias"—as I did, with most hospitable attendants, who offered also bread and cheese and syrup.

In the late afternoon I passed the only village at the roadside between Beersheba and Hebron—the ancient village of Debir, which now has the name of Dahariyeh, but has probably much the aspect of its ancient self, except that in Joshua's time it doubtless had walls. It was then the village of the giants—the Enakim—who stood out against the Israelites till Othniel, a kinsman of Caleb, overcame the city, encouraged to such hardihood by Caleb's proffer of his sister in marriage to the warrior who should first enter its citadel. In place of the citadel stands the most conspicuous object as one approaches from the south, the great compost-heap, higher than any of the houses, even that of the sheik himself. It is the village store of fuel, and so far from being looked upon as an offensive place, is a centre where the women gather when they are free from their work, which must be seldom, for the women of Palestine are a tirelessly industrious lot, not for the most part in work in which they can have the satisfaction of seeing things of beauty, or of lasting use, develop under their hands, but in the ceaseless bearing of burdens, the carrying of water, the grinding of wheat or corn, the endless drudgeries with not the slightest relief—or so it would seem to a casual observer. A hard lot they have, and a sad, unhappy, dejected sex they seem. Seldom does one see a smiling face. The men are solemn enough, but except for those who live sedentary lives in the cities, they seem sturdy and physically virile. They "lord it"



The pool in Hebron.

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The Jaffa Gate.

over the women. It is not an infrequent scene to see a man mounted on his donkey, the wife following on foot, usually carrying a burden.

It was on this road to Jerusalem, near Bethlehem, that I saw a father so mounted, the wife following, carrying the child, and another child following her. I think the father was becoming conscious of our Western attitude of women and children first, for while I was preparing to take a snap-shot of the little family the father was having the child shifted to his arms. Or was it his paternal pride showing itself in his desire to have the child photographed with himself?

I have often thought of this scene and expressed the hope that Joseph did not treat Mary so, that he did not make her walk and carry the child as they journeyed down into Egypt.

But, not to get to my own journey's end before I have actually traversed it, I wish to speak too of the hospitable spirit of the villages along the way. At this particular village of the ancient giants, the "muktar" called to me as I was passing, whether in friendliness or in hostility to the passing stranger I could not tell, till by signs he made me understand that he was asking if I would not stop and sleep in his village, or have food and drink. I gladly accepted his proffer of water, and he sent a bright little fellow pattering off up the hill to the well with one of my canteens. When it came back filled and coolly moist, he tried to prevent my giving the boy a bit of immediate reward for his act of kindness.

I had stopped at this village for a few minutes in the morning, attracted by the scene on the opposite side of the road, where between fifty and a hundred villagers were threshing millet, some driving the oxen round and round, some winnowing with the pitchfork, some sifting with the sieve, some gathering the grain, some carrying away the straw. It was an interesting and picturesque scene, but it was also one of the happiest scenes, suggestive of the wide-spread and higher happiness that might come—will come again to the Holy Land when the hills as well as the plains are blossoming and men are laboring profitably in some intelligent cooperation with Providence, and incidentally giving the women freedom to live as creatures with souls, to enjoy Browning's "Saul," let us say, more than the gossip at the compost-heap.

The walk across the plains had been hot and uneventful but not uninteresting to one born upon the prairies of the United States and accustomed to great

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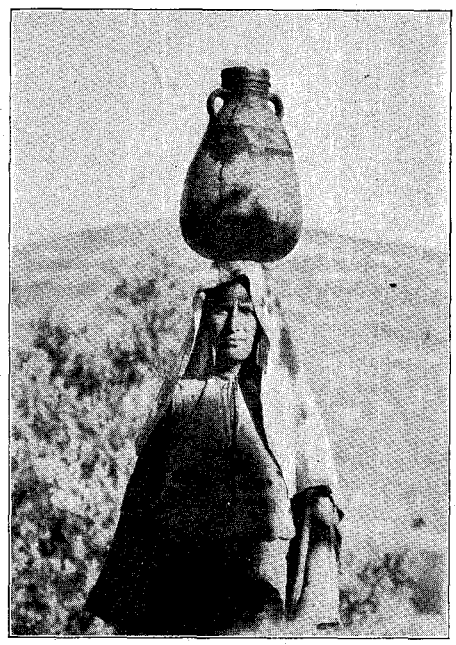
level stretches and horizons. There was, however, the added charm of the wilderness mountains rising hazily on the eastern edge of the plain, and of the Judæan hills ahead—a charm which was a little



A woman in the valley of Urtas.

disturbed by the thought of having to make the ascent. But even the winding white road had its own fascination, and when, as several times happened, I saw a gray cloud going before me in the solitude, though I knew it was only a little whirlwind that was moving along and whirling the dust, I could understand how the children of Israel might have seen in such a natural phenomenon the "pillar of cloud" that gave them guidance on their way across the desert not far away. Once the cloud became clearly a great gray cross lifted against the blue sky over the Judæan hills.

Nowhere else in lower Palestine was the far past so close. There was no near association for the most of the way across the plain to disturb the consciousness of the past, and I was free to spend most of the time in the company of Abraham and his boy Isaac, Elijah, David, and others of those ancient days.

And when the night came on it was almost as light as day, for the moon rose in full orb out of the desert of Maon, where once dwelt the churlish Nabal and his wife Abigail, who, after her drunken husband's "heart had died within him and he became a stone," received a proffer of marriage from David, and who (though insisting with a humility which is expected of the man rather than the woman, in America, that she was only a servant fit to wash the feet of the servants of such a man) hasted and, attended by her five damsels, went in stately procession to be-

The keeper at the Cave of Machpelah.

come his wife. One could find here a setting for a romance if the scriptural record did not tell us in the next sentence that "David also took Ahinoam of Jezreel, and they were also both of them his wives." As it is, it gives fit background to the incident, which must appeal to every boy, of David's taking the spear and cruse of water from behind the head of Saul as he lay asleep in his place "among the wagons," when in pursuit of David; and to that incident which followed the next day when David, on one of the bare hilltops called to Abner, and in treasured sarcasm rebuked the war-lord for not keeping better watch over his king.

And one is ready, too, to believe the

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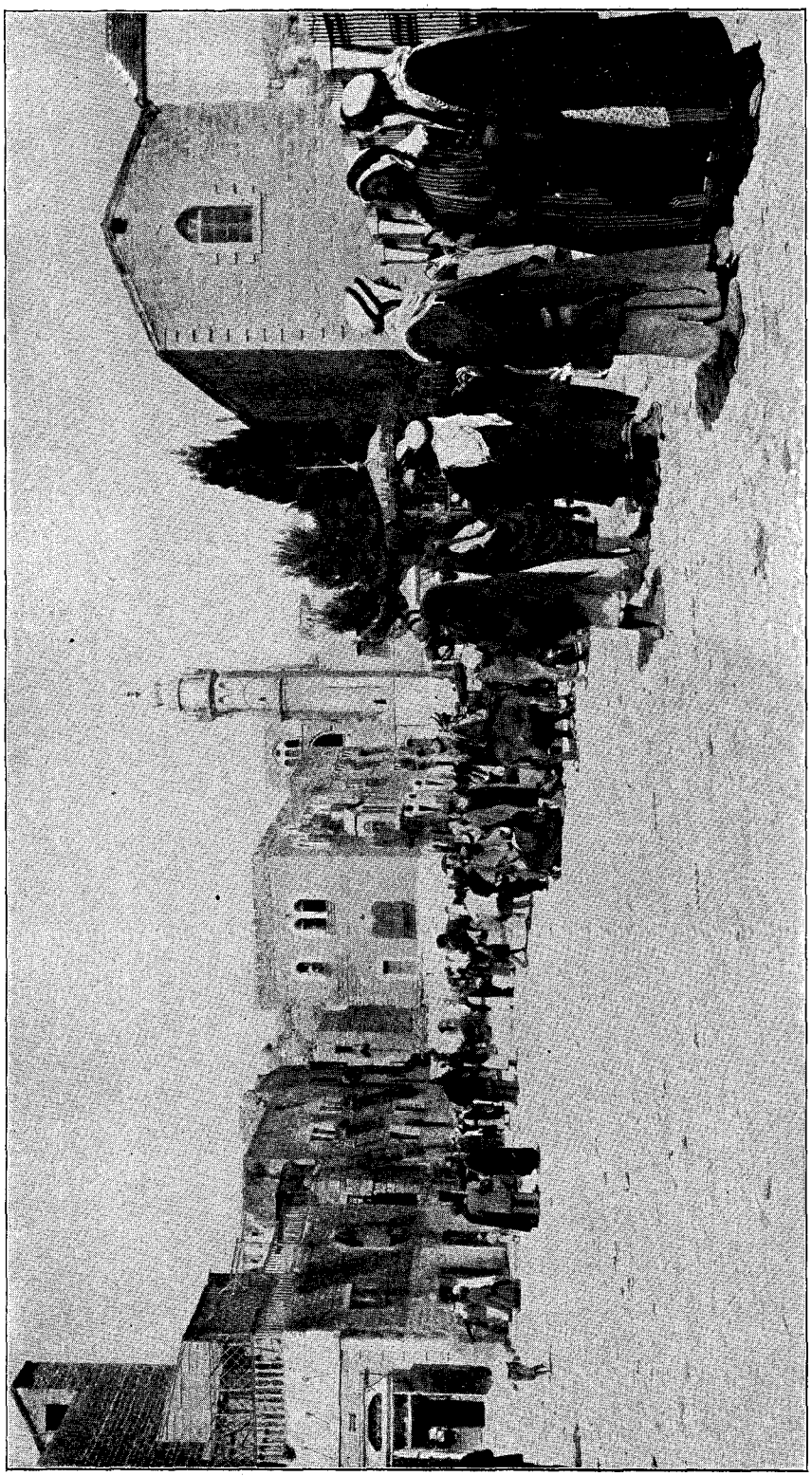

Market-place near the Church of the Nativity, Bethlehem.

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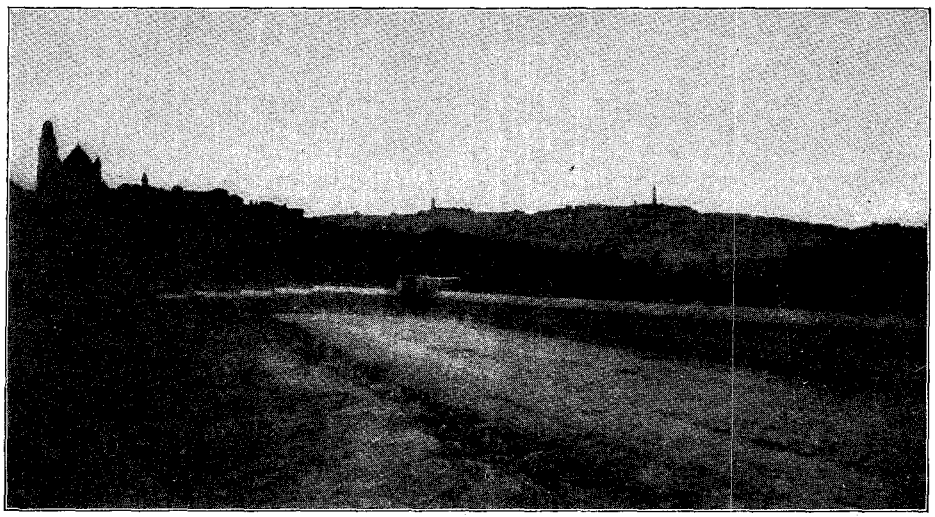
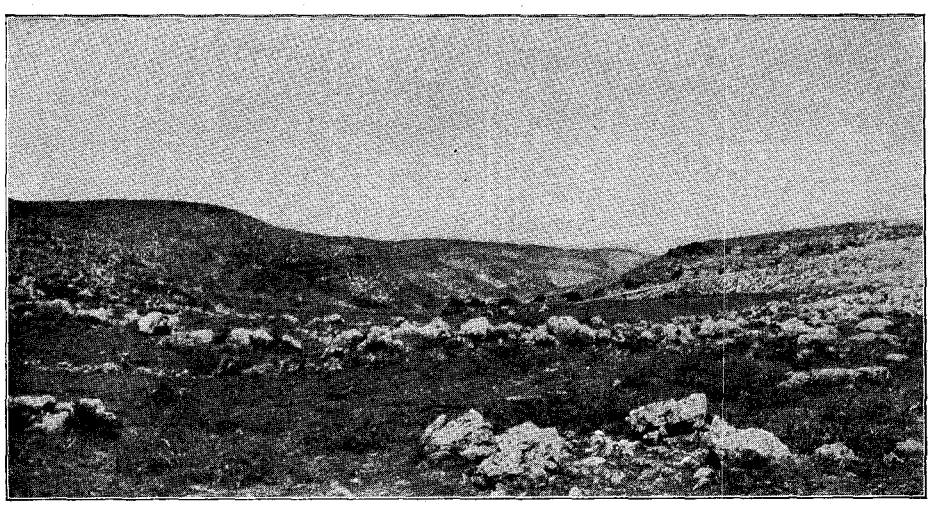


Sunrise over the Mount of Olives, as seen from the Bethlehem road.

tradition that Judas Iscariot (Judas of Keriot) was born somewhere over in this wilderness to the east, which turns to blackness when the moon crosses the path and lights the western hills toward Gaza.

Among the Judæan hills one has other attendants. One to whom I was especially indebted was the daughter of Caleb, Achsah, she to whom he gave the "upper springs and the nether springs." Not far from Hebron had been pointed out to me the "upper springs" as I went to Beersheba in the morning of the day, but toward midnight I was more anxious to find the "nether springs." It was not Achsah who discovered them to me, but it must have been one of her descendants, this lone wanderer who came out of the fields, and who not only showed me the springs, but also instructed me in the best way to lap up water with both hands (instead of but one, as did the successful candidates for Gideon's band). I never dreamed, Achsah, when I stumbled over your name as I read it at my mother's knee (and my mother's name meant in



The valley of "upper springs" given by Caleb to his daughter.

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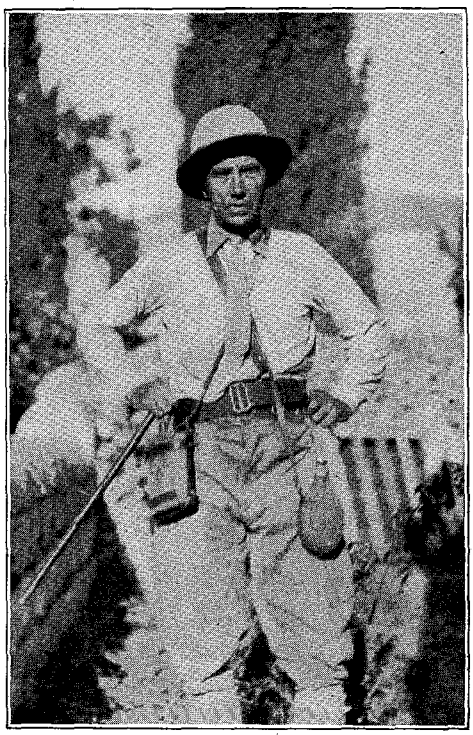
Scotch "daughter of the place of the upper springs"), that I should some day be grateful to you for asking your father to give you those springs that have continued to flow on through the centuries since and quench my thirst in the twentieth century A. D.

Refreshed, I went on toward Hebron, a place where Western travellers in days past had been badly treated, I am told, but where I had found most cordial welcome as I had passed southward in the morning (the keeper of the Cave of Machpelah showing me every possible courtesy, insisting that I look into the place where Joseph's bones were kept, since I might not be able to go to Shechem where, according to the Book of Joshua, they were buried, and offering me more privileges than I could accept). But instead of walking down through the shadowed streets of the city, by night I took a by-path, a lane with high walls on either side, down through the Vale of Eschol, where the Israelitish spies had found the marvellous grapes.



The author as he appeared after going from Beersheba to Jerusalem.

It is the law of custom in the East, I am told, that one may enter a vineyard and eat all one wishes but may not carry anything away. I had been without food on the journey and my "mouth watered" for grapes (for, as when the spies entered Hebron, it "was the time of the first-ripe grapes"), and yet at that time of night I hardly dared to enter one of the continuous vineyards, not knowing whether some watchman sleeping in the towers that guard them might not take me for a marauder instead of an honest but hungry pilgrim. In vain I searched the vines hanging over the walls to find a chance cluster, and went on my way with no such fortune as the two men who, long ago, found there one cluster so large that it took both of them to carry it.

Higher up in the hills, near the place of the "upper springs," I passed a village in its slumbers, a village that had slept through a million and a half of nights, for it was one of the Canaanitish cities taken by Joshua and given as an inheritance to Judah. As I have written elsewhere, I had visited this village in the morning of the day, a village that is four thousand years old, but without certain facilities which the newest town in Oklahoma would insist upon having in as many hours as this village has known years. It stands, or rather sits, upon a hill almost bare of trees, and looks by day at the left between the mountains to the Mediterranean Ocean, and at the right across the Dead Sea to the mountains which give their background of mystery to so many places in Palestine. It could have seen the star over Bethlehem if it had been awake on the holy night. And if it had risen and moved itself to the other edge of the hill, it might have seen the burning lamp that passed between the carcasses in Abraham's dream beneath the oaks of Mamre, a few miles away.

I did not wish to disturb this village in its sleep, though I wondered whether the world outside would ever miss it if it did

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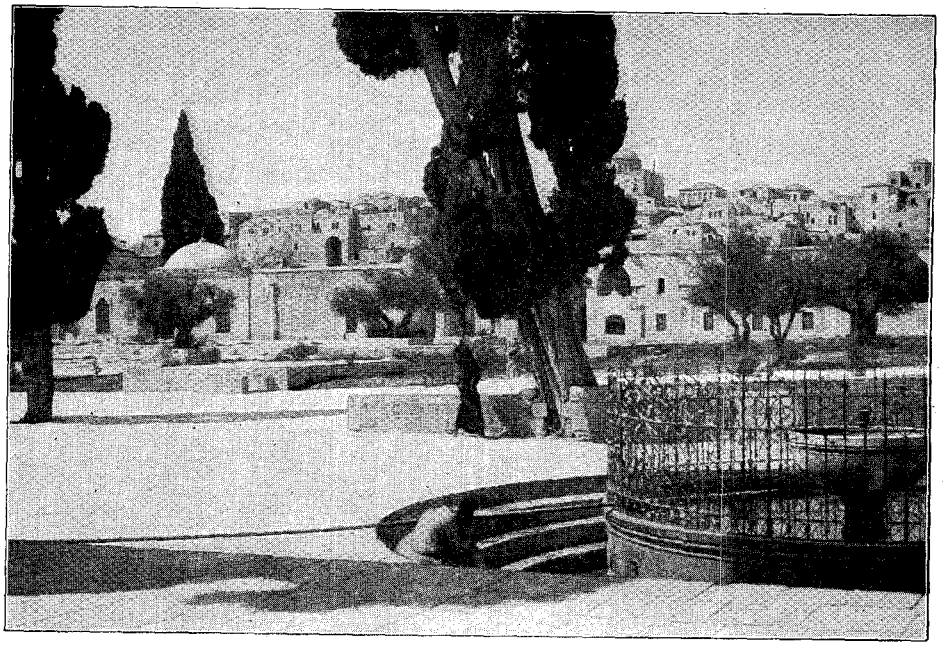

The temple area on Mount Moriah.

not wake up again from its houses that seemed more like tombs than homes. Indeed the Roman rock-tombs near by seemed more homelike, for in the cave open to the moonlight, where I had in the morning seen the hundreds of niches that once held cinerary urns, I saw the maiden-hair ferns clinging like weeping human memories over some of the niches, but in deeper mourning, for the green of the day-light had been turned to the blackness of crape. And the gray lizards and the black serpents were no longer astir as in the morning, to take one's thought from those who had laid themselves down to rest in the Jewish and Christian caves near by.

It was up on the hill just outside this village that, according to tradition, the prophet Jonah was buried. Jonah, that first municipal reformer, who complained against the Almighty because the fate which he predicted did not overtake the city of Nineveh, Jonah who was "angry for the gourd" that grew up in the night and perished the next day. If thou couldst but see this eternal village in which thou art sleeping, Jonah, thou wouldst indeed know that the Lord was "a gracious God, and full of compassion."

I was challenged in a valley not far beyond by a lone sentry at the roadside, the only person I had seen for hours except the native "pilgrims of the night" on camels or donkeys or in groups on foot, the sound of whose voices mingled with the tinkling of the camel bells remains as music in my ears, for all gave that melodious salutation which was as soft upon the air as the intoning of a benediction—"Sai-ee-da," "Sai-ee-da" (like Aïda, with a soft, sibilant prefix), all through the night. The "Halt!" of the sentry in simulated English gave a moment's shock and disturbed my converse with those of the past who had accompanied me, but were unseen of the sentry. They all fled as I tried to make the East Indian guard with his menacing rifle understand that I was a "friend." Whether I had succeeded I did not know, for I could not understand whether he was permitting me to proceed or ordering me to turn into the guard-house (where indeed I should have been glad to repose for a while), but I started on, and as he did not fire I assumed that he recognized me for the friend I was,

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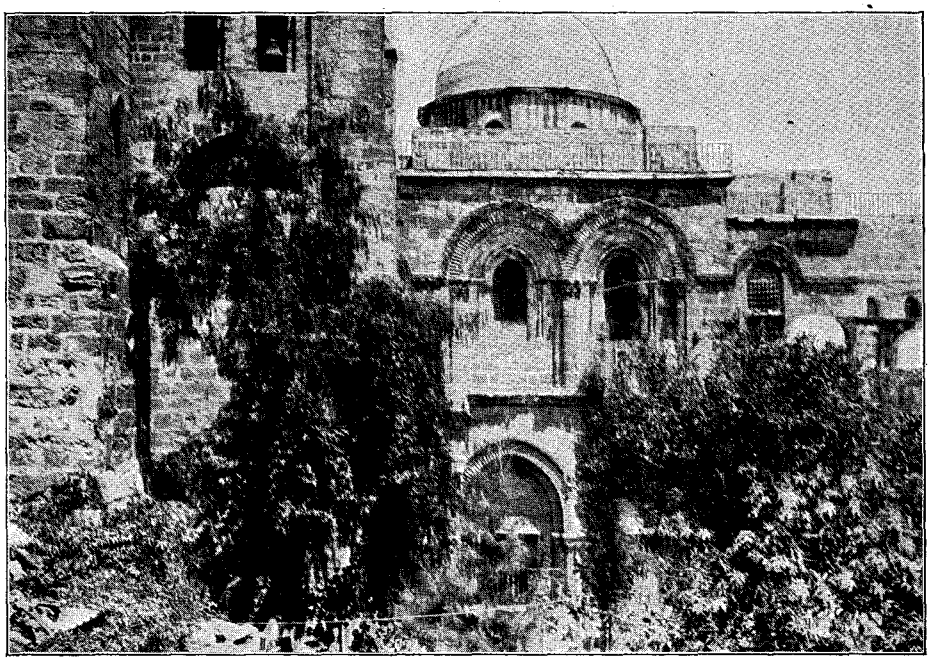

The Church of the Holy Sepulchre in Jerusalem, as seen from the American Red Cross workroom.

with no desire as to the springs he was guarding (the springs from which the water was led into Jerusalem) except that I might drink of them.

Over hills and through valleys that were awesome with the moon shadows—were these not perhaps the very valleys that had given the Psalmist his metaphor of the "Valley of the Shadow"?—I journeyed on by the winding road, down at last past Solomon's Pools (one empty of water, one almost empty, and the third planted in tomatoes and other vegetables), down into the fruitful Vale of Urtas, which Solomon may have had in mind when he wrote of descending into the garden "to see the fruits of the valley, to see whether the vine flourished and the pomegranates budded," filled now with Anzac troops beginning to stir themselves at the first premonition of day. Then on till the roofs of the little town of Bethlehem began to appear in the dawn. The morning star was burning in the sky above it with a brilliancy that seemed supernal. Over the Bethlehem on my horizon it stood, toward the Shepherds' Field, till the walls of the little city itself hid it from my view.

Beyond Bethlehem the once narrow camel road over which the Magi had come broadened into a dusty highway and began to fill with a throng of people going to and from the Holy City. The refugees from Jericho, encamped in the field opposite the tomb of Rachel, were rising frowzled from their nomad beds. Lorries and ambulances were starting from camps at the roadside for the hellish places from which these refugees had fled, down where the British forces were holding their trenches awaiting the day of advance. A battalion of Anzac cavalry was passing in the opposite direction for its period of rest after the night's riding. Indian lancers and Indian infantrymen, picturesque even in khaki, looked and knelt toward the dawn and their own Himalayas. Trains of camels from somewhere bore their compact loads that might be myrrh or the daily manna for the troops. Hundreds of donkeys, "Allenby's white mice," went pattering along. Aeroplanes were mounting and circling, with their hum, to scout or perhaps to bomb beyond the hills toward Shechem. Barefoot women with varicolored burdens on their heads walked with all the stateliness of

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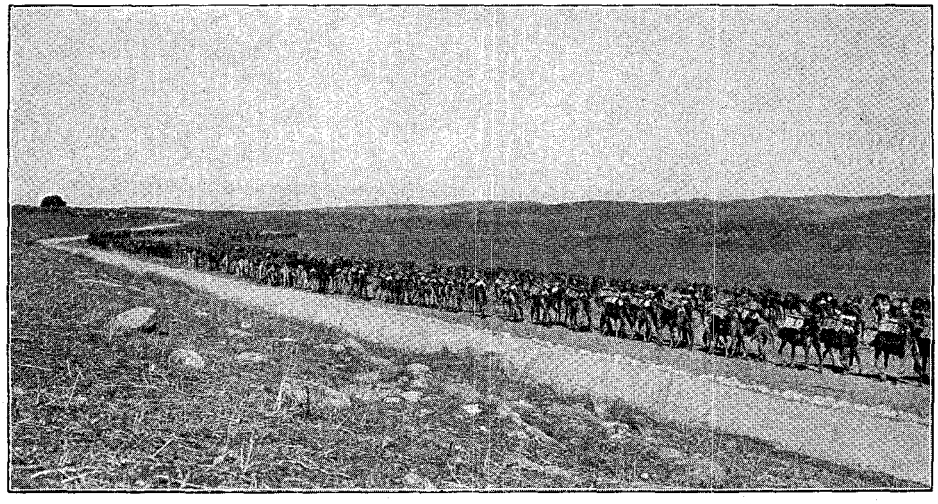
queens toward the City of Peace—the City of Peace amid shepherds' fields, now become munition magazines, which were daily augmented by what the trains brought up from Egypt, and daily diminished by what the trains toward the front were carrying northward for the redemption of Samaria and Galilee, the ancient land of the tribes of Benjamin and Ephraim and Manasseh and Issachar and Zebulon and Asher and Naphtali and Dan —Dan, which I would yet reach—but that is another story.

For the day I was content to stop at the Mount within the walls of Jerusalem, where Abraham ended his sacrificial journey, fire and knife in hand; the Mount whose topmost rock was regarded as the centre of the world, the "stone of foundation," on which the Ark of the Covenant once rested; the Mount from which Mohammed is said to have ascended on his miraculous steed; the Mount over whose edges the orthodox Jew does not dare to venture lest he tread upon the "Holy of Holies," but wails at the wall of lamentation without; the Mount at whose verge the Christ was crucified and buried, and from whose rock-hewn tomb he rose. It seems indeed the "centre of the world," and over it all, as I saw it that morning, the Tower of the Ascension stood on the Mount of Olives against the sunrise.

But after all one would wish to approach it as the Wise Men from the East, on camels, for the rhythm of their soft feet is more agreeable than that of the hard heels of the pedestrian, and it is in their measure that my thoughts of Jerusalem return to its gates:

"My thoughts of thee would be, if writ and scanned,
As trains of camels o'er the snow-white sand
Dawn-travelling toward the Holy Land
With slow and rhythmic feet,
Iambic, bearing each its mystic load,
Together making a majestic ode—
I but the blue-clad driver with the goad
Upon the swaying seat."



"Iambic, bearing each its mystic load."

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THE OPEN HEARTH

By H. S. Hall

ILLUSTRATION (FRONTISPIECE) BY E. L. BLUMENSCHEIN

IT was a very black and a very dirty street down which I made my way that November morning at half past five. There was no paving, there was no sidewalk, there were no lights. Rain had been falling for several days, and I waded through seas of mud and sloshed through lakes of water, longing for terra firma. There were men in front of me and men behind me, all plodding along through the muck and mire, just as I was plodding along, their tin lunch-pails rattling as mine was rattling. Some of us were going to work, some of us were going to look for work—the steel-mills lay somewhere in the darkness ahead of us. We were citizens of a city where the daylight-saving scheme was being tried out, and half past five in the morning in that city, in the latter part of November, is an early hour and a dark one.

We who were not so fortunate as to possess a magical piece of brass, the showing of which to a uniformed guard at the steel-mills' gate would cause the door to light and warmth to swing open, waited outside in the street, where we milled about in the mud, not unlike a herd of uneasy cattle. It was cold out there. A north wind, blowing straight in from the lake, whipped our faces and hands and penetrated our none-too-heavy clothing.

"By golly, I wisht I had a job in there!" said a shivering man at my side, who had been doing some inspecting through a knot-hole in the high fence. "You got a job here?" he asked, glancing at my pail.

I told him I had been promised work and had been ordered to report.

"You're lucky to get a job, and you want to freeze on to it. Jobs ain't goin' to be any too plentiful this winter, and if this war stops—good night! I've been comin' here every mornin' for two weeks, but I can't get took. I reckon I'm kind o' small for most of the work in there." He began to kick his muddy shoes against the fence and to blow upon his hands. "Winter's comin'," he sighed.

A whistle blew, a gate swung open, and a mob of men poured out into the street—the night shift going off duty. Their faces looked haggard and deathly pale in the sickly glare of the pale-blue arcs above us.

"Night-work's no good," said the small man at my side. "It always gets me in the pit of the stummick somethin' fierce, 'long between midnight and mornin'. But you got to do it if you're goin' to work in the mills."

A man with a Turkish towel thrown loosely about his neck came out of the gate and looked critically at the job hunters. He came up to me. "What's yer name?" he demanded. I told him. "Come on!" he grunted.

We stopped before the uniformed guard, who wrote my name on a card, punched the card, and gave it to me. "Come on!" again grunted the man with the towel. I followed my guide into the yard, over railroad tracks, past great piles of scrap-iron and pig metal, through clouds of steam and smoke, and into a long, black building where engines whistled, bells clanged, and electric cranes rumbled and rattled overhead. We skirted a mighty pit filled with molten slag, and the hot air and stifling fumes blowing from it struck me in the face and staggered me. We crept between giant ladles in whose depths I could hear the banging of hammers and the shouting of men. We passed beneath a huge trough through which a white, seething river of steel was rushing. I shrank back in terror as the sound of the roaring flood fell full upon my ears, but the man with the towel, who was walking briskly in front of me, looked over his shoulder and grunted: "Come on!"

Through a long, hot tunnel and past

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black, curving flues, down which I saw red arms of flame reaching, we made our way. We came to an iron stairway, climbed it, and stepped out upon a steel floor into the Open Hearth. "Come on!" growled my guide, and we walked down the steel floor, scattered over which I saw groups of men at work in front of big, house-like furnaces out of whose cavernous mouths white tongues of flame were leaping. The men worked naked to the waist, or stripped to overalls and undershirt, and, watching them, I began to wonder if I had chosen wisely in seeking and accepting employment in this inferno.

"Put yer pail there. Hang yer coat there. Set down there. I'll tell the boss ye're here." And the man with the towel went away.

I was sitting opposite one of the furnaces, a square, squat structure of yellow brick built to hold seventy-five tons of steel. There were three doors on the front wall, each door having a round opening in the centre, the "peep-hole." Out through these peep-holes poured shafts of light so white and dazzling they pained the eye they struck. They were as the glaring orbs of some gigantic, uncouth monster, and as I looked down the long line of furnaces and saw the three fiery eyes burning in each, the effect through the dark, smoke-laden atmosphere was grotesquely weird.

I watched a man who worked at one of the doors of the furnace nearest me. He had thrust a bar of iron through the peep-hole and was jabbing and prying at some object inside. Every ounce of his strength he was putting into his efforts. I could hear him grunt as he pulled and pushed, and I saw the perspiration dripping from his face and naked arms. He withdrew the bar—the end that had been inside the door came out as white and as pliable as a hank of taffy—and dropped it to the floor. He shouted some command to some invisible person, and the door rose slowly and quietly, disclosing to me a great, snow-white cavern in whose depths bubbled and boiled a seething lake of steel.

With a quick movement of his hand the workman dropped a pair of dark-colored spectacles before his eyes, and his arms went up before his face to shield it from the withering blast that poured out through the open door. There he stood, silhouetted against that piercing light, stooping and peering, tiptoeing and bending, cringing and twisting, as he tried to examine something back in the furnace. Then with another shout he caused the door to slip down into its place.

He came walking across the floor to where I sat and stopped in front of me. The sweat in great drops fell from his blistered face, ran in tiny rivulets from his arms and hands, and splashed on the iron floor. He trembled, he gasped for breath, and I thought he was going to sink down from pure exhaustion, when, to my surprise, he deliberately winked at me.

"Ought never to have left the farm, ought we? Eh, buddy?" he said with a sweaty chuckle. And that was my introduction to Pete, the best open-hearth man I ever knew, a good fellow, clean and honest.

"Mike, put this guy to wheeling in manganese," said a voice behind me, and I turned and saw the boss. "Eighteen hundred at Number Four and twenty-two hundred at Number Six. Where's your pass?" he asked me.

I handed him the card the uniformed watchman at the gate had given me, and he walked away. As he went I heard him say to the workman, Pete, with something like a snarl in his voice: "Pull your gas down, you fool!"

"Get that wheelbarrer over yender and foller me," instructed Mike, a little, old, white-haired Irishman who was, as I learned afterward, called "maid of all work" about the plant. I picked up the heavy iron wheelbarrow and trundled it after him, out through a runway to a detached building where the various alloys and refractories used in steel-making were kept.

"Now, then, you load your wheelbarrer up with this here ma'ganese and weigh it over on them scales yender, and then wheel it in and put it behind Number Four," Mike told me. "Eighteen hunderd pounds to that furnace. Then you wheel in twenty-two hunderd pounds to Number Six. I'll be watchin' for you when you bring in the first load, and show you where to dump it."

It was cold in the manganese bins. A

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small yellow electric lamp disclosed to my eyes a great pile of angular chunks of gray metal. I found the pieces surprisingly heavy. I began throwing them into my wheelbarrow and had nearly filled it when I heard a laugh. Looking up I saw a big, red face framed in the one window of the bin.

"Wot ye think ye're goin' to do with that ma'ganese, young feller?" demanded Red Face.

"Wheel it in and put it behind Number Four furnace," I replied.

"I want to see yer when yer do it," chuckled Red Face. "Yer must be some little horse! D'ye know how much yer got on that buggy? About eight hunderd pounds! Try to heft it."

I took hold of the handles and lifted. I could not budge the load. Red Face gave another chuckle and disappeared. I threw out about three-fourths of the load, weighed the remainder, and found I had nearly two hundred pounds. This I wheeled in and put behind the furnace, where it would be used when the furnace was tapped.

"Why is manganese put into the steel?" I asked Pete on one of my trips past his furnace.

"It settles it, toughens it up, and makes it so it'll roll," he answered.

A few days later I asked one of the chemists about the plant the same question. "It absorbs the occluded gases in the molten steel, hardens it, and imparts the properties of ductility and malleability," was his reply. I preferred Pete's elucidation.

All day I trundled the iron wheelbarrow back and forth along the iron floor, wheeling in manganese, magnesite, dolomite, ferro-silicon, fire-clay, sulphur rock, fluor-spar and spiegeleisen. All day I watched service cars rolling into the long building loaded with pig-iron, scrap-iron, and limestone. I watched the powerful electric cranes at work picking up the heavy boxes of material and dumping their contents into the furnaces. I watched the tapping of the "heats," when the dams holding in the boiling lakes would be broken down and the fiery floods would go rushing and roaring into the ladles, these to be whisked away to the ingot moulds. And I watched the men at work, saw the strain they were under, saw the risks they took, and wondered if, after a few days, I could be doing what they were doing.

"It is all very interesting," I said to Pete, as I stood near him, waiting for a crane to pass by.

He grinned. "Uh-huh! But you'll get over it. 'Bout to-morrow mornin', when your clock goes rattlety-bang and you look to see what's up and find it's five o'clock, you'll not be thinkin' it so interestin', oh, no! Let's see your hands." He laughed when he saw the blisters the handles of the wheelbarrow had developed.

Pete was right. When my alarm-clock awakened me next morning and I started to get out of bed I groaned in agony. Every muscle of my body ached. I fancied my joints creaked as I sat on the edge of the couch vainly endeavoring to get them to working freely and easily. The breakfast bell rang twice, but hurry I could not.

"You'll be late to work! The others have gone!" called the landlady. I managed to creak down-stairs. My pail was packed and she had tied up an extra lunch in a newspaper. "You can't stop to eat, if you want to get to work on time," she said. "Your breakfast is in this paper—eat it when you get to the mills."

I stumbled away in the darkness, groaning and gasping, and found my way to the black and dirty street. The mud was frozen hard now, and the pools of water were ice-covered, and my heavy working shoes thumped and bumped along the dismal road in a remarkably noisy manner.

The number of job hunters was larger this morning. Among them I saw the small man who could not "get took," and again he was peeking wishfully through the knot-hole in the fence.

"You're on, eh?" he said when he spied me. "By golly, I wisht I was. Say, you haven't got a dime in your pants that you could spare a feller, have you?" I discovered a dime.

I showed my brass check—a timekeeper had given me one the day before, Number 1266—to the uniformed watchman. He waved me on, and I entered the gate just

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as the whistle blew. A minute later and I would have been docked a half-hour.

Mike, "maid of all work," took me in hand as soon as I came on the floor and proceeded to give me a few pointers. "I kept me eye on ye all day yestidday, and ye fair disgoosted me with the way ye cavorted round with that Irish buggy. As though ye wanted to do it all the first day! Now, ye're on a twelve-hour turn here, and ye ain't expected to work like a fool. Ye want to learn to spell. (Mike wasn't referring to my orthographic shortcomings.) When the boss is in sight, keep movin'; when he's not, then ease up. Dig in like sin whenever ye glimpse a white shirt and collar movin' about the plant. Chances is it'll be a fifty-dollar clerk, but until ye find out for sure, dig in. Ye'll get in bad with the boss if he sees ye chinnin' with Pete. He don't like Pete and Pete don't like him, and I don't blame Pete. The boss is solid bone from the collar-button up. He has brainstorms. Watch out for 'em."

I followed much of Mike's advice. All that day I trundled the wheelbarrow, but with more—shall I call it circumspection? I made an easier day of it, and no one objected to my work. And as the days ran by I found my muscles toughening, and I could hear the alarm-bell at five in the morning without feeling compelled to squander several valuable minutes in wishing I had been born rich.

For two weeks I worked every day at wheeling in materials for the furnaces. Then for one week I worked with the "maid of all work," sweeping the floors and keeping the place "righted up," as he called it. Then I "pulled doors" for a while; I "ran tests" to the laboratory; I "brought stores"; I was general-utility man. Then one day, when a workman dropped a piece of pig-iron on his foot and was sent to the hospital, I was put on "second helping."

By good luck I was sent to Pete's furnace. Pete and I by this time were great cronies. Many a chat we had had, back behind his furnace, hidden from the prying eyes of the boss. I found Mike was right—it was just as well to keep out of his sight. I soon discovered that he did not like Pete. In numberless mean and petty ways did he harass the man, trying to make him do something that would give him an excuse to discharge him. But Pete was naturally slow to anger, and with admirable strength he kept his feelings under control.

More than once I saw the boss endeavor to lead Pete to strike him, and more than once I saw Pete laugh in the scoundrel's face and walk away, leaving him wild with rage. I sickened of the ugly game the boss played, and wondered when it would end, and how.

"Oh, I s'pose it'll come to a head some of these days," Pete said to me one day as we sat talking about the latest outbreak of the boss. "I can't stand it for always. But I'm goin' to make a good job of it when it comes."

I was working nights now, every other week. The small man at the gate—he had finally "got took" and was laboring in the yard gang—who had told me that "night-work is no good—it gets you somethin' fierce in the pit of the stummick, 'long between midnight and mornin'"—he knew what he was talking about. I found night-work absolutely "no good," and it certainly did get me "somethin' fierce in the pit of the stummick." The small hours of the night, when the body's vitality is at low ebb, the hours when one moans and cries in his sleep, when death comes oftenest—they are the terror of the night-worker.

To be aroused by a screaming whistle above your head at two o'clock in the morning; to seize a shovel and run to the open door of a white-hot furnace and there in its blistering heat to shovel in heavy ore and crushed limestone rock until every stitch of clothing on your body is soaked with perspiration; to stagger away with pulses thumping, and drop down upon a bench, only to be ordered out into a nipping winter air to raise or lower a gas-valve—this is the kind of work the poet did not have in mind when he wrote "Toil that ennobles!" I doubt whether he or any other poet ever heard of this two-o'clock-in-the-morning toil.

When the "heat" was ready to tap I would dig out the "tap-hole." Another "second helper" would assist me in this work. The tap-hole, an opening in the centre and lower part of the back wall of the furnace, is about a foot in diameter

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and three in length. It is closed with magnesite and dolomite when the furnace is charged. Digging this filling out is dangerous work—the steel is liable to break out and burn the men who work there. When we had removed the dolomite from the hole I would notify the boss. A long, heavy bar was thrust through the peep-hole in the middle door, and a dozen men would "Ye-ho! Ye-ho!" back and forth on the bar until it broke through the fused bank of magnesite into the tap-hole. Then the lake of steel would pour out through a runner into the ladle.

This tapping a "heat" is a magnificent and a startling sight to the newcomer. I stood fascinated when I beheld it the first time. A lake of seventy-five or eighty tons of sun-white steel, bursting out of furnace bounds and rushing through the runner, a raging river, is a terrifying spectacle. The eye aches as it watches it; the body shrinks away from the burning heat it throws far out on all sides; the imagination runs riot as the seething flood roils and boils in the ladle.

My helper for the first two weeks of my experience as "second helper" was Dan Goodman, a young Englishman. From the first I noticed that Dan would not stand on the platform when the heat was tapping nor would he look at the steel tumbling into the ladle. When I asked him one day why he always stepped behind a column when the steel came, he surprised me with this answer: "I wouldn't stand on that platform above that ladle and look down into it for the worth of this plant! I couldn't. I would jump in. Laugh at me if you want to, but, just the same, I know I'd jump in that ladle if I stood there where you stand!"

I smiled at this as some foolish weakness of the man, but when I spoke about it to Pete he didn't laugh. "Dan shows more sense than a fellow did who worked here ten years ago. He had the same notion that Dan's got—he thought he might jump in if he looked too long, and, by gum! he did."

"What!" I cried.

"He jumped in," repeated Pete. "Lost his wits, or whatever you want to call it, but in he went, smack into the ladle, sir!"

I looked at Pete's face to see if he was trying to poke fun at me, but he was sober enough—I didn't doubt he was telling me the truth.

"Didn't last that long!" he said with a snap of his fingers. "Nothin' left of him—of course not. The super had the whole heat dumped in the pit. When it had cooled off he had it drug out in the yard and buried. Never heard of a grave like that before, did you? Three or four years afterward we got a new super. He heard about that seventy-five-ton chunk of steel out there, and he had it dug up and hauled to the skull-cracker. They broke it up and we run it through here again."

Sometimes when we had had a particularly hard spell of work—when a heat had melted "soft" and we must throw in extra pig-iron by hand, to raise the carbon, or when the bottom had broken down and we had labored an hour or two at "splashing" out the steel that had run into the honeycombs, or when we would have to build up a new back wall—when something of this kind occurred and we had pulled and grunted and sweated until we were dead beaten with fatigue and exhaustion, then Pete might be expected to put his well-known question: "Ought to have stayed on the farm, oughtn't we? Hey, buddy?"

The foolish question, and his comical way of asking it, always made me laugh. Seeing that Pete had once been a farm laborer, the remark does not appear so silly, after all. It was his way of comparing two kinds of work; it was his favorite stock jest. I know farm work, too, from pigs to potatoes, and I do not believe there is any kind of farm work known, ten hours of which would equal thirty minutes of "splashing" on an open-hearth furnace, in muscle-tearing, nerve-racking, back-breaking, sweat-bringing effort.

"Well, it was like this," Pete began, when I asked him to tell me how he came to quit the farm and take to steel-making. "I quit farmin' and become a steel-worker the same way a fellow quits bein' a one-horse lawyer and becomes a United States senator—by pure accident. I was peggin' away on a Minnesota ranch at eighteen dollars a month. One summer when

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times got slack on the farm I run over to Duluth to look around a bit. A fellow there offered me a job on a ore boat. I took it and that summer I put in on the lakes. The boat tied up that fall at Ashtabula. I got paid off there. I thought I'd go back to Minnesota for the winter, so I started to the depot. I met a nice-talkin' chap and we swapped a few reminiscences. After he had gone I discovered he'd taken my roll with him. It was late and I had no place to sleep, so I went down to the railroad yards and crawled in what I thought was a car of white sand. Somebody come by and shut the door, and I didn't get out of that car till it was opened out there at that bin of spar. They needed a man here that day, so I went to work, and here I've been ever since—fourteen year this fall. I kind of got the habit of bein' round here, and I s'pose I'm done with farmin', but I tell you, sometimes I fairly wish I was back draggin' down my eighteen per up in Minnesota. Them occasions don't last long, though."

Pete and I were working on Number Three furnace, the latest type and the "fastest" of any in the group. Its monthly output was three or four hundred tons more than that of any other. It belonged to Pete by rights—he was the oldest man on the floor, and he was regarded by all the other furnace-men as the best "first helper" in the plant. No other "first helper" watched his roof so carefully as did he. No other could get as many heats "from a roof" as did he. For every three hundred and fifty heats tapped from a furnace before the furnace required a new roof, the company gave the "first helper" a bonus of fifty dollars. This was to encourage them to watch their furnaces closely, to see that the gas did not "touch" the roofs.

One morning Pete and I were notified that we were transferred to Number Ten, the oldest, the slowest, and the hardest furnace to work of any. "Bulger" Lewis, a Welshman, a bosom friend of the boss, was to take Number Three. Pete would lose the bonus money due in thirty days.

"What's this for?" he demanded of the boss.

"Because you don't watch your furnace!" snarled the boss in reply. "You've touched that roof! There are icicles on it right now!"

This was a lie. Pete walked over to the air-valves, jerked the lever, and threw up the middle door. "Show me an icicle in there!" he cried. "I'll give you five hundred dollars for every one you point out!"

"Lower that door!" roared the boss. "And get down to Number Ten! Or go get your time, if you prefer!"

Pete was silent for a moment. Then he threw up his head and laughed. Going to his locker, he took out his lunch-pail and started for Number Ten.

"I rather think I am goin' to take a trip to Minnesota pretty soon—to see the folks, you know," he said to me that afternoon.

Number Ten melted "soft" that day and Pete could not get the heat hot. We pigged steadily for two hours, but it remained cold and dead. We were played out when, about four o'clock, the boss came up.

"Why don't you get that heat out?" he demanded. "You've been ten hours on it already!" Pete made no reply. "Where's a test-bar?" He shoved the test-bar into the bath, moved it slowly back and forth, and withdrew it. "She's hot now! Take her out!"

Pete looked at the end of the bar. It was ragged, not bitten off clean as it would have been had the temperature of the bath been right. "She's a long way from bein' hot," he said, pointing at the test-bar.

"Don't you dispute me!" roared the boss. "If I say she's hot, she's hot! If I tell you to take her out, you take her out!"

We took out the heat. And a miserable mess there was. It was so cold it froze up in the tap-hole, it froze up in the runner, it froze up in the ladle. The entire heat was lost. It was an angry crew of men that worked with sledges, bars, and picks cleaning up the mess. I was sorry the boss could not know how much that bunch of men loved him.

I saw him approaching Pete; I saw him shaking his clinched fist; I heard an ugly word; the lie was passed, a blow was struck, and the long-expected fight was on.

Out on the smooth iron floor, in the

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glare of the furnace flames—some one had hoisted the three doors to the top—the two enemies fought it out. They were giants in build, both of them, muscled and thewed like gladiators. It was a brutal, savage exhibition. The thud, thud, thud of bare fists on naked flesh was sickening. Once Pete trod on a small piece of scrap, lost his balance, and went down. With a beast-like cry the boss lunged forward and deliberately kicked him in the face. A yell of rage went up from the men surrounding the pair. Had he offered to repeat it they would have been upon him.

But quicker than his movement was Pete's as he leaped to his feet and whirled to meet his antagonist. And now again the sickening thud, thud, thud. That and the dull roaring of the gas as it poured through the ports were the only sounds.

Ah! Thud, thud—smash! And the boss reeled, dropped to his knees, swayed back and forth, and went down, his head striking the iron floor with a bang.

Pete took a bath in a bosh, changed his clothes, shook hands all round, and came seeking me. "Well, buddy, I'm off," he chuckled, peeping at me from a chink in his swollen face. "Like as not I'll be shuckin' punkins up in Minnesota this time next week. Oh, no use my tryin' to stick it out here—you can't stay, you know, when you've had a go with the boss. So long!"

I did not go to work the next day, nor the next. I was deliberating whether I would go back at all, the morning of the third day, when the "maid of all work" came looking for me. "Pete wants you to come to work," he announced.

"Pete?" I said, wondering what he meant.

"You said it! Pete's boss now!"

"No!"

"Yes! Oh, the super, he ain't blind, he ain't! He knowed what was goin' on, he did, and it didn't take him long to fix him when he'd heerd the peticlars. I'll tell Pete you'll be comin' along soon." And Mike departed.

I went back and resumed my old position on Number Three, with John Yakabowski, a Pole. Yakabowski was an exceptionally able furnace-man and an agreeable fellow workman. There was great rejoicing all over the plant because our old boss was out, and there was general satisfaction over Pete's appointment to his place. This feeling among the men was soon reflected in the output of the furnaces—our tonnage showed a steady increase.

Pete was nervous and ill at ease for a few weeks. To assume the responsibilities that go with the foremanship of an open-hearth plant the size of that one was almost too much for him. He was afraid he would make some mistake that would show him to be unworthy of the trust the superintendent had placed in him.

"No education—that's where I'm weak!" he said to me in one of our confidential chats. "Can't write, can't figger, can't talk—don't know nothin'! It's embarrassin'! The super tells me to use two thousand of manganese on a hundred-and-fifty-thousand-pound charge. That's easy—I just tell a hunky to wheel in two thousand. But s'pose that lunk-head out in them scales goes wrong, and charges in a hundred and sixty-five thousand pounds and doesn't tell me until ten minutes before we're ready to tap—how am I goin' to figger out how much more manganese to put in? Or when the chief clerk writes me a nice letter, requestin' a statement showin' how many of my men have more than ten children, how many of 'em can read the Declaration of Independence, and how many of 'em eat oatmeal for breakfast, why, I'm up against it, I tell you! No education! I reckon I ought never to 've left the farm—hey, buddy?"

I understood Pete's gentle hint, and I took care of his clerical work, writing what few letters he had to send out, making up his statements, doing his calculating, and so forth.

Six months passed. Pete had "made good." The management was highly pleased with him as a melter. Success had come to me, too, in a modest way—I had been given a furnace—I was now a "first helper." It was about the time I took the furnace that I began to notice a falling off in the number of requests from Pete for assistance. I thought little of it, supposing that he was getting his work done by one of the weighers. But one night when there was a lull in operations and I went down to his office to have a chat with him, I found him seated at his little desk poring over an arithmetic.

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Scattered about in front of him were a number of sheets of paper covered with figures. He looked up at me and grinned in a rather shamefaced manner.

"Oh, that's it, is it?" I said. "Now I understand why I am no longer of any use to the boss!"

"Well, I just had to do somethin'," he laughed. "Couldn't afford to go right on bein' a ignorameous all the time."

"Are you studying it out alone?"

"You bet I ain't! I'd never get there if I was! I've got a teacher, a private teacher. Swell, eh? He comes every other night, when I'm workin' days, and every other afternoon, when I'm workin' nights. Gee, but I'm a bonehead! He's told me so a dozen times, but the other day he said he thought I was softenin' up a bit."

Good old Pete! I left him that night with my admiration for the man increased a hundred times.

Another six months passed, six months of hard, grinding, wearing toil, and yet a six months I look back upon with genuine pleasure. I now had the swing of the work and it came easy; conditions about the plant under Pete's supervision were ideal; I was making progress in the profession I had adopted; we were making good money. Then came the black day.

How quickly it happened! I had tapped my furnace and the last of the heat had run into the ladle. "Hoist away!" I heard Pete shout to the craneman. The humming sound of the crane motors getting into action came to my ears. I took a look at my roof, threw in a shovelful of spar, turned on the gas, and walked toward the rear of the furnace. The giant crane was groaning and whining as it slowly lifted its eighty-ton burden from the pit where the ladle stood. It was then five or six feet above the pit's bottom. Pete was leaning over the railing of the platform directly in front of the rising ladle.

Suddenly something snapped up there among the shafts and cables. I saw the two men in the crane cab go swarming up the escape-ladder. I saw the ladle drop as a broken cable went flying out of a sheave. A great white wave of steel washed over the ladle's rim, and another, and another.

Down upon a shallow pool of water that a leaking hose had formed, the steel wave splashed, and as it struck the explosion came. I was blown from my feet and rolled along the floor. The air was filled with bits of fiery steel, slag, bricks, and débris of all kinds. I crawled to shelter behind a column and there beat out the flames that were burning my clothing in a half dozen places. Then, groping through the pall of dust and smoke that choked the building, I went to look for Pete.

Near the place where I had seen him standing when the ladle fell I found him. Two workmen who had been crouching behind a wall when the explosion came, and were unhurt, were tearing his burning clothes from his seared and blackened body. I saw an ugly wound on his head where a flying missile of some kind had struck him, and his eyes had been shot full of dust and bits of steel. Somebody brought a blanket and we wrapped it about him. We doubted if he lived, but as we carried him back I noticed he was trying to speak, and, stooping, I caught the words: "Ought never to have left the farm, ought we? Hey, buddy?"

That was the last time I ever heard Pete speak. That was the last time I ever saw him alive.

Two o'clock in the morning. Sitting at the little desk where I found Pete that night poring over his arithmetic, I have been writing down my early experiences in the Open Hearth. Here comes Yakabowski with a test. I know exactly what he will say: "Had I better give her a dose of ore?" Numbers Three, Six, and Ten are "working." I must bestir myself. Two o'clock in the morning! The small man at the gate was right: Night-work is no good! It has got me "somethin' fierce in the pit of the stummick" tonight.

I was mistaken; Yakabowski doesn't ask his customary question. He looks at me curiously. "You don't look good, boss," he says. "You sick, maybe?"

Yes, I'm sick—sick at the "pit of the stummick." I always am at two o'clock in the morning, when I'm on night shift. I stretch, I yawn, I shudder.

"Ought never to have left the farm, ought we? Hey, Yakabowski?" I say to the big Pole.

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A GROUP OF SPRING POEMS

HO! THE SPRINGTIME!

ITALY: 1917

By G. E. Woodberry

I

Ho! the springtime!
Springtime sets a young heart thinking.

Then it was spring, when I gave my signore the flowers of the field,
And my brother brought him great violets that the perfumed gardens yield;
Sun, and field-flowers, and violets bound our bosoms and sealed.

Ho! the sun in the campagna! the flow of the sap of the world!
The blossom of dawn! the irised sea! the far beach surf-impearled!—
And all their joy in our bosoms like a flower from the bud unfurled!

One leap, one thrill, one throb of the manifold pulse divine
Flooded and blended our being, as the grapes are one in the wine.
Sweet there was our life together in the garden this side of the grave,
And the springtime smiling on us was the smile of flower and wave.
O my heart!

II

Ho! the springtime!
Time of kiss and time of blossom—
Time of faring on the sea's blue bosom—
Time of thinking of another spring—
When we lived, young, open hearts together,
Roved the greening land, the violet weather!—
Clover, poppy, almond-bough
Murmured it then, murmur it now:
"Love is coming! this is it! this is it!
Passes the bloom! oh, woe to miss it!
The voice, the touch, the fond caress
That undivided lovers bless!"
O my heart, how sad is thinking!

III

"Ho! is it spring?" in the dawn I wake up saying.
I can hear, far off, my mother (*poveretta*) praying
For us three—
And Italy!
There where mighty Etna, snow-clad, thunder-torn and earthquake-riven,
Lifts the breathing springtime to the fire-black heaven!
Oh, the spring!

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Ho! is it spring?
Sì! thoughts, kisses, flowers, caresses!
Time of blossom and endearing,
To dark death forever nearing!—
Time of weeping!
Time of the black hour toward us creeping!—
Signore! O signor'!

Ho! is it spring?
Time of wandering forth on earth's green bosom!
Time of passing of youth's almond-blossom!
Far we wandered, far we wandered, far, and far away!—
Across the greening lands, across the violet seas, and far, and far away!—
Flowers of the field I cannot bring, signor'.
Thinking, to thee I send the kiss of spring, signor'.

THE VISION

By Caroline Duer

Love filled my heart with fulness of the spring;
With all dear joys that cunning nature weaves,
With pulse of harvests quickening for the sheaves,
And hidden bud and sudden blossoming.
With rush of promise that the South winds sing,
With sound of rippling brooks and whispering leaves,
With golden raindrops falling from wet eaves,
And flash of sun on some upsoaring wing.
Where, in the half-hushed dawn, a wondrous spark
Rose on a note that left the day-star pale,
And all the morning broke to meet the lark,
And all my heart beat rapturous to prevail—
Then the dream died, and through the enfolding dark
I heard the sobbing of the nightingale.

II

THE DESIRE

I ask so little, as it seems to me;
Not love, all militant with golden deeds,
But just the filling of my smaller needs—
The silver of affection's alchemy.
Where look meets look assured of sympathy,
And tenderness the wish unspoken reads,
Where sorrow leans upon the heart that heeds
And joy laughs out in kinship with the free.
Oh, we might lift life like a brimming glass,
And pledge Fate standing that she lets us live,
If in the hands that touch us as we pass
One held our welfare thus superlative.
"Not Love," I say, unwitting, and alas,
I seek the things that love alone can give.

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THE SILENT

By Leslie Nelson Jennings

And must I die to learn the cool,
  Sweet kindliness of rain?
Dear God, and must I turn to dust
  To know a country lane?

Have I no conscious brotherhood
  With dew and daffodils?
Is there no free, glad part of me
  Among the friendly hills?

O Earth, if I could only stand
  And meet you eye to eye,
No longer blinking at the brink
  Of your unrealized sky;

If I could only kiss the grass
  With something more than lips,
Could swing with more than speech the door
  To your rich fellowships,

I would not think when April runs
  Like laughter through the trees
That they who sleep so long and deep
  Have lost Life's silences.

HOPE

By Captain Cyril C. H. Hawken

I

Who heard the last dying sob of Winter
Long ere the funny woolly lambs were born?
"I," said the Squirrel, "I, the tree sprinter,
I stood by His bedside on a cold March morn."

II

Who saw the Spring come lightly tripping
Long ere the merry, merry month of May?
"I," said the Lambkin, blithely skipping,
"As she went o'er the hill she passed this way."

III

Who found the first wee valentine of Heaven
Long ere the jolly leafy woods were dress'd?
"I," said the Schoolboy, "I found seven—
Four in the undergrowth and three in a nest!"

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IN KERRY

By Christine Kerr Davis

THE primrose path winds down the hill
And round the lough—in Kerry!
And the west wind harps a lyric
That is older than the sea.
The hawthorn buds are breaking,
And the birds are making merry
In every tangled hedgerow,
And in every whispering tree.

In the rainbow hush of dawning
A missel-thrush will call me,
And me not there to answer,
Or to follow that light wing
Through woodland and through water,
Not caring what befall me,
So I catch a lilting cadence
Like the song the fairies sing.

And the shamrocks, O the shamrocks!
The soft sweet rain is falling
Like a silver veil around them,
And they're laughing like with glee.
And the heart of me is homesick
For the old sweet ways are calling,
It's spring, it's spring—in Kerry!
And me not there to see!

THE TREE

By Rosina H. Emmet

IN winter the bare branches of the tree
Are raised like haggard arms, the hoary bark
Lends its gray presence to the image stark
No longer bent by its fecundity.
But when the April rains come, there will be
A transformation wrought, and in the dark
Of Spring's first night let us take note and hark
To the soft changes which no man can see. . . .
Then when the morning comes, the tree transformed
Will shake its fecund branches in the breeze,
A blush of green will flush through all the leas,
And the bright April sunshine, that has stormed
Winter's fast yielding stronghold, will have warmed
The sap that stirs with life in all the trees.

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SONG FOR APRIL

By Louise Townsend Nicholl

Oh, the light green and the dark green
Of willow trees and pine,
(And it is here at dusk-fall
That the still stars shine!)

And I have come a-maying.
Perhaps I am too early,
And I'm surely not too late,
To find the dog-tooth violets
Close by the meadow-gate,
For there's a moist and earthy smell
Meshed in the April breeze
  Which blends the light and dark green
    Of pine and willow trees.

Close by the gate they're growing
The tawny, wild-heart things.
Their leaves are motley, strong, and streaked
With a look of sturdy wings.

And I was not too early,
And surely not too late,
To find the dog-tooth violets
Close by the meadow-gate.

Oh, the light green and the dark green
Of willow trees and pine,
(And it is here at dusk-fall
That the still stars shine!)

"YOU WHO ONCE WALKED BESIDE ME"

By Charles W. Kennedy

Where have you strayed, my son—to what far dwelling—
  You who once walked beside me, arm in my arm?
You from whose boyish heart laughter was ever welling,
  Where have you found a haven—beyond all harm?

Where are the magic roads we tramped together,
  Sunlit valley and hill, and the white ways of the plain?
Where are the dreams we dreamed in the rain-sweet April weather?
  All these are gone—returning never again.

Never again the voice of your eager calling;
  Never again the touch of your hand on my arm!
And I face the empty years knowing Time's slow sands falling,
  Hold now for you—for me—no more of harm.

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THE SINGING HEART

By Miriam Crittenden Carman

THEY gave to him a little, broken reed,
Thinking that he would never learn to play
So mute a thing that Pan had cast away;
But he has shaped it, laughing, to his need
And piped a song the god would understand;
Has set the wood to dancing with desire
Of hidden green, and wings that never tire,
And lured the reckless Spring across the land.
O, he has fashioned from a wild despair
A harp that sings at every cottage door
Hallowed and twilight requiems, that all
The troubled poor who lean at evening there
May lay away old cares forevermore,—
Soothed and restored to peace, like David's Saul.

THE DEAD MAIDS AND THE DAFFODILS

By Georgia Wood Pangborn

"When a daffodil I see
Hanging down its head toward me,
Guess I may what I must be;
First I shall decline my head,
Secondly, I shall be dead,
Lastly, safely buried."

HERRICK.

ALL winter long the daffodil
Forgets not how to shape her flowers.
(Our fashions change with changing hours,
Our beauty fades, ah! faster still.)

Pale maids that see the daffodil
And know by that sign ye must die,
Forget not as in dust ye lie
How warm spring suns are shining still:

Remember, like the daffodil,
The fashion of your silk and lace,
Your flowery gleam of hair and face
And all love's elfin wit and skill,

Till, deathless as the daffodil,
Laughing at beds of grass and clay,
Come back—come back! some bright spring day,
Like flowers that winter cannot kill.

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HERITAGE

By Martha Haskell Clark

THE years have brought me all my heart's desire,
The turf-roofed hut beside the wind-swept screes,
My goodman's hand in mine before the fire,
The child of ours asleep upon my knees.

And yet, despite, my heart is aching, aching,
At the sudden note of skylarks far a-wing,
At the splash of upland burnsides, March-awaking,
And the first, soft, wind-blown music of the Spring.

Before the door our new-lambed flocks slow graze,
The oaken cupboard yields full store of food,
And sure, enough of plenty lights our days
To still one restless heart to gratitude.

And yet—ah, hark—the moorland ponies neighing
By the turning where the brooding tents are set,
And through the furze a band of gypsies straying
With zither-song and leaping castanet.

A mask I fain must set before my eyes
When wakes the first faint whisper of the Spring,
And trail-borne echoes, and soft, smoke-blurred skies
Set all my gypsy soul a-hungering.

For see—ah, God—the white roads pleading, pleading,
With the shadows of the lark-wings high a-swerve,
Through the heather and the bracken vagrant-leading
To the land of Wandered Hearts beyond the curve.

THE LITTLE SHOE

By Lizette Woodworth Reese

THE folk were at the apple-gathering
Out in the wind. The house was a still place:
And there, along my knees I hid my face;
For lo, amongst some toys a crumpled thing
The poor weight of a rose, a bit of red
A little child had worn from chair to chair,
Long Aprils since. Oh, more than I could bear!
A little child a round of Aprils dead!
I had not known till then that I was sad;—
Old wharves, old streets, the sound of many tears
Went keenly by me in the daylight's wane;
Yea, all the tears the world had ever had;
The cry of Mary aching down the years!—
I think that I shall never weep again.

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A NATIVE OF PERU

By C. A. Price

I PARTED the long church-yard grass,
I stooped to read the little stone,
Where hardly could my finger trace
The name was writ thereon.

A native of Peru, it said,
Lies underneath in final rest,
By stranger hands, though gentle, laid
In earth's all-welcoming breast.

I raised my eyes; familiar all
The sights and sounds, my own dear Bay,
The wilding bloom, the peewit's call,
The radiant sky of May,—

And, sweet to sleep, I thought, where each
Faint breeze that blows from near or far
Brings accents of a well-known speech,
And sounds that homely are.

And sweet, when all things wake with Spring,
To feel some friendly presence near,
That stays the foot, remembering
The dust was once so dear.

Ah, does he miss, poor lad, to whom
All here is alien round his grave,
The rustle of the cocoa-plume,
The long Pacific wave?

Or does he know, so lying dead,
His mother never comes to weep
O'er the belovèd fallen head
She blessed in baby sleep?

Sister unknown, your grief I feel,
A mother's heart gives countersign;
See! here beside your grave I kneel,—
Pray you one hour by mine!

THE WATCHER

By Clinton Scollard

IN toward Dingle a boat comes tackin',
Dippin' her bows in the scud an' foam,
An' here I sit in the yellow bracken
Wonderin' will my lad come home.

Out he went in the gay spring weather
Ere ever a blossom was on the whin;
Many a day have I sought the heather
Watchin' to see his boat come in.

Will it be to-day, will it be to-morrow,
An' at what turn of the creamin' tide?
An' still my heart cries out in sorrow,—
"Where do ye bide? oh, where do ye bide?"

But ever the wind flings back my sighin'
In a plaintive, pitiful, keenin' way,
So here I sit, with the daylight dyin',
Lookin' out over Dingle Bay.

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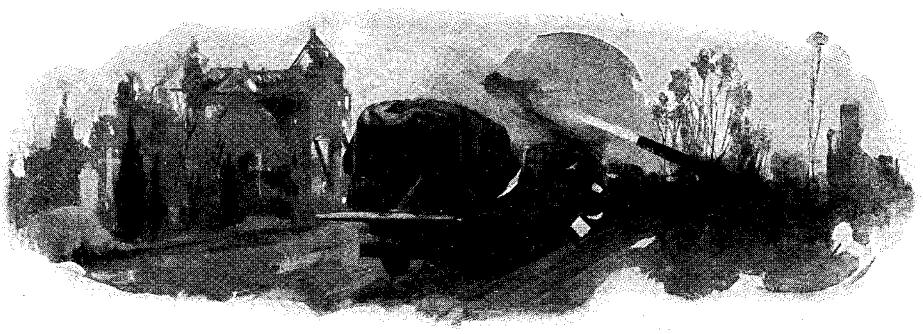

A DAY WITH A SKETCH-BLOCK ON THE FRONT

By Will Foster

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM THE AUTHOR'S SKETCHES

SKETCHING the Dough Boy on the front, especially last July, about the time of the great offensive, presented these two rather similar and serious difficulties. Neither one—the Dough Boy nor the front—would stay still; everything seemed to be in a constant state of flux, including, as often as not, the architecture. For that matter, back in Paris, sketching was hardly what one might call a safe pursuit; for example, one afternoon last August, when the contents of the music-shop across the street on the Boulevard St. Michel landed on the glass canopy above my head, catapulted into space by the explosion of one of those long-range Bertha shells, filling the air with mandolins, guitars, trombones, and piano-keys. But Paris would always be there and the rumble of cannon was calling eastward.

It was a comparatively easy matter to go from Baccarat, the centre of the Toul sector, four miles behind, to the front-line trenches with a sketch-pad if one wore a blazing "C" over the elbow. But when you reached close up and were drawn into this seething cauldron of activity you asked the same restless question that was on everybody's lips: "Where do we go from here?"

I was fortunate enough to meet Colonel Vidmer, of the 306th Infantry, and under the very eyes of the Boche observers made a portrait sketch of him as he, in consultation with his staff, was arranging an attack for the following night. I accepted his invitation to see some miles of the front from a side car in my search for material and selected a competent-looking driver. Away we flew like a bat out of the infernal regions, leaving behind us a trail of dust and sparks and eating up the road like a drunken meteor without a destination. Twenty miles of road were covered in this manner and, as it seemed to me, hardly ever touching the ground. When the colonel asked me later what I saw on the trip, I had to admit that I saw nothing, as it took all my attention and energy to hold on; and when I described my driver to him, he said: "It's too bad you picked out 'Wild Bill.'"

Ruins and desolation I had seen aplenty in picture and cinema, but what caught and held the attention of the artist was the human thing—the human thing in action against that background.

To see a regiment on parade along Fifth Avenue, rank after rank of char-

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I was fortunate enough to meet Colonel Vidmer, of the 306th Infantry, and under the very eyes of the Boche observers made a portrait sketch of him.—Page 449.

acterless units, one is apt to conclude that the picturesqueness, the individuality of the soldier, is gone forever, but over there every solitary Dough Boy was a study all by himself. A certain roll of his shirt-sleeves or a tilt to his helmet marked out the individual man almost as distinctly as if he had worn a special uniform all his own. Particularly was that true of the tin hat. It might be on the head or, like as not, if there was no pressing need for it, it would be hitched to his shoulder, but wherever it was placed it spoke more eloquently, if less categorically, than any identification tag.

And the way the tin hats with the wearers under them grouped and regrouped themselves was a constant joy. We are apt to think of the boys over there as forever digging trenches or making a raid across No Man's Land. Well, the Dough Boy meant business all the time, but that business was not always fighting, and you are likely to stumble into a quiet game of poker under the very noses of the enemy while, of course, an

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A leaf from the artist's sketch-book.

What caught and held the attention of the artist was the human thing.—Page 449.

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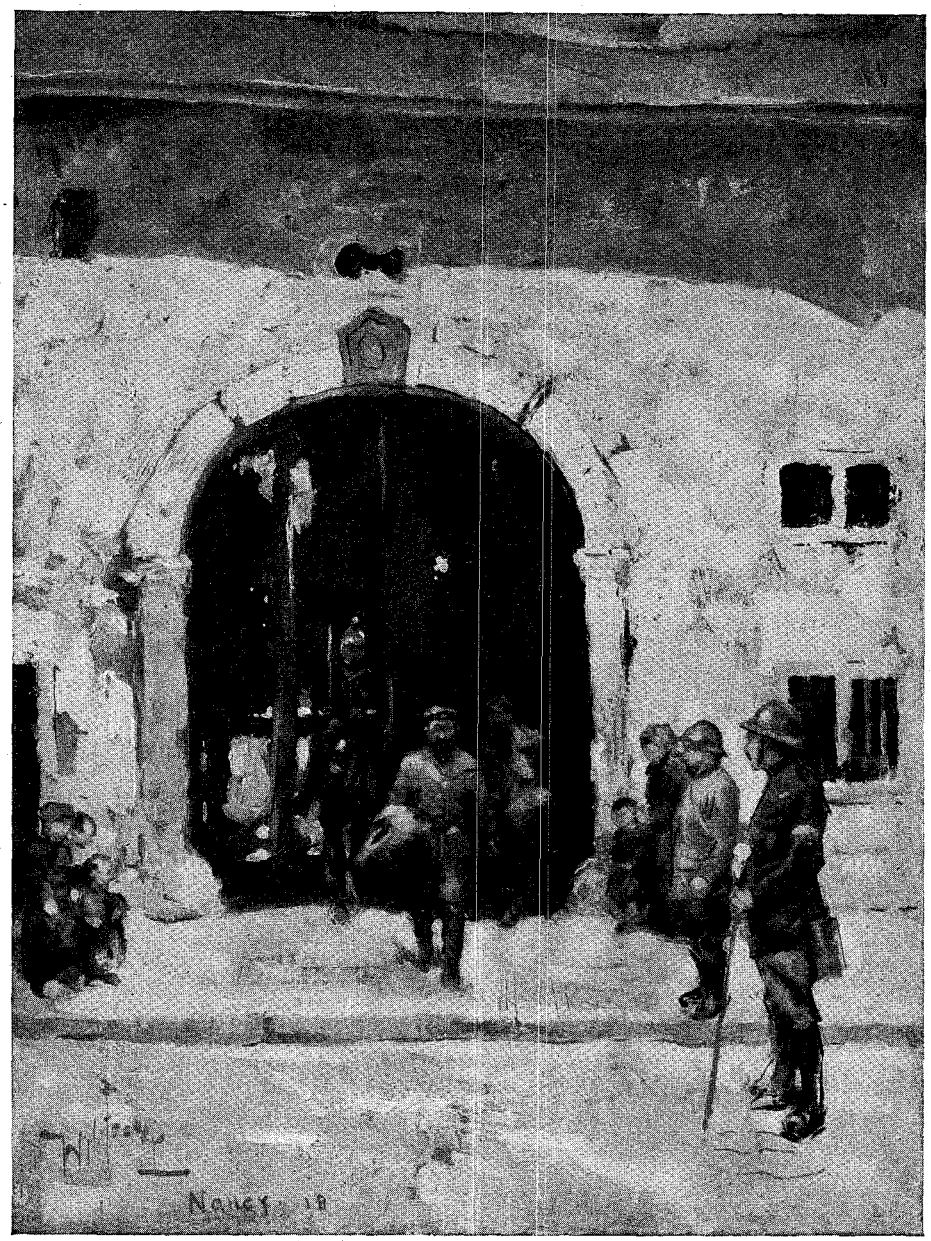

German prisoners at Nancy, 1918.

eagle-eyed sentry keeps a sharp lookout a little farther back. It was just such a picturesque game that I stumbled into, and I sat down on the edge of a waterless water-trough in the broiling sun with my sketch-block on my knees and started in. Hardly had I begun when a breathless orderly handed me a note from the colonel asking that I get out of the blazing sunlight with that white paper, as a German balloon was watching me. The orderly explained further that the man in the sausage doesn't know that that white object is only a sketch-pad. First thing you know, you'll have the fire of a whole battery on some little game that he

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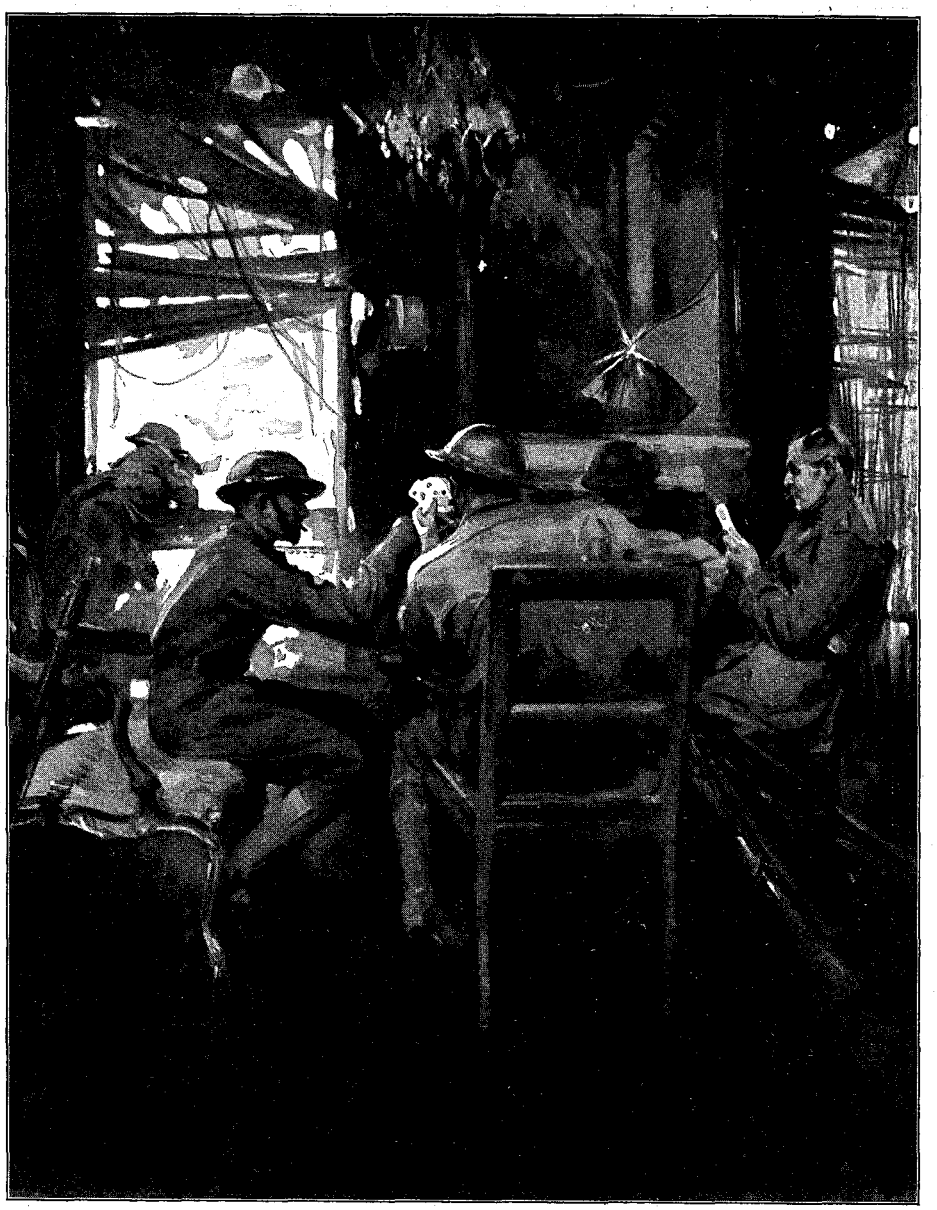

A quiet game of poker under the very noses of the enemy.—Page 450.

doesn't exactly understand but that looks suspicious. Quiet as things seem, the whole front is like a gigantic magazine, and one little spark—a sketch-pad even—might start the whole thing off hours or days or weeks before the time is ripe. So I started for cover, keeping an eye on the Boche in the balloon, when I fell through a piece of clever camouflage into a gun-pit. I had been walking all around this gun-pit, never dreaming of its existence. I got my sketch, however, from the shadow of a lone mantel-piece, the only remains of what was once probably a happy home.

An hour's walk along the dusty road, carefully avoiding the entanglements and pit-falls, brought me in in time for a

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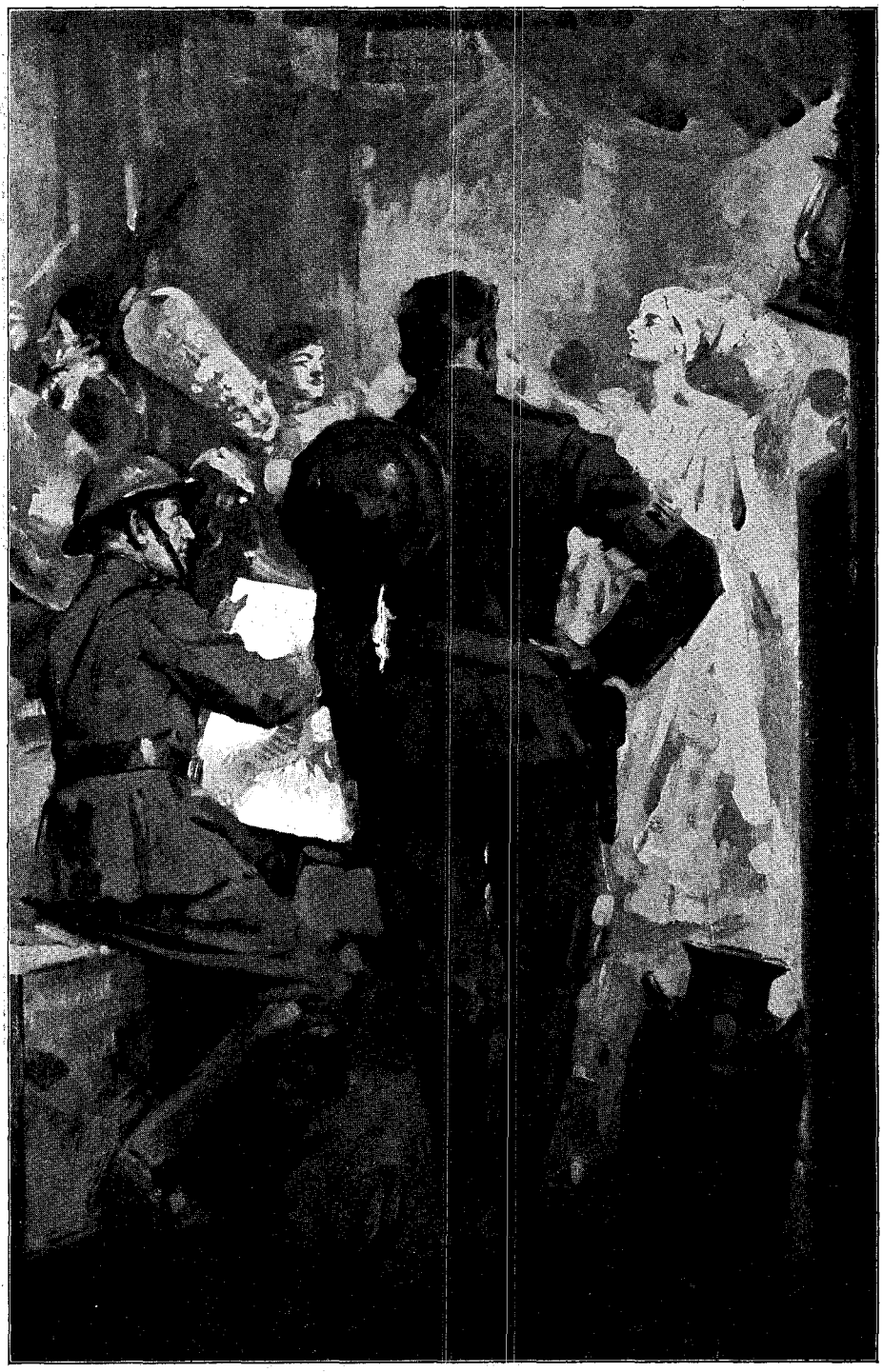

Later on we saw the dress rehearsal of the division's theatrical troupe.—Page 455.

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wash-up before dinner. It was my first experience in using my tin helmet for a basin.

Soon the staff and guests began to arrive, candles were lit, champagne hauled up out of the well, and the colonel's big nigger, who claimed he was not a nigger but an "Afkan," served everything from soup to cheese no differently from a Fifth Avenue home except for the patched-up chairs, perforated walls, tileless roof, and the occasional splash and clatter of a falling shutter on the narrow pavement.

Later on we saw the dress rehearsal of the division's theatrical troupe. The big, old cow-shed was cleaned and strewn with new straw, the cattle billeted elsewhere, the Dough Boys transferring themselves into clowns, harlequins, princesses, and minstrels, the orchestra tuning up, and from my seat on a condensed-milk box marked Illinois I got a sketch with one of the big horns at my left ear trumpeting the bass to the "Dead March of Saul."

One A. M. under a brilliant moon found me perched upon a passing camion headed for Baccarat. The progress was slow, but the grinding and churning of the motors both behind and in front of us showed that we were moving right along. Suddenly to the left of us a thing rose up out of the thicket. Steadily it rose higher and higher—then with a deafening roar and a sheet of flame the rush of air from this long-ranger tore the flapping top from our camion and left me with but a third of my hard-earned sketches.

THE ROAD IN THE SHADOW

By Dana Burnet

ILLUSTRATIONS BY H. J. MOWAT

HE had never fought a thing he could not touch with his hands, so that he was quite unprepared to do battle with a shadow. His life had been a continuous warfare against men and conditions—tangible, material foes that he had beaten or tricked with the strength and cunning that was in him. He had conquered his world at forty; but now he was confronted, with terrible suddenness, by an enemy that could neither be crushed nor outwitted, an enemy whose only weapon was a bludgeoning fear of the dark.

Yet his habit of self-control held him outwardly steady under the shock. He looked at the great specialist who had pronounced sentence upon him, and smiled grimly.

"Well, how much do I owe you?"

The other made a deprecatory gesture.

"My dear Mr. Rand——"

"I know. You're sorry for me. But sympathy doesn't pay bills in this world. It's either cash or credit, and I've always preferred cash. How much, my friend?"

The specialist, somewhat offended by that dry, bitter tone, named a sum commensurate with his greatness. John Rand produced a black leather wallet, paid his score, and walked out into the dazzle of spring sunlight with his shoulders squared.

He called a cab and gave the driver a certain number on Fifth Avenue. It was five o'clock of the afternoon, that most brilliant hour of the day when the great thoroughfare takes on the vivacious sparkle of a witty comedy. But John Rand sat with unseeing eyes, staring straight ahead into a nameless shadow.

The cab stopped before a house in the upper fifties; a brownstone house whose slightly obsolete air was transformed, by a mere matter of location, into an atmosphere of extreme distinction and respectability.

John Rand entered this house with the assurance of one accustomed to intimate welcome, nodded brusquely to the man

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who took his hat and stick, and went directly into the library, where a young woman with high lights in her hair sat pouring tea out of a silver urn.

"You are twenty minutes late," she said, and gave him her hand with a gesture quite regal. We, too, have our princesses, we Americans, though we crown them only with idleness and luxury!

John Rand looked at her as a man might look at a very beautiful statue—which he was about to lose.

"Sorry. Gearson kept me longer than I had expected. I think I told you that I had an engagement with him?"

"If I were clever," said the girl, smiling slightly, "I should say that you were to have engagements with no one but me. What did Doctor Gearson decide about your eyes?"

"He decided that I would be stone blind in a month."

It was a cruel thing to do, and John Rand did it deliberately, his searching glance fixed upon her face. For a moment she sat stunned, silent, as though powerless to comprehend his words; then slowly her hands crept to her heart; terror darkened her eyes.

"*Blind!*"

"Yes."

"But—that is—impossible. That would change everything——"

"It has already done so."

"You mean——?"

"I mean that you are free."

"But I haven't said—I haven't asked——"

"You wouldn't ask. You are too well-bred. You'd marry me rather than be called a quitter. And that would be hell."

He spoke quietly; but the girl shrank in her chair. He saw her tremble, and his face became a gray mask.

"Come," said he, "let's be honest about this. I believe we agreed—once—not to be sentimental. You know, and I know, that our marriage was to have been—a business arrangement. Nothing wrong about that, I suppose, if both parties get—what they bargain for. But it takes more than—the business basis—to support a marriage with a blind man. If you had loved me——"

He paused; and then said gently:

"I want to be sure. There is no chance of that——?"

She answered, almost in a whisper:

"There is no chance of that."

"Then it is settled."

"But you—" she cried. "I am so sorry for you! What will you do——?"

He took her hands, and the ghost of the grim smile returned to his lips.

"I will try to find something—to fight with. I have been fighting all my life—with brains, fists, money, cleverness—but one can't fight the dark with any of those things. I must find some light, if I can——"

She had begun to sob, her head bowed upon her arms. He leaned down, kissed her hair, and then, squaring his shoulders in the way he had, went quickly from the room.

The full moon, shining down upon the open country of Long Island, revealed the flying shape of a motor-car, driven furiously along the level, glistening road.

At the wheel of this car sat a man who was fleeing from a shadow. But now, as though realizing the hopelessness of his cause, he slackened speed and sank back against the cushions of his seat with a grim smile.

Far behind him, fifty miles or more, lay the city that he had conquered with hand and brain and heart. Before him lay the still country, infinitely peaceful under the pale glory of the moon.

He had come thus far, and thus furiously, in response to an unreasoning whim. The city, with its strange, unfeeling thousands, its tremendous oppressive impersonality, had seemed to him suddenly a hideous prison. He had ordered his car, and without purpose or destination had fled away through the dusk.

Two weeks had passed since Gearson had pronounced sentence upon him. During that time he had clung, bewildered, to the old ruts. The momentum of long habit had held him to his groove. But an increasing despair, as the world dimmed before his eyes, had driven him at last from the golden burrow that he had dug for safety against misfortune. Now he fled like a hunted animal from

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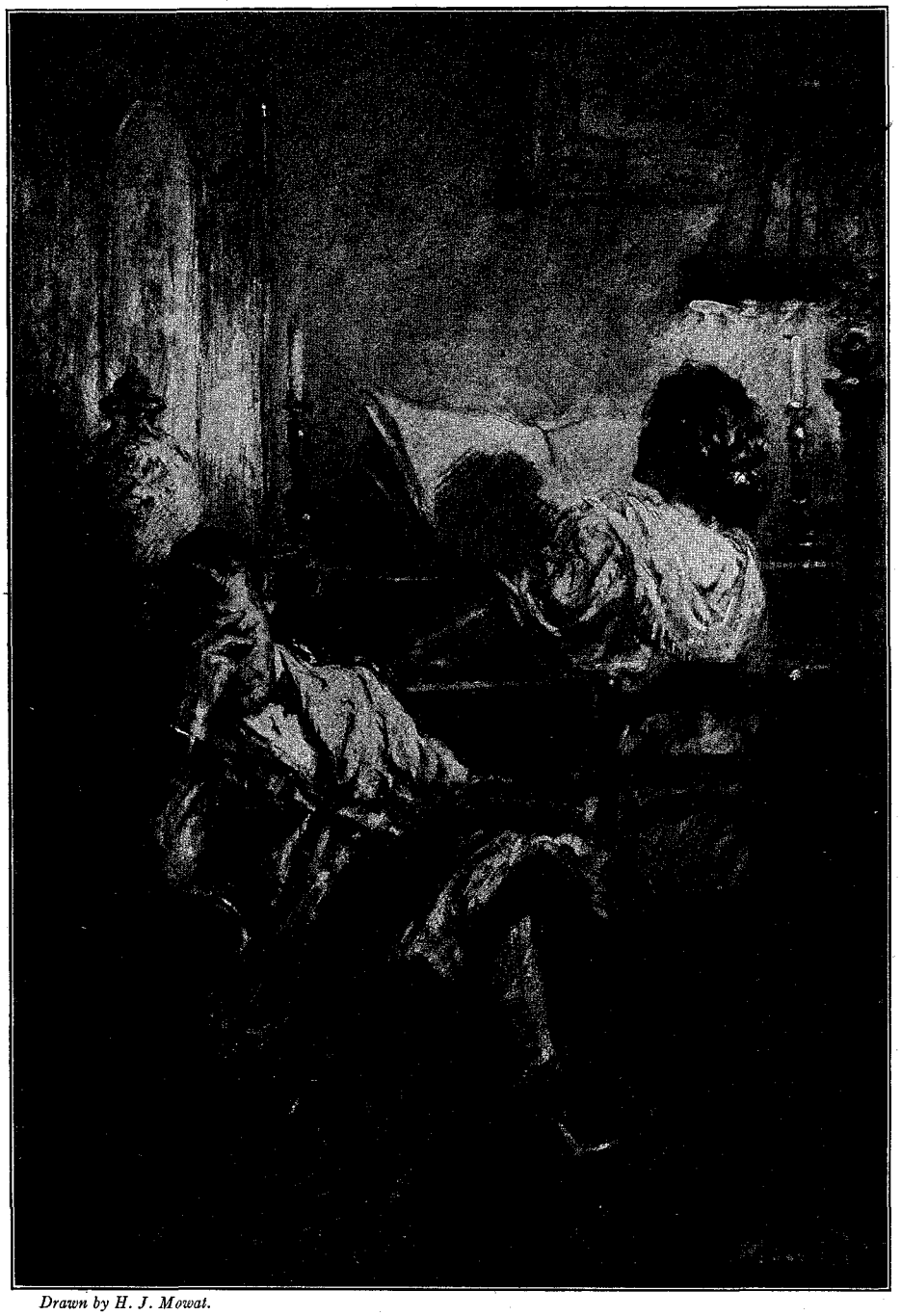

Drawn by H. J. Mowat.

She sang the song that had brought peace to his soul.—Page 459.

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the very refuge that he had built, and ever at his shoulder grinned the huntsman, Fate.

The road, that was only a blur before his eyes, dropped abruptly into a wooded hollow over which hung a thick curtain of mist. As he dipped into it, John Rand had a sudden sensation of losing the world. His tires seemed to tread a floor of cloud. Then a luminous white path appeared between the trees, like a path in a dream, and he twisted the car sharply toward it. His motorist's intuition told him that he was committing an indiscretion, but the illusive vagary of the road accorded with his mood, and he went forward.

The path topped a rise and fell away in a long descent that was allurement to the roadster's wheels. Shutting off the power, Rand coasted silently down a long slope of shadows, until he came out into an open space smoothed for human habitation and saw a lighted house shining in the dark. It was so unexpected that he forgot his brake and was well under the wing of the porch before he remembered it. The car stopped with a jerk. John Rand sat motionless, dazed, his hands gripping the wheel, a strange pulse in his throat.

Somewhere within that house a woman was singing.

He had never cared particularly for music; more exactly, he had never stopped to consider it. He was a typical American of his century, a citizen of that material world which is at once a nation's glory and its shame. He had never suspected the existence of the invisible empire that lies beyond the threshold of the counting-house, beyond the border of success! Art, as distinguished from business, had been to him a pale, phantom realm, inhabited solely by a tribe of madwits, whose purpose was to disturb business and scatter wealth.

But now, under the spell of an unknown woman's song, a song that seemed to fall from the stars, his soul awoke, and, pricked on by a great need, went groping into that empire which exists eternally for the freedom of mankind.

He did not know what had happened to him, for he was still a child in matters of the spirit; he only knew that this song had brought him the peace that he craved, and that this, in itself, was a miracle. He closed his eyes and, leaning back in his seat, listened in wondering amazement to the words that rang as clear as little bells upon the air:

> "What shining vision, O my soul,
> Shall lead me o'er the tides of night?
> Yonder the darkling waters roll—
> *Lord, be my light!*"

He sat with bowed head, as one in God's cathedral, while the song faded into a silence that seemed its very counterpart. Then the door of the house swung open and a woman appeared in a sudden burst of silver—a lovely and exalted figure. She was dressed in white, and from her shoulders floated a misty scarf as ephemeral as a cloud. When she saw the lights of the motor she paused, and, like a butterfly drawn by the flame, moved slowly toward the steps of the porch. Rand saw a woman of perhaps thirty-five, with dark hair and pale brow, over which fell, in a cascade of cobwebs, the soft lace of a Spanish *mantilla*. Her face was almost entirely concealed.

The woman, for her part, saw descend from the motor a man six feet tall, with big shoulders, who, as he came into the glamour of his own lamps, removed his cap, thereby disclosing a head grandly modelled and touched with gray at the temples.

"I'm sorry to have disturbed you. I have lost my way."

"You are the third this week," replied the woman in a calm, sweet voice. "There seems to be some magic in my drive——"

"I am sure of it!"

"You should have kept on to the left."

"To the left. Thank you."

He bowed, and, turning, walked slowly toward the car. Suddenly he wheeled and came back again.

"I can't go," he said, "without confessing the whole of my trespass. I am not only an intruder, but a thief as well. I stole your song out of the air."

"Ah!" exclaimed the woman, with a little gesture of distaste. It was evident that she feared some philistinic banality.

"I'm not apologizing for the theft," continued the man, bluntly. "I'm merely confessing it. To apologize is to make

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restitution,- and I intend to keep that song."

"You are very bold," said the woman, with the veriest trace of mockery in her tone.

"Why not? A man doesn't steal unless he's starving——"

"Are you starving?"

"Yes."

"For songs?"

"For—hope."

"You are in trouble?"

Her voice, that had been edged with a gentle irony, became at this moment so unexpectedly kind that John Rand was thrown off his guard. Pity, if not the noblest of human emotions, is at least the most generous, for it goes as readily to the stranger as to the friend, and melts the heart of suffering, perhaps, as no other warmth can do.

The woman saw her trespasser's head fall forward upon his breast, his big shoulders droop, his whole attitude change from defiance to despair.

"Ah," she cried, "how selfish I was to begrudge you the song! Come into the house, and I will sing it for you again."

"You will sing—for me?"

"Why not? I have had trouble enough to know what hope is, when one finds it——"

He followed her without a word into the dimly lighted music-room and sat very humbly in a chair, his cap in his hand, while she sang the song that had brought peace to his soul:

"Vain are the earthly hopes I bore,
Vanished the stars I held so bright!
The sea is black upon the shore—
Lord, be my light!

"Now fails the candle of the Day
Upon the heav'nly altar height;
Vast is the deep, and dark the way—
Lord, be my Light!"

She sang with an exquisite simplicity, a perfection of taste that would have betrayed her to the sophisticated observer as an artist of extraordinary abilities. But John Rand did not suspect that he was listening to one of the divine voices of the earth. He only knew that this veiled woman had restored to him his courage. . . .

When she had finished she rose and stood by the piano, one hand holding the folds of the lace at her throat. Rand did not speak; did not attempt to thank her. But she saw his shoulders squared, his head lifted with the unconscious pride of the fighting man.

"Ah," she said quietly. "That is better. You are brave again."

"How did you know?" he asked, amazed at this divination of his secret.

"I saw it in your face. Did I not tell you that I had been through trouble also? One grows to look for signs—and to read them correctly."

He took a step toward her.

"Will you tell me your name?"

She hesitated an instant; and then said simply:

"I am Martha Lynne."

Her eyes, as she pronounced these words, were fixed with a sort of shrinking upon Rand's face. But he showed not the slightest recognition of the name.

"I am John Rand, of New York. You said just now that you had been through trouble——"

Again her glance seemed to shrink from his. He continued gently:

"I am merely a business man, and so I cannot offer you anything so precious as a song. But I am as rich as Crœsus. If money could help you in any way—if money could pay the least part of my debt to you——"

"There is no debt."

"Are you offended?"

"No. For I understand that you mean it kindly."

"Then think! If you were to find a million on your doorstep, say to-morrow, would it bring you any happiness that you have not now?"

"I have all the happiness that is good for me," she answered, a trifle breathlessly. "I have my music, my home, my children——"

A deep light glowed in John Rand's eyes.

"You have—children!"

She smiled, somewhat wistfully.

"They are only mine by proxy. They come to me every day from the village orphanage—the lame, the halt, and the blind. I am teaching them some old carols."

"The blind!"

She nodded.

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"Do they—sing?"

"Oh, yes, very nicely."

"By Jove! I should like to hear them!"

"Then come to-morrow at three."

"Do you mean it?"

She laughed and said:

"A woman always means what she says without thinking."

"Thank you," said Rand. "The debt piles up——"

"Poor man! What hideous notions this thing called business has given you! But—if you *are* as rich as Crœsus—you might order some ice-cream sent out from the village——"

"I'll order a car-load," said John Rand.

He spent the night in the village, and for the first time in two weeks slept the sleep of a man at peace with his soul. The unassuming bleakness of the country hotel seemed rather a relief than a hardship. He awoke refreshed, with the pleasant excitement of a boy regarding the picnic heavens; nor could the overhanging shadow of Gearson's prophecy wholly cloud his new-found happiness.

Immediately after breakfast he began a tour of the village, intending by impartial observation to investigate its gastronomical resources. He found three establishments which made a specialty of catering to the youthful palate. It only remained, then, to choose between them. But that was a matter for expert opinion and not for mere snap judgment. John Rand very wisely decided to enlist the services of a connoisseur.

With this object in view he accosted a passing newsboy, and, after buying a paper, frankly confessed his dilemma. Would the newsboy, as a great favor, condescend to taste the various ice-creams, cakes, and candies at the three leading confectionery-shops? The newsboy replied by dropping his papers in the mud and dashing madly toward the first of the shops mentioned.

Rand, following at a soberer pace, found the expert seated at the soda-fountain already consuming the first instalment of a Homeric repast.

"I'm afraid you won't have room for three orders like that," suggested Rand gravely.

The expert lifted pale green eyes to his benefactor's face.

"Y' don't know me, mister," he said simply.

Nor, as it proved, did the connoisseur of confections overestimate his prowess. He not only consumed the three original orders, but expressed a willingness to repeat the test, for good measure. This offer Rand refused, fearing to tempt nature too far. Whereupon the newsboy, with a sigh of regret, delivered himself of his solemn judgment. The first shop excelled in ice-cream; the second shop had the best cake; the third shop was supreme in the succulence of its candy. Rand thanked the expert profusely, thrust a dollar into his grim fist, and proceeded to utilize the advice thus purchased. As he made the round of the shops, he composed in his mind the story of his morning's adventure, which he would recite to Martha Lynne.

She was standing on the porch when he arrived with his purchases—a quaint and wholly agreeable picture in her white frock and lace *mantilla*. As she caught sight of the motor-load of sweets she ran hastily down the steps, laughing and exclaiming:

"Oh, what a lark! What *quantities!* You must have exhausted the village! Bretta!"

An old Frenchwoman, in white cap and apron, appeared at the door. Her small, bright eyes were fixed upon Rand with an expression almost of hostility; but at the sound of her mistress's voice her look changed to one of adoration.

"We're going to have a party, Bretta. Set the table in the garden! And do make some lemonade——"

The old woman hobbled off, grumbling to herself. Rand and his hostess faced each other across the car, and there was something in their attitudes that was quite new and strange—a bond of sympathy, of understanding, the establishment of which neither could account for, yet which both recognized from the moment their eyes met. Martha's laughter vanished somewhere in the space between them. They stood regarding each other with the wonder that presages great discoveries, and were aroused only by the distant rattle of wheels.

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"Here come the children!" cried Martha, and, seizing an armful of packages, she disappeared around the corner of the house.

To John Rand the events of the next few hours were as episodes in a dream. The arrival of the carryall, the excited outpouring of children, the shy greetings, the pathetic happiness of the small cripples, and especially the face of the little blind boy as he stood by the piano to sing the carols, caused such a tumult in Rand's heart as to render him quite helpless. All through the carols, which Martha conducted in the gentle manner of a saint, Rand stood in the doorway, with folded arms and a lump in his throat.

Afterward they went into the garden and sat about a table flanked by rosebushes, while Bretta, the old Frenchwoman, did the honors of the feast. John Rand found himself sitting by the little blind boy, whose hand, in some manner, had strayed into his own. Several times he essayed to talk to the child, moved perhaps by the impulse that leads the traveller in a strange country to ask the way of one who has gone before him; but each time he was stopped by a dreadful fear of the emotion that gripped him. So he sat smiling stonily at the fruits of his own prodigality, as pitiable a figure as any at the board.

Later, when the children had departed, Rand and his hostess walked in the garden. There, amid the ruins of the feast, he spoke the thought that had been forming in his mind all afternoon.

"Look here," he said abruptly, "why can't I give these kids a home? I'd rather do that than found a college for indigent professors of Greek to wallow in——"

"You mean—a real home?"

"Yes. A real home, with a real heart in it somewhere. This business of putting children into asylums and institutions—by God, it's barbarous!"

"It's the best that civilization offers," said Martha. John Rand smiled his grim smile.

"The only trouble with civilization," said he, "is that it isn't civilized. You approve of my idea?"

"Indeed, yes!"

"And you'll help me to work it out?"

"With all my heart."

He took her hands and held them for a brief moment.

"I am going into town to-night. I will be back in a day or two. Don't forget me."

He reached the city about nine o'clock and drove directly to his club, where, for the past ten years, he had maintained bachelor quarters. The next morning he paid a visit to Gearson.

"I want a pair of glasses to tide me over the next two weeks," he said. "I've an important piece of work to do. Can you give me something?"

"I'll do my best for you, Mr. Rand; but I warn you against any strain——"

"I am willing to take the consequences."

The following day he returned to the country. The glasses that Gearson had prescribed for him had restored, in some part, his failing vision. He felt imbued with a new courage, a new spirit of adventure which, to a man of his character, meant new life.

Martha Lynne was in her garden when Rand came striding about the corner of the house.

"What has happened to you?" she cried, as she gave him her hand. "You look twenty years younger!"

"It's the glasses," said he. "You know, when a man is forty, glasses make him look younger. That's why I wear 'em. Have you been thinking about our scheme?"

"Yes. I've selected the house, planned the alterations, consulted the authorities, and made tentative arrangements with a matron; but I thought I'd leave the important things to you."

He caught the sparkle in her eyes and laughed like a boy.

"Have you really found a place?"

"I've thought of one. There's an old farm about a mile beyond the village——"

"Let's run out and look at it."

"I should love to!"

Rand's car had once possessed racing proclivities, so that the mile of road was swallowed in a single exhilarating rush. They found the old farm quite deserted, and spent a beautiful morning prodding

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about the grass-grown premises. Rand even forced a window of the house itself, and for a full hour thereafter followed Martha through a labyrinth of musty rooms, while she moved walls, put in fireplaces, established closets, and corrected the plumbing, which, she said, was quite as important to child welfare as morals or religion.

Rand bought the place that afternoon. Then, with the deed in his pocket, he called upon a local contractor. As a result, a small army of men were at work upon the farmhouse the next day. Rand himself directed the operations, devoting the whole of his tremendous energy to the realization of this chance-born dream. Meanwhile Martha looked on and marvelled, seeing her plans evolved one by one from the chaos of construction. Only Bretta, the old servant, seemed to have misgivings as to the project that brought her mistress into daily contact with the stranger.

The board of village selectmen, who knew John Rand as the provincials of a monarchy know the king, and who found his presence among them exceeding sweet, were inclined to prolong the honor of the circumstance by means of speeches, public dinners, and presentation ceremonies. But John Rand waved these formalities aside.

"We'll have an old-fashioned house-warming," said he, "and let it go at that."

The day of the house-warming arrived, and Rand had his reward from the faces of the children. The little blind boy, alone among his fellows, appeared unhappy at the strangeness with which he was surrounded. The beauty of his new environment, alas, meant nothing more than potential bruises to him.

"The thing's a failure," said John Rand that evening as he walked in Martha Lynne's garden. "Did you see the little chap's face?"

"Nonsense," replied Martha. "He'll like it as much as the others once he gets the hang of it."

"You think so?"

"I'm sure of it. For—being a *real* home—he will find in it the one thing that will make life bearable to him——"

"Well! What thing is that?"

"Love," said Martha Lynne, and closed her eyes against the echoing sweetness of that word.

John Rand stopped short and faced her. Then slowly he put out his hands until they touched hers, and as he did so the bond that had existed between them for the past fortnight suddenly became a flaming magnet that drew them together with irresistible power.

"Martha!"

"What did I say? What has happened to us? Please, don't touch me—It's quite useless——"

"I love you! And you love me! I can see it in your eyes——"

"Oh, no, no!"

"Say that you love me!"

"No, no! I can't. It's useless, I tell you—useless!"

"*Say it!*"

She sank down upon a garden seat, and hid her face in the folds of the *mantilla*. He heard her voice vaguely, as from a great distance.

"I will say—what you want me to say. I am glad to get it out of my heart. I—love you. Now you must go!"

"Why should I go, if you love me——?"

"Haven't I said that it was hopeless? I can never marry——"

"Marry! Good God!"

He, who had knelt beside her, leaped to his feet. He had forgotten, in that moment of divine madness, the shadow that hung over him. Now he remembered, and the memory was like a sword in his vitals. He lifted his clinched hand and shook it against heaven as though defying the God who, for no apparent reason, had lifted his soul to the pinnacle of joy, only to dash it the next instant into the abysses of despair.

Swiftly he stooped and pressed the huddled white figure against his breast; then, staggering like a drunken man and groping with his hands, he made his way out of the garden.

There was a dull pain behind his eyes. Strange lights flashed from an inky blackness that seemed to envelop the entire universe. Yet somehow he found the drive—a dull white blur in the darkness—and stumbled forward.

He had gone but a few steps, when a hand clutched his sleeve. He stopped,

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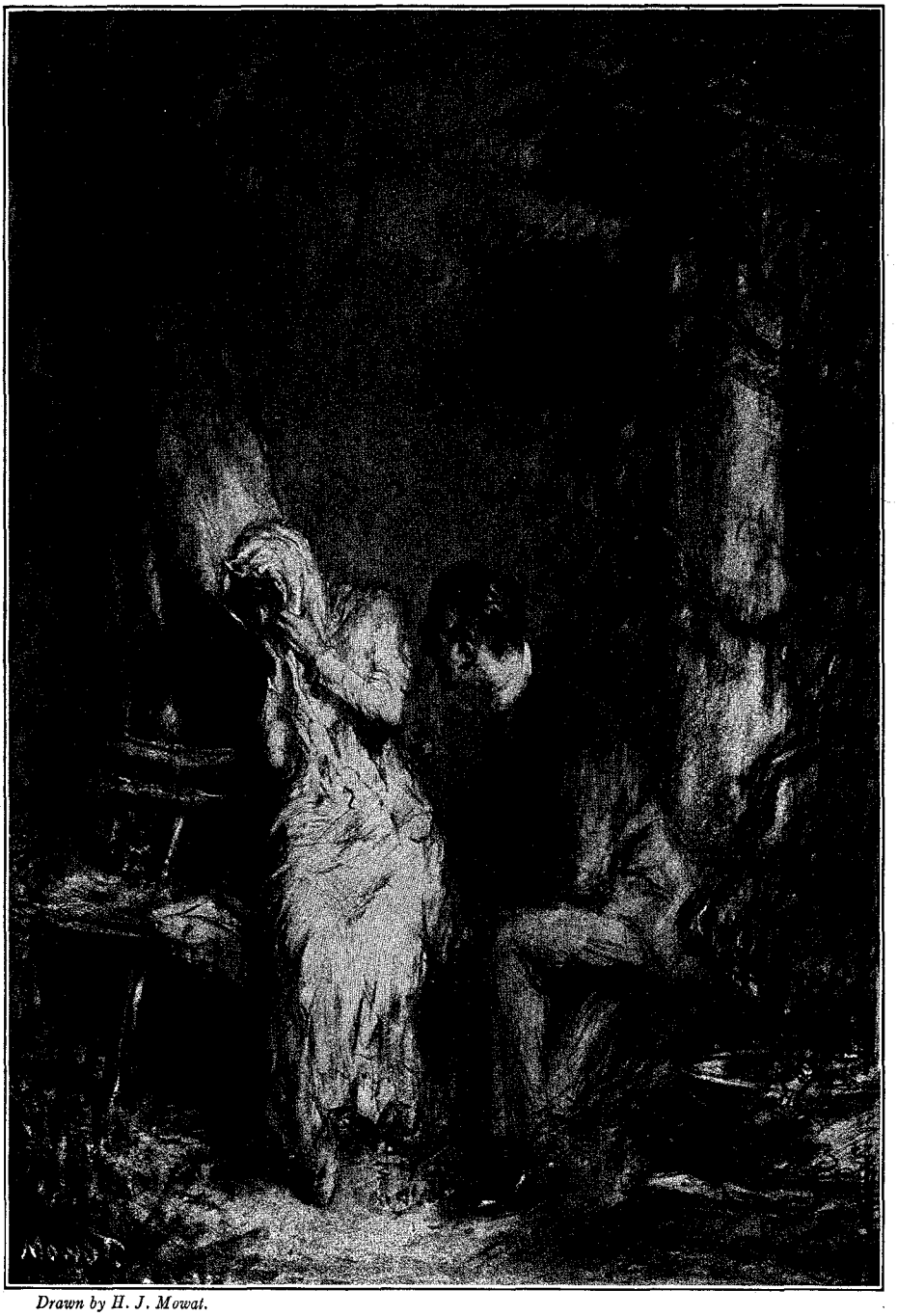

Drawn by H. J. Mowat.

"I will say—what you want me to say . . . I—love you."

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and, peering close, made out the wrinkled visage of Bretta, the old Frenchwoman.

"So, monsieur! You depart——?"

"Yes, I——"

"You behold that which is hidden, eh? You behold the poor flesh that is unbeautiful and you do not behold the soul more beautiful than a star! Eh, monsieur, why did you come? You have made her love you—she, that could have married a king's son! She the great singer, the great artiste——"

"Singer? Artiste? What are you saying?"

"You did not know—? Ah, you Americans! What a race! What a country! You do not know your own greatness! It is the same when we bury ourselves in this wilderness. No one recognizes mademoiselle of the thousand triumphs. They see only a woman in a white veil—ah, merciful God—that terrible night!"

"What night? Tell me!"

"That night a great career was ruined, monsieur! That night an old servant's heart was broken! That night a star fell from the heavens! It is the last act of 'Der Rosenkavalier'—you do not remember?"

"No, no——"

"Mademoiselle is singing. A candle, monsieur, it catch her cloak—the flames—like little red serpents, monsieur—they lick her face. She cries out—ah, that cry!"

"Go on!"

"What more, monsieur? She is disfigured for life. She must wear always the veil, like a nun in a convent. There is for her neither the public career nor the private happiness. For when a woman's beauty is gone—eh, well! It is done now. Monsieur departs and mademoiselle sits weeping in her garden——"

"Take me to her."

"Monsieur says——?"

"Take me to your mistress!"

"Has monsieur forgotten the way to the garden?"

Rand's strong fingers reached out—fastened about the old woman's wrist.

"Do as I command you!"

Frightened at his tone, the servant hobbled rapidly toward the house, breathing disconnected prayers, while Rand followed awkwardly at her heels. Suddenly she paused, and snatched her arm away.

"There, monsieur! Do I lie? Is she not there, as I said?"

Rand did not answer. He had glimpsed a faint gleam of white in the darkness and he moved toward it with his hands held out before him. She heard his step upon the walk and sprang up from the bench, her body tense, her eyes piteous with tears.

"Why have you come back?"

"Because I love you—and because I have found out why you sent me away. I did not know till just now. Bretta told me. I did not guess——"

"She told you—that I was hideous?"

"She told me only what I have seen for myself—that you are beautiful——"

"I am not——"

"To me, yes! As I saw you that first night, so I will see you always——"

"No, no! I could not always cover my body with lying veils! I am hideous, I tell you!"

"That is not true. Your soul——"

"Men do not marry souls!"

She came close to him and with quivering hands tore the scarf from her throat and face and breast.

"Look!" she cried. "Look!"

Then John Rand laughed, a great laugh that must have gone echoing to the throne of heaven.

"I cannot see, do you understand? *I cannot see!* I am blind—blind!"

He drew her into his arms and kissed her lips. And it seemed to him in that moment as though a light had leaped up in the shadow.

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THE PROFESSOR AND THE WIDE, WIDE WORLD

By Gordon Hall Gerould
Lately Captain, U. S. A.

"WELL, Jim, you've had a chance to see real life, anyhow, haven't you?" A youthful major of the Regulars was addressing a captain of the same age who in times of peace had been setting his face towards a university professorship. Both young men had staff appointments and were straining at the leash to be off to France. They were cursing their luck whenever they had time to think about it, but they were very busy. The captain's answer need not be recorded. It was brief and vivid. He had been in the service—real life, if you please—for more than a year, and he had taken its measure.

The rôle played by men of academic proclivities and of actual profession has been one of the minor surprises of the war, certainly to the world in general and probably to the learned gentlemen themselves. It was remarked very soon after the outbreak of the struggle. Professors were found to be in high places in France, and English dons came forward for all kinds of service. Even in Germany professors were conspicuous, though what they did and said brought no glory to learning, and was an affront to the guild of pedagogues. However, one is inclined to leave the Germans out of court in these times, since they have stood their trial and have been condemned. In the mobilizing of forces that took place in France and Great Britain, at all events, the academic profession did well. Men of the mortar-board and gown put on khaki and horizon-blue as naturally as their fellow citizens, while work was found in a score of directions for which their special gifts and training had surprisingly fitted them. They fought, and they managed affairs, thus refuting the ancient libellous assumption that they constituted an absent-minded third sex; and they proved to be most useful by means of their knowledge itself.

We soon learned that modern warfare required the help of scientists. The Huns, in their barbarism, had found no better use for science than to harness it to the chariot of war. To combat them, chemists were needed to deal with toxic gases and with explosives, physicists and mathematicians to investigate the mysteries of trajectories and range-finding. Economists, with theories somewhat battered, turned their minds to the actualities of supply for the fighting armies. Biologists had to shift their ground less, for they continued to study for humanitarian ends, but they were valuable in new ways in helping to solve the problems that doctors and surgeons had thrust on their attention.

The same thing happened in the United States when we entered the war. The younger men on our university faculties furnished at least their proper quota to the line, while many professors who were past the age of the first draft and quite eligible to exemption under the second won commissions in the competition of the training-camps and entered the service as combatants. Any one with an academic acquaintance—as who in America has not?—knows of such cases. You know how Captain John Doe, whom you may perhaps have regarded as a somewhat stodgy bookworm in your undergraduate days, was cited for gallantry in action; and you have heard how he was wounded by machine-gun fire while leading his company in a victorious advance. When you meet him again as Professor John Doe, with a pile of examination books tucked under his artificial arm, you will not be tempted to condescend to him in your own mind as to one who has chosen the shadows of things through ignorance of reality. And others, his colleagues, have died without fear or falter-

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ing, just as so many of our friends have died. The professor has done his part, that is all, and a part for which he was certainly not unfitted by his training as a doctor of philosophy.

Quite as was the case abroad, moreover, the American professor who could not get into the fighting as a combatant, or who was not permitted to do so because his special knowledge was needed in other ways, found work to do. The scientist went to the front in uniform to perfect devices by which our artillery and our gas were to be made more deadly in their effects. Or he went to Washington along with his colleague the humanist. He went either as an officer or in the perfectly ordinary civilian clothes that he wears when not observed by humorists and story-writers.

He went to Washington, indeed, in droves, until the Cosmos Club was little better than a faculty meeting of all the universities, and until such organizations as the Military Intelligence Division and the laboratories of the Chemical Warfare Service swarmed with teachers of the liberal arts and the sciences. He worked in the Department of State and with the War Industries Board; he was frequently encountered in the little army of the Ordnance Department; he helped to organize and develop war risk insurance for the Treasury, and hydraulics for the engineers, and a qualification system for the General Staff. He was in the Red Cross and the Division of Military Aeronautics and the War Research Council. In brief, he found a place for himself in all the departments into which the government of the country so quickly ramified. He became a warrior or a "war-worker," along with most of his fellow citizens.

All this is commonplace perhaps, though I am a little doubtful whether the extent to which the professor on leave of absence has figured in the activities of the nation has been wholly comprehended. One person has seen him fighting, another has worked with him in an office, and still another has heard him make addresses for the loans or for the Red Cross. Nobody has been able to observe the full scope of his labors. Statistics would tell the whole story, but they are unnecessary and would certainly be dull. The only point worth making is that the professor has done a remarkably large number of different things, and has done most of them successfully. He has proved himself a leader and executive as well as an investigator, which is precisely where the element of surprise comes in. Moreover, he has co-operated, not to say competed, with other men drawn from almost every business and profession. In the opinion of the young major with whom we began, and of tens of thousands of other people, probably, he has been out in the wide, wide world for the first time.

In a way, this is true. He has undoubtedly had contacts that he would never have experienced except for the war. He has tested himself in many fields, some of which are very far removed from his habitual round of labor.

The college professor of the last generation, to be sure, has not been running true to the traditional type. He has been accustomed to see something of the world and, I am afraid, to be somewhat too worldly. Scholarship has not profited by the change, for scholarship demands days of unremitted toil. What with the absurdly heavy schedule of teaching expected of him, the frequent necessity of supplementing his meagre salary by the sale of his leisure hours to the highest bidder, and his effort to appear, as well as to be, mundane, the American professor has not added to the store of knowledge as much as he might. A friend of mine used to argue that the curse of modern art is the recognition of the artist as a gentleman, and his tendency to live like one. The cloistered scholar is likely to write more books and larger books than the man whose interests are diverted by his wish to behave like any other citizen.

Yet it is probably true that there has been more good teaching as a result of the scholar's symbolic adoption of golfing tweeds and a business suit in place of a frock coat; or, to be accurate at the expense of optimism, there has been less teaching absolutely void of meaning and effect. The professor, that is to say, has not been galvanized by the war. He was really alive to his responsibilities before, and ready to put his hand to the nearest

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duty. He has been a faithful officer of the state, and would have been a better teacher if he had not been hypnotized by an evil tradition. This led him to believe sometimes that he had only to dust his students over with learning by means of lectures and to ascertain the thickness of the deposit by means of quizzes and examinations, in order to do his full duty. He has been trying, even though not very successfully, to step out of the rut.

Moreover, the assumption that teaching and research dwarf a man's mind and unfit him for other pursuits was always foolish. There is not, and there never was, any reason under heaven why the study of physical phenomena and of ideas—the accumulated wisdom of the centuries—should stunt intellectual growth, although silly humanity has actually been afraid of it. By the same logic, of course, food would be given sparingly to the tender child, lest it should keep him from growing. There is also no reason why the dissemination of knowledge and the effort to stimulate and train the minds of the young should make the teacher a narrow pedant. Let it be granted that the professional scholar and teacher has often been dogmatic and unpractical. It is to be feared that the same man would have been hidebound as a company promoter and careless of exchange rates as a banker. Not all lawyers and men of affairs possess acumen; they do not always deal with their problems in a large-minded and imaginative way. They are sometimes inaccurate and lazy. The professor has his chance to rust out, like everybody else, and he has his chance to keep his wits properly oiled and polished. The experience of the war has shown, I think, that he has done rather well by himself on the whole.

I am not undertaking, however, a defence of the professor. I know quite well that he is under attack, as are the men of almost all trades and professions in these times of questioned values. It is probably only fair that his ways and works be scrutinized, and that he be scolded for his shortcomings. It will doubtless be good for him. He has had his little faults, it must be admitted. What I wish to do is merely to point out that he has shown unsuspected capabilities during the war, and has had an opportunity to widen his horizons in a way that may have an effect not so much on himself as on his estimate of other men and of his relations to them.

The professor has certainly accepted somewhat too easily the buffetings of fortune and the gibes of the humorist. He has been meek, though he has not yet inherited the earth. He has believed himself to be doing useful work, and has been content with the satisfactions of a quiet conscience. He has complained of being underpaid, to be sure, but he has never protested at the tacit assumption of his relative unimportance. After swallowing so many condescensions from boards of trustees and the public, he has occasionally been led to believe himself a rather poor creature, indeed, fit to be kindly bullied and unequal to the demands of practical affairs.

Drawn from his ordinary routine by his own patriotic impulses and by the sudden realization, on the part of others, that he could be useful in strange and untried ways—his normal occupation gone, in many cases, through the instant and noble response of his students to the call to arms, which wiped out most of his classes at once—he discovered that the wide, wide world was not so different from his own world, after all, and was in no wise terrifying.

The discoveries he has made are destined, indeed, to change his point of view greatly. If he has been an officer in the great army of non-combatants, for example, he has learned that university faculties are not more inept and faltering than other bodies of men. It is a shock to learn how closely an army conference resembles an academic committee meeting. There is the same tendency to beat about among vaguely formed ideas with the hope that the game will eventually rise from cover; there is the same gentle prolixity, the same shrinking from decisive thought. Captain and colonel, whether bred in the way of nature at West Point or suddenly created out of successful business men by the laying on of khaki, are like nothing so much as professors when they take counsel together. It is a shock to discover this, as I say; but it is a wholesome experience.

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This is but the beginning of knowledge, however. There is the further discovery, which must have been made by many, that the rank and file of capable business men and lawyers and engineers are not so formidable in their practical wisdom as they are reputed to be. Flung out of their proper orbits, they show their traditional energy, to be sure, but they exhibit also certain failings that have been little dwelt upon. They prove to be rather careless creatures, not gifted with imagination, and not particularly notable for their power to attack new lines of work. They are furthermore deficient, very often, in human judgment: they cannot tell how others are going to think and act. The professor has found himself to be quite as good a man as any of them, and possibly rather better able than most to get at the heart of a new situation. In other words, he has proved himself in his own eyes and in the eyes of his fellows a practical man of affairs, whereas he has learned that persons with extraordinarily little sense of fact and with almost no power of concentration or accuracy manage to get on in the world very well indeed.

Of course, if the professor is at all fair-minded, which it is to be hoped is the case, he has to acknowledge that some of his colleagues are not gifted with common sense in dealing with matters of fact and the business of life. Never again, however, will he be tempted to suppose these unfortunate—though possibly brilliant—men exceptional, and peculiar to the learned professions. He has met too many of the same kind in the wide, wide world; has marked their frailties, and has done his best to correct their blunders. He will not be misled hereafter by their superficial show of worldly wisdom, and will not attach too much weight to their opinions. He will test all opinions and estimate the man who holds them, be he ever so much in repute as an organizer of business and a gatherer of dollars, before he acknowledges their value.

This slight degree of scepticism—possibly tending at times to mild cynicism—is sure to have its effect on the attitude of the professor towards the trustees or regents or overseers who are set in charge of the mundane affairs of his university. He has for a long time been critical of their actions, and now and then acutely hostile; but he has almost invariably regarded trustees as belonging to another tribe, a race capable of inscrutable follies and misdemeanors, a close-fisted band of philistines eager to destroy the works of the children of light. He has seldom been willing to co-operate with them except in a timorous, half-hearted way, keeping a careful eye out the while for the nigger presumably hidden in the trustees' wood-pile. He has always been afraid, moreover, that he might be, or might become, what he has not infrequently called himself with derisive humility: the trustees' "hired man." Wherefore he has put on a more than mortal dignity when doing business with incorporated boards, and has matched their silly condescensions with an equally foolish distrust.

With his new experience and his new scepticism in regard to the practical sense of professionally practical men, he is likely to behave more reasonably. He will be more securely conscious of his own value, for one thing. He will know that he need not be a professor unless he chooses, for even in middle life other avenues are open to him. He will feel an independence that he has never felt before; and he may possibly gain through his independence the living wage that has long been denied him in spite of humble, though irritated, requests. Furthermore, he will see that most trustees are not bullying ogres—or don't mean to be—bent on drinking his life-blood as an incident in their attack on the fortress of sound education. He will look upon trustees, if one may venture to prophesy, as men and brothers, quite sincerely interested in the business of training the young and acting stupidly only because they are average successful citizens. He will understand that many of them conduct their own businesses with the same lack of imaginative insight that they display in university affairs: that they are rather ignorant and cock-sure but very earnest persons, who get on by sheer energy and hard labor. He will find, to his surprise perhaps, that many others are exceedingly intelligent men who by contributing the experience they have

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gained in various fields can be of real service to the cause of education. In brief, he will be able to work in better harmony with them through a knowledge of their foibles as well as of their virtues.

The professor ought, moreover, to be a more successful teacher because of his experience. His is the duty and the privilege of training a more or less roughly selected body of potential leaders, the majority of whom will later be engaged in business, if business be construed in the widest sense. As lawyers, manufacturers, merchants, politicians, agents of publicity —through all the ramifications into which the complicated modern state divides the responsibility for its management—they will control the material affairs of our country. For better or worse, because the flesh inevitably affects the operations of the spirit more than we are sometimes willing to admit, they will shape the ultimate destinies of the world. Their instruction is, therefore, an important matter, not to be lightly undertaken or carelessly performed.

Hitherto, I think, the professor has dealt more satisfactorily with the boy who has happened to be like-minded with himself, the embryonic writer or preacher or teacher, than with the youth headed towards the conduct of affairs. There has often been an unfortunate lack of sympathy on the professor's part, which has led him to attempt to wean the boy from the world instead of showing him how to meet his obligations in the right way. Any such attempt is doomed to failure, because the pupil will not recognize his teacher's protest against materialism at its true value: he may admire it grudgingly, but he will disregard it as quixotism bred of ignorance rather than of knowledge; and he will go elsewhere to find exemplars of idealism combined with sound earthly wisdom. The professor has often missed his chance through high-minded disdain of the background from which his students emerge and to which they must again return.

It will be disappointing if he has not learned during his war-time excursions how to meet this situation. Without altering his sense of ultimate values, let us hope, he should have a clearer understanding than before of the adjustments and mutual accommodations that are necessary in this imperfect world. As I have already said, he has for some time past recognized himself as a citizen, but he will hereafter take care to show the faith that is in him more wisely. It does not suffice to wear tweeds instead of a black coat unless he meets the problems of his pupils with sympathy and respect.

That he may do so successfully if he will, the singular adaptability he has shown in his recent avocations is the best of evidence. If he has been able in middle life to turn into all the unlikely things that he has temporarily become, he ought to have no difficulty in growing more expert than he has ever been before in dealing with his chosen tasks. I am inclined to the belief that he will feel more zest in teaching and research from having found that he can do other things, and from having done them: that his absence will prove a positive benefit both to himself and to his university.

The upshot of the matter is that the professor has learned a good deal while playing his part on the wide stage of the war-stricken world, but chiefly how to look at himself and his fellows, young and old. He has acquired a new point of view, and from it sees everything in truer perspective. So much, at least, the experience has accomplished for him. Never again will he permit himself to think, or permit other men to say unchallenged, that the academic life is in any sense unreal or withdrawn from reality. He will not allow it to become so. He has a clearer knowledge than before of his own value and of the intimate bond between his work and the processes of life outside the university. He will tell his pupils that they come to him not as to a retreat from the world but as an important stage in the series of contacts out of which life is built up. Should he find hereafter that the students under his care are not getting what they need, the training they ought to have, he will know that something is radically wrong with the system in which he is working; and, if he has the courage of his knowledge, he will refuse to be satisfied until the difficulty is uprooted. He will never become a perfect pedagogue in a perfect

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educational system, to be sure, but he will not rest content with the old errors. If he becomes convinced that he can accomplish nothing, he will cease to be a professor altogether, leaving the task to other hands.

On the whole, however, he is likely to be more patient of folly and inadequacy than he used to be. He will remember his experience in the army or as a member of this or that great governmental institution, and will be content to wait for results. He will recall how marvellously the energy and honest effort of many men, even when apparently thwarted by incompetence and misdirection, take bodily shape after a time. The fog somehow lifts and shows the work accomplished. Things are unfortunately done that way in the wide, wide world. They should not be, and they would not be, if we could train an intelligent generation or two of boys and girls.

Here is the professor's opportunity. It is certain that he has found nothing more real than this in the varied occupations of his war-time experience. He will return to his own place, it is to be hoped, with the firm resolve to make the most of his chance. He can, if he will and if he receives moderately loyal support from the public at large, shape the chaos of actuality into a decent order by training the leaders of the future. Intelligent and high-minded management of affairs is more urgently needed than most things in our time. At least, this is one of the impressions that the professor has gathered while rubbing elbows with the throng in the wide, wide world.

ENJOY THE DAY

By Katharine Baker

Author of "A Home for Tatiana"

ILLUSTRATION BY GEORGE WRIGHT

AN ambulance crashed over the wooden driveway; the piste en bois that ran through the muddy orchard to the hospital doors. The electric lights flashed on. The tired night nurse, just back from a Carrel round, sprang to her feet, pinned a veil around her head, and hurried down the long, windy halls to the triage.

A loud, snoring sound came from the lighted triage.

"Goodness, how those brancardiers sleep through anything," she said to herself in disgust. But when she passed the brancardiers, peacefully reposing on their stretchers, they were breathing silently.

She pushed open the wide, swinging doors. Two wounded men lay side by side in uniforms plastered with mud. The orderlies were gathered around the farther one, motionless and straight on his high brancard. It was his breathing she had heard, an ominous stertor, the close forerunner of death.

She held out her hand, and an orderly surrendered the fiche he was examining, a little card that might have tagged an express package.

"He's had his anti-tetanic injection at the poste de secours, and fifty cubic centimètres of huile camphrée. There's nothing for you to do, mademoiselle. Listen to his breathing. He's a dead one." The orderly was officious.

The nurse took the wounded man's wrist in expert fingers. The cuff she pushed back had the two gold bars of a lieutenant. Above the livid face a red-and-white turban was tightly wound.

"Get me a litre of serum," she directed the orderlies, "and hot-water bottles."

With swift assurance she poured camphorated oil to the brim of a huge syringe, and drove home the needle.

She moved to the other stretcher and lifted the dangling fiche.

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"Plaie en séton, région pulmonaire; balle," ran the sinister inscription. "Lungs completely traversed by a ball."

The yellow-haired blessé regarded her with impudent eyes. She began to undo his mud-covered jacket. The facings were greenish-gray.

"Frenchmen first," she said, and returned to the dying man. The breath still drew noisily through his blue, swollen lips.

"They knew at the poste de secours that this man was done for," said the officious orderly, who with tender care was slicing a boot from a broken leg. "They didn't even stop to take off his boot; just rushed him through. He'll never get to the billard."

"If only the surgeon comes promptly to-night!" The nurse caught up her swinging scissors, and began to cut away the muddy blue uniform.

"The majors come when they're good and ready," said the cynical orderly.

"You did quite right. Excellently," approved the surgeon an hour later. The nurse was pinning his white sleeves, tying his mask in deft and breathless haste.

As he drew on his clumsy Chaput gloves his half-closed eyes never left the ashy face on the operating-table. The wounded lieutenant had got to the billard at least.

He lay there; a superb and shocking figure. Blood welled continually from the white and scarlet turban and spread in a widening spot beneath his head. Blood oozed from the soaking bandages around his fractured leg.

Wrapped in blankets, warmed by hot bottles, the German prisoner rested on his stretcher awaiting his turn, and glared with hate across the room at his unconscious adversary.

The nurse removed that tragic turban. The surgeon lifted the compresses.

Above the ear of the wounded man the nurse saw for a moment something like a red, fantastic cauliflower. It bubbled as she looked.

With a plunge the surgeon was at work. He wiped away the dreadful thing. The nurse's eye could hardly follow his movements. He cut and chiselled furiously. He caught up arteries. He explored with savage yet delicate assurance. His burrowing forceps brought out a jagged steel splinter.

The nurse admired such masterful surgery as she had not yet seen, but the major, cleaning the wound in that same desperate haste, said suddenly, "Huile camphrée, twenty cubic centimètres, mademoiselle."

"He's had one hundred already," murmured the astonished nurse.

"I know it."

"He's nothing but a drug store, as it is," grumbled the nurse under her breath; and obediently filled her huge syringe with camphorated oil.

The leg, with its compound fracture, was a tedious affair. In spite of the piqûre, that lamentable breath labored more heavily.

The major was fitting the padded wire gutter, when he spoke again quietly: "A litre of serum, mademoiselle. An intravenous. . . ."

This was the last resort, then. The nurse ran for the serum.

She sawed her glass ampoule. The surgeon rolled a vein and entered his needle with unhesitating accuracy.

The nurse pressed her little rubber balloon, forcing the serum into the stagnant veins. The salt solution in the ampoule ebbed. And the major, watching, said presently: "He will live . . . to-night. . . ."

He gazed a moment longer, while the surgical orderlies skilfully lifted the limp body to the stretcher.

"It is my brother, mademoiselle," he said, and turned to the wounded Boche.

They put the lieutenant in a bed in the Salle d'Urgence, which the wounded poilus call the Ward of the Dying, "la Salle des Mourants."

The crisis past, he would be transferred to the officers' ward or to the morgue.

But he did not die. Night after night the nurse saw his ghastly face as she passed with her lantern held low, not to wake the patients, and said to herself, each time with satisfaction: "So he hasn't died to-day."

The second night he stirred when she turned the cold Dakin's fluid into his wound. Every two hours the nurse made her Carrel round. Up and down the salles in the dark, her lantern wrapped in

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paper, she followed the pink bulbs swinging on poles or hanging from the overhead frames of mechanical beds.

She released the clasps on rubber tubes that led into wounds. The tortured sleepers started and groaned. The nurse, with a guilty feeling, muttered an apology and slipped away, leaving them to fall back into feverish dreams.

The third night the lieutenant opened his eyes and smiled faintly at her.

"Mademoiselle!" he called. She bent over him. "It was you that received me here?" he asked with effort.

She nodded. "Yes."

"My brother says you saved my life."

"Nonsense!" replied the nurse decidedly. "You mustn't talk."

"Nonsense, mademoiselle," said the lieutenant positively, "I must talk. My brother tells me he came an hour late. I was fichu, he says, but you kept me alive. That was chic of you, mademoiselle."

"You'll wake the other blessés," answered the nurse, and left him.

The morning round was the busiest one of all; for then she hurried to finish the reports in the other eleven salles before running in to say good morning to her own. One must be off duty by eight.

Two rows of expectant eyes turned to the door as she entered. Her patients greeted her with the most endearing calculations.

"Five nights, mademoiselle. Only two more before you come back."

"Six nights, mademoiselle. One more. You must rest in the morning, but you'll come back in the afternoon, won't you?"

Then the nurse made chocolate, happily, for the most invalid ones, produced condensed milk and smuggled sugar for the coffee, went from one to another, teasing them to ward off the cafard, that listless despondency that lies in wait for wounded men.

She arranged bandages. She straightened the blankets which were always slipping off those distorted beds.

"I'm going to invent you a new blanket that will stay on," she promised, and vanished reluctantly in time to make her report to the head nurse.

The last night was nearly over. At dawn she was to send off an evacuation train. It slid in quietly in the darkness, over that single track where no traffic ever passed, only the terrible trains blindés, armored, and armed with cannon, thundering along, and the stealthy hospital trains with their ranked stretchers.

The nurse went from salle to salle, making sure that all the listed men were equipped and evacuated, went from stretcher to stretcher in the triage, giving them chocolate and cigarettes, inspecting each blessé.

"This man has no overcoat. Get him one. Where are your boots? You'd better put them on. You might catch cold."

She followed them to the train, saw them installed with blankets and cushions, said friendly good-bys, returned down the piste en bois to the barracks.

Boche aeroplanes were flying overhead, as usual, in a clear dawn. Behind them, in the sky, strange tracks led down to the horizon, as though some great beast had traversed the heavens. They were the puffs of smoke from contre-avion obus.

The familiar sound of the guns did not disturb the nurse. She entered the Salle d'Urgence.

An uproar seemed to split the roof and shake the earth under her feet.

"What is that?" she asked.

"They're bombing the hospital train, no doubt," said the lieutenant tranquilly.

She ran to the window. "The train's all right," she reported.

"Just the same, it's no fun to be caught in bed like a rat in a trap and have those sacrés animals drop bombs around," complained a blessé. "You can laugh, mademoiselle. You've never been wounded."

Mademoiselle had seen surgeons dress the jagged, fatal rent in his abdomen. She patted his shoulder.

"No," she flattered him. "You men take care of that." He smiled with boyish vanity.

Another explosion, less violent, shook the glass.

"The aeroplanes are flying away to the northeast," she announced. "There's one far behind, coming from the west. The contre-avions are firing after them. Why is the smoke of the obus, some of it black, and some white?"

"The German powder smoke is black,

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ours is white," said the lieutenant. "Our machine is chasing theirs. Their anti-aircraft guns are firing at our avion."

"Now the Boches are mere specks over Saint Quentin," said the nurse. "Now they have disappeared. Ours is coming back."

Roused by the explosions, a group of nurses had run out of their barracks. They stood crowding together, muffling themselves in their dark blue cloaks, their bare feet in slippers lashed by the long wet grass, their braids hanging; and with tilted heads they watched the aerial battle.

The French biplane came swiftly toward them, diving from its great height. It toppled, and fell on one wing until the tricolor cockades painted underneath were plainly visible.

The nurses cried out in horror. The avion righted itself, swooped, almost touching the barrack roof. A telegraph wire snapped. A bold face laughed down at the women, and the machine was gone. Its deafening hum subsided in the distance.

"Why, it's Monsieur de Vimy!" exclaimed the nurse. "He came to our popote last night with his cousin, one of the French nurses."

"Roulé, our friend," said the lieutenant cynically. "But American women consider it an honor to dine with any kind of duke, what?"

"I didn't say he was a duke," retorted the nurse.

"Everybody knows it," answered the officer.

"He is an ace," she defended the aviator. "He has descended eight German planes."

"You admire that?" asked the lieutenant thoughtfully.

Her week of night-work was over. In the afternoon she came back to her salle, which hailed her with joy.

Now she had also the wounded Boche to nurse. They had put him in a little guard-room near the triage, and he had an orderly all to himself, but mostly to see that he did not get away.

"It's absurd," declared the nurse to the young aide who dressed the German's wound. "He's frightfully wounded. He can't get well, let alone get away."

"Certainly he'll get well," said the aide confidently. "You can't kill a Boche."

But although it was a clean bullet wound, mysteriously it would not heal. However, the prisoner soon developed an appetite for the fruit which with much difficulty she obtained from Compiègne; and, in spite of his suppurating lungs, he consumed cigarettes greedily.

The nurse eyed his door askance when she passed, a basket of peaches on her arm, seeking in the different salles the worst wounded men and those whose languid appetites demanded a stimulus. She looked askance, reluctant to waste precious fruit on the enemy, but she always ended by going in.

Coming from the guard-room one day, her arms full of little blue packages of cigarettes, she met an American ambulance-driver, very tall and gaunt in his khaki, as Americans appear when you are used to seeing the stocky, ruddy French soldiers.

He asked for the lieutenant.

"Salle d'Urgence," the nurse directed him.

"I brought him out," explained the driver. "I was kind of interested, and I thought my next trip over here I'd inquire whether he pulled through or not. His colonel had tears in his eyes when they sent him out. Said he was the bravest man in the Third Army. He was wounded getting in that Boche, you know."

"I wondered why the Boche glared so at him in the operating-room," said the nurse, laughing. "He's right here. The Boche, I mean. Want to see him?"

"No," refused the American. "Excuse me. I don't like to look at them. Do you know how it happened?"

He thrust a thumb into his Sam Browne belt and slouched his wide shoulders at ease.

"They say the loot went out alone at night to cut the German wires. That kind of daredevil. Ran into a patrol of two. He knifed the other and brought this fellow home at the point of his revolver; but the German trenches opened fire, of course. The Boche got it first. The loot wouldn't leave him behind, dragged him along. He'd almost made it when a grenade did for him. They pulled him in the way you got him."

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The nurse looked favorably on her young countryman. His lounging attitude could never be awkward to American eyes. His distaste for fine words was a pleasant reminder of home. His sallow face was drawn with fatigue, but he still felt anxiety for the individual fate of the men he had carried, though they poured from the trenches in an endless stream.

"I'll take you to him," she said.

Many a long week passed before the lieutenant could be moved from the Salle d'Urgence, but the time did arrive at last. The nurse appeared in the afternoon with a basket of grapes. She spoke to the salle infirmière, who was marking pulses and temperatures with a red-and-blue pencil. Then she set the basket down on the lieutenant's crowded bedside-table and, lifting her arms, began to push in her hairpins.

"I'd tell you to choose your own grapes," she smiled at him, "only you're all so hopelessly polite in France that you'd pick the worst. My hairpins keep slipping because my hair was washed at noon. We've found a soldier in the sterilization that used to be a hair-dresser in civil life. He's very convenient. He does it in a rubber basin on a packing-box, and rinses it with a coffee-pot."

"Will you help me a minute?" asked the salle infirmière. "I want to change the lieutenant's back-rest."

"Certainly." The nurse laid the nicest bunch of grapes on the table, and stooped. She placed her rough, red hands under the wounded man's shoulders. The bright knot of hair slipped from beneath her veil and fell in a soft mass across his face. "Goodness!" she apologized, "I hope my hairpins haven't put out your eyes."

She straightened herself, confused and smiling, and twisted her hair into place, while the salle infirmière took the lieutenant's wrist in a firm grasp.

With her pencil suspended above the even red pulse line of the chart, the salle infirmière turned, amazed.

"What on earth has happened to your pulse this afternoon?" she asked. The even red line had leaped suddenly upward.

The salle infirmière was elderly and had projecting teeth. Not for her would any pulse-beat change.

The nurse took up her basket.

"I'm on my way to commit treason," she announced. "The Constitution of the United States says treason is 'giving aid and comfort to the enemy.' I'm about to carry some grapes to your wretched Boche."

"He goes badly, the Boche," remarked the major's voice behind her.

The surgeon passed and sat down beside his brother's bed.

"I haven't much time to look after him," the nurse excused herself.

"It isn't your fault, mademoiselle. He is in an advanced stage of tuberculosis."

The nurse disappeared.

"I'm going to move you to the officers' ward this afternoon," said the surgeon, and laid his hand affectionately on his brother's arm.

The lieutenant was silent for a long time. Then he asked the question that wounded men long and fear to utter.

"My leg?"

"You'll walk," said the surgeon. "You'll limp, of course."

The younger brother sighed with relief. The surgeon's eye fell upon the chart.

"The infirmière must be crazy," he cried with energy. "What does that pulse mean?"

"It means that when I get out of this I am going to ask your nurse to marry me," said the lieutenant.

"Who? The fish with the teeth?" demanded the major.

"Good God, no!" denied the lieutenant.

The officer was not the only man whose thoughts turned to love. All those young soldiers made it their anxious preoccupation, their chief cause of cafard.

"I'm done for, mademoiselle; it's all over for me," a gloomy youth confided to his nurse, as his comrades had already so often done.

"Don't be absurd," said the nurse severely, with eyes that were not severe. "The trouble with you is you're too vain. You can't bear to think of limping a little. A man looks all the better for it these days."

Gravely, intensely interested, the neighboring patients bent to listen.

"That sounds very well, mademoiselle, but the major is going to amputate my

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foot. No woman will want to marry me, with one leg."

"Lots of women will be delighted to marry you," maintained the nurse.

A neighbor intervened.

"Ah, mademoiselle, when my cousin lost his arm his fiancée threw him over."

"Well, probably he wasn't so attractive as you," the nurse consoled them. "But, anyway, he was lucky to lose that kind of a fiancée."

It was the usual French winter, so much colder than they are accustomed to. The cold was penetrating and increased daily.

The barracks, built low on that swampy ground, had a grave-like chill. There were no stoves. The patients' hands turned blue. The floors, scrubbed in the early morning, never dried.

It was then the nurse began to occupy herself with the long-promised blankets that were not to slip. When she fitted the first one around the appareil of a broken leg and tied it in place, the blessé was enthusiastic.

"Ah, that prevents the currents of air," he assured her complacently.

These men who had spent four years in muddy ditches feared and detested a draft beyond all things.

With pride she displayed her invention to her colleagues, but nobody was impressed. On the contrary, each one suggested some other arrangement which would certainly be superior. The nurse was discouraged and made no more.

The Boche grew worse rapidly. The flesh shrank from his lean, Prussian head. The muscles of his cheeks tightened in a perpetual rictus. He was like a grinning skeleton.

Filled with unwilling pity, the nurse redoubled her care. But his sinister disease had almost run its course.

On those wet floors, in that damp air, she spent her time in an endless contest with pneumonia. Stretcher-bearers, carrying a man to his dressing, never dreamed of putting a blanket under him. They set their helpless burdens down in drafty passages.

Then she had hours of administering warm infusions, of painting with iodine, of applying ventouses and hot-water bottles, of disinfecting throats and nasal passages; employing all her humble munitions against the enemy.

The major met her one day on her way to the guard-room. She was hurrying from the pharmacy with an oxygen balloon, and as she hurried she coughed.

The major stopped short, wheeled about.

"Mademoiselle," he arrested her, "what is that cough?"

"I don't know," she answered breathlessly. "It isn't anything. I've caught cold on the damp floors, perhaps. If we could only have a stove, Monsieur le Major! My blessés are quite frozen."

"Never mind your blessés," said the major. "Go over to your barrack. I am coming over in ten minutes to auscult your lungs."

One does not defy one's major.

"Nonsense!" declared the nurse vehemently after he had passed. But she delivered the oxygen balloon to the gasping Boche, and ran home to her barrack.

It was not a comfortable barrack. In fact, it was even more casually built than the wards.

Air came through the plank walls everywhere, as well as through the window with its muslin panes. Every morning there were snails on the moist boards of the floor, through whose cracks you could easily empty your rubber tub if you liked.

This, indeed, was most convenient; for the kitten, which roamed freely under the sheets that served for partitions, was always sociably trying to get into the tub with you, and upsetting it.

In her chilly quarters the nurse sat down on her camp-stool and waited for the major.

"To-morrow you go to the radio," the surgeon informed her.

There was a wrinkle of annoyance between his eyes. Majors do not like steady nurses to go bad on their hands. Anything that upsets routine is horrid to them. But even at that he did seem unusually concerned.

Next day she passed through the radio. There the major found his auscultation confirmed. And the nurse, extended on the table in the dark cubby-hole, heard the voluble young assistant outside say to the radio chief, "I give her six months."

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"Be quiet," said the chief sharply. But he did not deny the prognosis.

Now it had become an affair for the médecin chef.

"Three months' rest in the south. Then I will arrange to have you affected to a hospital down there for the spring months. But no work until you are well." With impersonal kindliness the médecin chef decided her fate and dropped the incident from his mind.

The major could not dispose of it so readily. He carried the news to his wounded brother, who turned pale, but said nothing.

"She doubtless got it from that sacré Boche," declared the major. "It's very unfortunate, because, of course, no one in his senses marries a tuberculous person," he ended uneasily.

"My dear brother," retorted the lieutenant, "they say in the trenches that a man never really gets back his senses after a head wound. It always leaves him a little queer."

At that the major swore and the lieutenant laughed, but he was not amused.

The day was nearly over. The temperatures had been taken. The blessés, shining clean to the last finger-nail, lay in their orderly beds, rows of smiling boys, each with a fractured leg swinging high in an apparatus, or with a heavy plaster cast around a broken arm or hip-joint.

A convalescent was playing the phonograph to this delighted audience.

The major entered with a train of visiting surgeons. He moved from bed to bed, explaining.

"Fracture, with great loss of substance; six centimetres of bone. Impossible for nature to repair all that. I made a bone graft. He will walk again, with a special boot."

His eye fell on the nurse's fracture blanket, rested there dully a moment, then brightened.

"But there is nothing stupid about that blanket!" he exclaimed. "That is intelligent. Who did it?"

"I," said the nurse.

He waved his hand triumphantly to his suite. "It has been objected to my apparatus that the patient could not be kept warm. Look at that! The least I could do for you, mademoiselle, would be to have you decorated," he complimented her. "Supply all the beds with them."

He passed out.

The nurse, soothed by even this late recognition, but somewhat daunted by his last order, ran to get her sewing kit. Where did he suppose she could have blankets made?

Still, a nurse must find a way for everything. She set a little stool for herself between two empty beds, spread a blanket on one of the beds, and began to cut and stitch in the gathering twilight.

The phonograph burst into the Vendéenne; the wounded men broke into song with it.

"Monsieur d'Charette a dit: . . ."

Socialists and Republicans as they were, the reckless deviltry of the long-dead Royalist chief pleased their fancy.

" . . . Le canon
Fait mieux danser que le son du violon,"

their gay voices rang.

The door opened, and the lieutenant limped into the ward.

He was dressed in dark-gray American pajamas, much too large for him; and thin, paper-soled hospital slippers, much too small. His black hair was brushed violently back above his virile and charming face. He sat down on one of the empty beds.

"You never make me visits any more, mademoiselle," he reproached her.

"No," she admitted placidly. "I don't like the officers' ward. You are all spoiled, anyway. When I have a little time I spend it on the poilus, poor souls. They don't expect anything, and they don't get much."

"Ah, yes, we are spoiled," agreed the lieutenant.

He extended a foot, and gazed with absorbed attention at his sock, which completely lacked a heel, and at the paper slipper, much too small.

"It's your own fault," said the unsympathetic nurse. "You could get others. Your brother. . . ."

"One doesn't care to dress differently from the rest," he suggested.

"But they can't," she pursued inflexibly. "And there are no slippers large enough for anybody. Some contractor

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has foisted unsalable stock on the government. As for the socks, they don't mend anything here at the front. I try to keep my blessés in repair myself."

"You are very devoted," said the officer.

"I adore them," answered the nurse simply.

The boy at the phonograph slid in a fresh record. Mignon's song floated down the darkening salle.

"Connais-tu le pays où fleurit l'oranger?"

Sudden tears overflowed the nurse's eyes and fell on her shining needle. They might well have passed unseen in the twilight, but the officer was observant.

"What is wrong, mademoiselle?" he asked.

The nurse rubbed her eyes unhygienically with the back of her hard little hand.

"It's just that I'm ordered south," she explained. "That tune reminded me. And I can't bear to leave my ward; with poor Pierre dying, shot through the spinal cord. . . . Nobody will be nice to him, because he is peevish and paralyzed, and, of course, that makes endless work. . . . And Henri, that had bacillus perfringens in his amputated foot. . . . We've just pulled him through. I'm so afraid no one will look after his extra food. He needs to be remounted with eggs and chocolate every morning and afternoon. . . ."

The lieutenant disregarded the needs of Henri and Pierre.

"You are going south?" he interrupted.

"I have to," she said resentfully. "The médecin chef has ordered me off."

"Ah, que ne puissé-je te suivre
Vers ce pays lointain . . . !"

sang the phonograph to the enchanted blessés.

The lieutenant leaned toward her and repeated it under his breath:

"'Ah, que ne puis-je te suivre. . . .' I will follow you some day, mademoiselle."

She cast a curious, detached glance at him.

"For the present, I am chained here," said the lieutenant. "May I follow you when I can?"

The nurse would not look at him again. She stitched furiously, though it was certain she could not see the stitches.

"Everything always comes just too late," she remarked. "I was so proud of my blankets, but nobody noticed them until I had lost interest. Everything is like that."

The phonograph ceased. The wistful, mutilated audience was silent, each one considering in secret his frustrated longings.

"I am a cripple, it is true," admitted the lieutenant, "useless in the army. I shall be sent to some bureau in the rear where it will not matter. But perhaps it disgusts you."

"Oh, me," exclaimed the nurse. "I no longer exist! It's because of my lungs they're sending me south." She caught up the blanket and the little red sewing kit. "Do you suppose I'd marry anybody, when I shall probably be dead in six months?" she demanded fiercely.

She ran to press the electric button. The ward was filled with light.

And the silent blessés, seeing her move, resumed their mild, confiding petitions.

"Mademoiselle, you won't forget to swab out my eye-socket again?" "Mademoiselle, you know the major said—a humid pansement on my elbow this evening." "Mademoiselle, look. Their dressing has slipped. You can see the wound. If you have time, will you do it over? Your dressings never slip."

With her pocket full of bandages, with her little nickel box of sterile compresses, with alcohol, ether, iodine, she fell to work.

She was sucked far down into a smothering sea. A strong hand pulled her to the surface. The hand relaxed, she sank again, suffocating. There were days of that dismal recurrence before she recognized the heavenly aid of the oxygen balloons she had so often carried to the Boche.

A nursing sister slipped the little tube of striped Venetian glass between her lips.

"This is ridiculous," said the patient petulantly. "What ails me?"

"Pneumonia," answered the nun.

Through the window one saw palm-trees, and hydravions sailing high above a blue sea. Inside was the shabby board-

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ing-house room of the midi, not too clean. The nurse lay still, contemplating.

Why had she so long denied herself every luxury? What was the use of self-sacrifice, anyway? An immense avidity for pleasure filled her.

"I simply can't seem to resign myself to a military funeral, and a médaille des épidémies to console my family," she announced to her astonished colleague. "As soon as I can move I'm going to a decent hotel and unpack my nicest things, and buy new ones. I'm not going to economize another bit for anybody, wounded or not. I won't think about them and their old war any more."

It was pleasant in the hotel garden, under the huge trees, among the ravishing flowers.

"Don't mention tuberculosis," the nun had warned her. "The hotels won't take you in. If you look ill, it's the pneumonia. Forget the other."

So it was pneumonia.

Wrapped in furs, she reclined on a chaise longue all day, and watched the hydravions flirting with the water, dipping and circling. Every day one or more fell. Then the waiting motor-boat rushed to the rescue. Sometimes the hydravion rose again. Sometimes the motor-boat towed it ashore, and new victims were carried to the aviators' hospital or to the soldiers' cemetery.

And the months passed.

"Nobody thinks anything of a rotten lung," said the newcomer comfortably, as she sank into the next green wicker garden-chair.

Her voluminous blue cloak billowed over the nurse's knitted sweater gown. The blue veil softened the ugliness of a homely face.

The nurse put up her hand to her correctly undulated coiffure. Was it as becoming, she wondered, as her white veils with the embroidered cross, and was the white, knitted gown as pleasing as the pointed cotton aprons that had cost four francs apiece, and that her blessés always begged her to wear on inspection days?

"My gracious, child," expostulated the stranger, "nobody's sound. Every worker you meet has weak lungs or gastritis or varicose veins or valvular leakage or something. I expect to nurse many a wounded man back to health before cirrhosis of the liver puts me out of business, which it will do ultimately. Aren't you really well enough to work yet?"

"I don't think so," said the nurse inertly. "Why haven't I seen you before? Do you stay here?"

"Rather not," said the stranger. "I was slowly starving to death in my boarding-house, so I came in here for a square meal. It's criminal extravagance." She surveyed the broad tip of her cheap cotton shoe. "We women volunteers are strange fools," she reflected. "We come over to France in droves to work like slaves, and pay all our own expenses, and are thankful for the chance. Catch men being so impractical. Even the poor devils of soldiers get their keep and five cents a day. But at least the French will let us work for them.

"I offered my services to the Americans this winter. Thought I ought to do something for my own. They thanked me, and refused. Said they might later be able to find a place for some volunteers as auxiliaries, and, if one proved skilful, she might even be allowed to help the regular nurse with minor dressings."

She laughed shortly.

"Minor dressings! I took an équipe into the field at the beginning of the war. For weeks I alone looked after ninety badly wounded men. I've had some experience. My ambition is not to help with minor dressings. But the Americans don't want volunteers."

She rose. Her cloak, that bore on the left side the two red bars of a head nurse, fell back, disclosing a croix de guerre. Evidently she had had some experience.

"It's nearly two. I must get back," she said. "I'm glad the waiter put me at your table. Come and see me some day. I work in the Beaulieu Hotel. It's a hospital now for aviators."

"That's where I was to work, when I felt well enough," commented the nurse.

"Anybody's well enough if she chooses," declared the robust stranger. "Don't you want to come along and see your hospital?"

The nurse hesitated.

"Not to-day," she decided, and settled back in her chair.

"It's very fine to look at," said the in-

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firmière major. "Marble halls, and so on. But we've no installation. No rubber cushions, no hot-water bottles, no comforts at all." She sighed. "We haven't so much as one nickel box for sterile compresses in our whole hospital."

"How much would your boxes cost?" asked the nurse.

"About fifty dollars."

"Buy them," said the nurse, "and send the bill to me."

She had meant to go to Monte Carlo for a few days with the money, but once a nurse, always a nurse, and compresses must be sterile.

The major thanked her, and was gone. A band of children rushed past, their shrill cries ringing in a medley of French and English. They disappeared up a steep path between beds of cyclamen and cinerarias.

She looked after them, envious of those unspoiled lungs. She always panted for breath now, when she mounted any of these paths.

"I'll get a stout walking-stick, like all the women," she promised herself.

A tennis-ball flashed from the court and rolled across the lawn. A lithe young girl pursued it, laughing. The nurse recognized her brilliant face. Every morning she changed to another immaculate white dress for her tennis, as did all her young companions.

"Her brother is probably struggling knee-deep in freezing mud somewhere on the front," reflected the nurse, and fell to watching the game.

What inexhaustible vitality these ornamental creatures showed! Their white shoes lifted continually as if they were about to soar.

A soldier came limping down that path from which the agile children had vanished.

Splendid in the black and gold uniform of the aviator, he approached haltingly, and stopped before her, blocking her view of the tennis-players, of the embusqués, idlers of the tailor-made white gowns, the gayly colored jerseys, the furs, the pencilled eyes, the ubiquitous dogs—Pomeranian, Pekingese, Belgian griffon—all the Vanity Fair that flourishes in security behind the bloody trenches and the rough valor of fighting men.

"I have come to ask you again," said the lieutenant.

He sat down beside her, unmasking anew the well-groomed slackers in their white flannels, the gaudy sweaters, the tea-tables flashing with silver, set under orange-trees in fruit.

"It's quite different from the barracks, isn't it?" she remarked. "How hard it was there to get a clean shirt! . . . And do you remember the holes in your socks? I thought you were to go to a bureau at the rear."

"I was proposed for it," he said.

"You're in aviator's uniform."

"I'm learning to fly."

"Why?" she persisted.

He shrugged his shoulders.

"A man can't stay at the rear just now, can he?" he demanded. "It was aviation or that for me. Cripples have no choice. It's one thing I could do. There are plenty of old men to loaf in bureaus."

The nurse was worried.

"But it's the most dangerous of all," she objected.

"War is dangerous," he answered tersely.

"Every day there are accidents out there." She waved her hand to where, beyond the tennis-courts, beyond the orange-trees and the balustrades, beyond the screens of growing bamboo, the sea, profound and sombre, lent dignity to that tawdry garden. "I've heard the mortality is 85 per cent," she said.

He turned to her his virile and charming face, flushed with deep feeling.

"My dear, if you had only six months to live, what could any other mortality matter to me?" he asked.

The nurse's heart gave a sudden start, but she would not show her agitation.

"Three months are gone already," she suggested. "I have only three left, now."

"Lucky if you can count on three months," he answered, changing front. Evidently there was to be no further display of emotion. "Hundreds of thousands of strong men in France can't count on three hours. What's the use of thinking about it? They enjoy the day. If there is no to-morrow, so much the worse. . . . Give me your three months," he ended, with an engaging fall to his voice.

"Oh, I won't," cried the nurse. "In-

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deed I won't. Do you suppose I could ever consent to risk your getting tuberculosis too, and dying a horrible, lingering death."

The lieutenant smiled.

"If one could be sure of living long enough to die of tuberculosis!" he murmured. "And suppose the doctors were wrong? Suppose you had eight months more? Or a year? Or two? Would you marry me then?" he urged with the same humorous smile. She was silent. "Suppose they were wrong altogether? Lots of people get over phthisis. . . . Anyway, I'll come and ask you every time I can get leave. You may change your mind. You look well enough. I never saw you so radiant."

"That!" she disclaimed the compliment. "It's the undulated hair (I never had time to curl my hair at the front) and the Lanvin gown, and the Lewis hat, and the Dorine rouge."

"Ah, well," he said, "you rouge so nicely! Like the lady in the Spanish sonnet. By the way, if you really had phthisis you'd have color enough, wouldn't you?"

"They don't always," replied the nurse, with a faint hope. It was true, people did get over tuberculosis sometimes.

"I shall never object in the least to my wife's rouging," remarked the lieutenant. And after a moment: "Nor to anything else you may care to do."

With what invincible gayety men faced wounds and suffering! "They enjoy the day. If there is no to-morrow, tant pis!"

Full of pleasant confidence, the nurse dressed herself with special care for that to-morrow. He did not come.

She disregarded the doctor's orders to be indoors by half past three, and stayed until the last tennis-player had deserted the court and a chill wind was rustling the palms.

"But, of course," said the nurse to her drooping spirits, "even aviators can't get leave every day."

The next day passed, and the next. The nurse grew as pale as the romantic race of Asra.

On the fourth day some one came up behind her. She turned, flaring red under the Dorine rouge. It was the infirmière major, who held out a note.

"I got the compress boxes, my dear," she said, and sat down in the next chair. It creaked under her solid weight. "That's a note of thanks from the médecin chef. He was delighted."

"Bother the tiresome woman and her eternal hospital!" thought the nurse fretfully, in her disappointment.

The major was gazing at her with kindly eyes.

"It's a pleasure to look at you, my dear," she said, smiling. "I'll bet your blessés adored you."

The gravel crunched. The nurse turned again quickly. It was only a hotel waiter bringing her coffee.

"Won't you have coffee with me?" she asked politely.

"Thank you, no. I must be off. They were operating when I left at noon. That thin china is so nice. They use ironstone ware at our boarding-house. You wouldn't think they could possibly chip it, but they do."

"What a bore!" thought the unregenerate nurse, and began listening without shame to an embusqué flirting with a little Jewess on the left.

"The pilot died last night, as we expected. No chance from the first." The major paused in some tale.

"How sad!" said the nurse perfunctorily, returning from her abstraction.

"The other one will probably live," resumed the major. "At least, a fraction of him. It's a pity that any one so well put together has to be hacked to pieces. And the courage . . . no; you can't call it courage, the smiling effrontery with which he meets torture and mutilation. . . ." She stopped, finding no words to express her approval.

"They say that after the war every man will be allowed four wives," said the Jewess, in a flute-like voice, to her gallant embusqué.

Her hideous little griffon pushed his fashionable face against the nurse's foot, and with lolling tongue begged for a drink of water.

"You have a merciful look," said the little dog dumbly, "and I am a neglected slave."

The nurse stooped. With lazy care she poured water into her saucer. The little dog watched eagerly, lunging toward

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Drawn by George Wright.

Confused and smiling, she twisted her hair into place, while the salle infirmière took the lieutenant's wrist in a firm grasp.—Page 474.

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the shallow dish. The major droned on her hospital tale.

"His radius and ulna—cubitus they call it here—so stupid—broken in a dozen places. When you lift his right hand, his forearm hangs like a loop of rope. Horrible! However, that may mend. But his leg! It had been badly broken last summer up at Saint Quentin. This ended it. Yesterday the doctors hoped to save it, but they couldn't. They were taking it off when I left at noon."

The saucer slipped from the nurse's relaxed fingers, and broke on the gravel. The little dog fled in terror. With strong self-control she refilled the broken saucer, and coaxed back the frightened animal. Now, still stooping, she dared to trust her unsteady voice.

"What is his name?" she asked.

"I can't remember," said the infirmière major.

"Is it—?" the nurse began inaudibly, but she found she could not say his name. And what was the use? She knew well enough who it was. "Wait a minute," she begged, and, rising, went swiftly toward the house.

In the vestibule her indignant lungs altogether failed her. She leaned, suffocating, against the wall. Her waiter passed, going into the garden with a trayful of liqueur glasses. She snatched one and drained it before his astonished face.

She was back with the major in five minutes, carrying a Red Cross bag.

"I'm coming with you," she announced, and slipping her hand through the major's arm dragged her from the garden.

She could not speak during the steep climb to the hospital. But inside the gate she stopped and drew a leather case of papers from her bag.

"Here are my letter of service and my livret militaire." She opened the livret and held it before the major's eyes. "You see, the médecin chef considered me a competent nurse."

"I see," agreed the other.

"I couldn't come to work here," confessed the nurse with anxious honesty, "because they think I have tuberculosis. But I'll be careful to keep away from the other patients. The one they're amputating is my fiancé. He doesn't mind tuberculosis. You'll let me nurse him, won't you?"

Her voice trembled. The major turned on her a regard at once compassionate and perplexed.

"Look here, child," she hesitated, "he's really . . . it's too awful. . . . They simply had to disarticulate the right leg at the hip. You know what that means. He can't wear an artificial leg. He'll go on a crutch his whole life long. Not so bad, perhaps, if they save his right arm. If they can't, he can't use a crutch even. Have you thought of that?"

"If he hadn't any arms or legs at all he could have all of mine," said the defiant nurse.

"Oh, very well! Nurse him, then."

The planton, looking through the window, saw a newcomer lean toward the stalwart major and embrace her vigorously.

What an extraordinary hospital was this! In these spotless marble corridors she recalled long sanded passages that had in turn seemed luxurious after the tents and the miry open-air paths where you left your overshoes in the mud. For the nurse had helped to build her field-hospital and knew it from its rude beginnings.

Here were innumerable servants passing silently in soft slippers. How the orderlies' boots used to thunder at night on the creaking floors!

The nurses she saw now sat peacefully embroidering or playing cards with convalescents, and, in memory, she beheld herself scrubbing iron beds, bathing helpless creatures covered with blood and filth from the trenches, going her midnight rounds in rain over those slippery paths from tent to tent with her lantern, penetrating in search of pillows to the gloomy depths of the great empty Bessomer that held five hundred beds, and coming unterrified there upon strange sleeping soldiers—and she pitied the peaceful nurses at their leisurely tasks.

They passed the open door of a vestiaire. The nurse tore off her hat and coat. Then the major saw that she had already thrown a nurse's blouse and apron over her white tricot gown. From the Red Cross bag she drew a fresh transparent veil and pinned it around her head.

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"I'm ready," she said.

Together they entered a little room. The windows opened upon a view of palm-trees, of mimosas faded from their yellow splendor, of hydravions skimming over a sea striped green and indigo.

But the flowery scents that drifted through those windows could not contend with the dizzying, ether-loaded atmosphere inside. And the smell of the anæsthetic carried her back to the windy, rain-swept barracks in the swamps of the Oise; to the night when she had first seen this indomitable, ruined body, now stretched again unconscious on a narrow bed.

The ether had given his sleeping face a boyish air. For the moment he had respite. But what anguish men had to endure!

The waking words of mangled creatures coming out of anæsthesia rang in her memory.

"Ah, qu'il faut souffrir!" they used to say, in a tone of quiet, amazed despair. "Ah, how one must suffer!"

And then in a few days or weeks they laughed and jested over their cigarettes, the agony forgotten. One must snatch what pleasure one can from life, since it is short.

A French infirmière sat knitting beside the bed. She rose.

"Mademoiselle will take over this case," announced the major with her frank American accent.

Across the wounded man the two nurses measured glances.

"You just stay," advised the major. "I'll take your papers to the gestionnaire myself."

"It's too sweet of you," the nurse thanked her.

"He's waking," whispered the Frenchwoman.

He stirred and looked vaguely round, roused perhaps by the nurse's voice. His miserable eyes, sick with pain, rested on her face. He tried to turn toward her and could not, but his valid hand clasped her arm.

"Don't leave me, mademoiselle," he entreated.

The nurse covered his clinging hand with hers.

"Of course, I won't leave you. I will never leave you," she promised cheerfully, and sat down beside the bed.

OLD LADY

By Samuel McCoy

WHY is life "all right"? Well, take your own case:
You're seventy now and almost through with it:
You've borne eight children, outlived all but two:
Those two are poor and you're still "strong" at your age,
And do the housework: wash, bake, iron clothes
In a hot kitchen when the heat's appalling:
Your husband's dead: your friends don't come to see you:
You sit alone at night to read your Book
And your head nods, you dream of days gone by:
After a while you creak to bed and darkness:—
Is life "worth while"? I, knowing all your story,
Am sure of it, now I have seen your smile.

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THE KINGDOM

BY EDWARD H. SOTHERN

ILLUSTRATIONS BY S. M. PARCELL

"THE poor," said the kind lady, "have little happiness. Their lives are drab and joyless. We who have wealth and the good things of this world should share our fair fortune with them. I will ask my dear friend Marian, who is so devoted in her settlement work, to bring me a small child—some child from those tenement-house districts—and she shall live with us for a month in the country. It would be a good thing, a wise thing, a patriotic thing, for all wealthy people to adopt a little poor child for the summer and to free these sad ones from the influence of their squalid homes. I have been among them with Marian and the reeking air would suffocate one. The noise, the odor, the dirt! It is terrible, terrible!"

"And yet," said a pale young man, who looked as though he had thought quite deeply upon occasions, "and yet it is curious that these squalid children dance so joyously about a hurdy-gurdy, finding in the hideous din the music of the spheres. It is strange that they devour from stained hands with greedy gladness scraps of food which you would hesitate to give your dog. It is hardly to be explained—that intense interest which is excited in the minds of those groups of toil-worn women who watch the passing crowd and the playing progeny and the skirmishing dogs and the fleeting cats. Why do they never weary of these exhibitions which have fed their eyes and their senses ever since they were born? Here is no novelty, no beauty, no change; nothing but what is reminiscent of their daily drudgery, their carking care, their hopelessness, and maybe their despair. Yet they never tire of this pageant, nor cease their contemplation of the sordid scene. I prophesy that your little child will not be happy here. It is the great compensation of fate that we adhere like the limpet to that state of life to which it pleases God to call us, and that we construct our ideals about that spot whereon we dwell. Take us from it and we would crawl home. All of which means that home is where the heart is, that happiness is purely a thing of the imagination, that it is distinctly a matter of association, of habit, not readily transplanted, and that when transplanted it may quickly die. The truth of these opinions is manifest when one considers the utterly unreasonable conclusions of those who fall in love. There are innumerable persons who find a squint adorable, to whom a humpback is no disfigurement, and even a lack of teeth so customary a defect in their immediate environment as to be no impediment whatever to the practice of the gentle art of osculation. To me these specific defects would be forbidding; but, as I say, that is because this particular limpet has by chance been born, or has wandered, into a certain kind of pond. Let us not forget that there was an age when one's grandparents, having become useless even as ornaments, were regarded as most proper material for stew, and that within an easily measurable period we wore large rings in our noses. Custom conquers all. I prophesy the little child will not be content. Your pond is not her pond."

These excellent reflections of the pale young man were no detriment to the kindness of the kind lady, and shortly a wan, solemn, and astonished little child arrived at the charming country house and was informed that a great treat was in store for her. Here, she was told, were the fresh air, milk and eggs and butter, and fruit and vegetables, and many such matters which could not be obtained for love and scarcely for money in the hot and arid city. Here too one would be washed and combed and kept clean, and would play nice games with washed and combed playmates. Here one would observe the birds and the squirrels and could feast one's eyes upon a cow, a pig; learn industry from the ant and consider the

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bee and the hen; and here articles hitherto observed only at rare intervals in shop windows might be seen in daily and hourly use.

"I should think," said a friend of the kind lady, "that the child must feel she is in heaven."

The kind lady's small daughter had very pretty manners and was eager for play. Her toys excited considerable wonder in the eyes of the little creature from the slums, but while nursing an elaborately gowned and fashionably coiffed dolly she would shortly drop it on her lap and her dark eyes would become fixed on some vision far afield. Or the kind lady would be telling her a story when the wan face would lose interest and the wasted baby-body droop. She would cease romping or running quite suddenly and sit her down with a puzzled and wandering look in her eyes, as though she herself were debating why she had lost interest in the game. After a few days the novelty of the flowers, the cow, the pig, the hens had languished; she had evidently already grown weary of these new acquaintances. She maintained before the kind lady a staid demeanor tempered by spasmodic smiling when gazed upon, but the servant maids had come upon her in tears, and now and again her tiny bosom would give forth a mighty sigh.

The young man who had given evidence of occasional thought had observed these symptoms. He had been present when the kind lady's friend had ventured her opinion concerning heaven.

"May I ask," said he, "what your own definition of heavenly bliss would be?"

"Heavenly bliss?" echoed the friend.

"Yes," said the young man. "Looking toward heaven, as we all do, trusting that, in accordance with our teaching, we will at length attain to perpetual bliss, in what do you imagine that condition of bliss will consist? In what mental state will it manifest itself? What physical attribute shall we who reach that sphere retain? What associations do we expect and desire? Wherein will our daily and eternal joy be joy? You expressed the view that this infant must feel that she is in heaven; will you please define exactly what was passing through your mind when you ventured on that opinion?"

"Passing through my mind?" echoed the lady with evident alarm.

"Yes," said the thoughtful youth, "what precise idea of heaven have you in your own consciousness become aware of? For I take it that we who prate of heaven and our hopes thereof have some more or less clear conception of that for which we pray and to which we so wistfully aspire. Of course, our imaginations are limited, our conceptions controlled by the bounds of our human senses. We cannot well call up an image of the inconceivable, but can you not define in some sort the kind and quality of experience which would gratify you in the world to come—the associations which you anticipate, the occupations you imagine would minister to your content?"

"Really," said the lady, "I had not concerned myself greatly to make an inventory of my celestial mansion, but, in a general way, I should expect to be happy."

"Can you formulate no statement of what that happiness would consist? What associations you would require, admitting that your desires were consulted?"

"Associations?" repeated the lady. "Well, of course, I should want to be with my husband and children."

"Precisely!" said the young man.

"And in a general way I think I should hope to retain some recollection of those occasions and those places on the earth wherein I have experienced my dearest joy."

"Quite so," said the young man. "And for occupation?"

"Well, our occupation will scarcely be physical I take it," said the lady. "Our happiness will consist of a state of mind."

"Exactly," said the youth.

"And the mind will naturally occupy itself with—with—well," said the lady, "with remembrances, with the contemplation of those things which we can look back upon with feelings of pleasure and maybe with pride; perhaps, too, we shall find a nobler and higher satisfaction in regret for our past follies

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and in our new wisdom. I imagine the extreme happiness derived from the emotions of charity and pity and love for the unfortunate would be ours."

"You see, then," said the young man, "you perceive in the life to come that your most exquisite joy, the extremest happiness, the most superlative ecstasy you are able to conceive will be those associations and those remembrances which have endeared to you the beings and the experiences of this world."

"It does seem so," said the woman thoughtfully.

"Can you imagine for one moment," said the young man, "a condition of absolute bliss wherein all such memories would be obliterated, where the remembrance of your husband and your children—those friends whom the years of suffering and of gladness had taught you to understand and to love—where all the thousand mental pictures of places and objects associated with moments grave and glad—the day and the spot where you first met your lover, the evening when he first spoke to you of love, the morning when your baby newly born was placed in your arms, the treasured pictures of so many earthly happenings—can you imagine a condition of bliss where all these were wiped out of the brain and where forever and forever, throughout the ages of eternity, to the uttermost boundary and beyond the pale of time, no thought of those we have here loved and suffered with shall more be ours?"

"It would be terrible," said the woman. "It would be as though one were chained to a rock in the middle of the ocean, with nothing always but the noonday and the sea. It would be stagnation, death."

"I think so too," said the youth, "and so thinks this little creature from the slums. If we question her we will find her heaven would be peopled with those she loves, with those she has wept with or has joyed with; with the remembrance of this dance in the hot, stifling alley, or that vigil by the bed of some playmate who has died; with such a day or such a night when, in the reeking city and in the evil-smelling tenement, some celebration, long prepared for, brought in its cheap, tawdry, noisy train a fortification against coming sorrow and a balm for every present grief. Here were shed precious tears of love and here the same eyes had filled with gladness. Tell her that heaven will take from her the memory of her mother's kiss, tell her even that when she passes from this world her rag doll shall be lost to her forever, and do you think she will be comforted? But promise her the company of these for all time and she will start upon her final journey with a smile."

"This would reduce heaven to a mere

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reflection of our earthly life," said the woman. "We would have created our paradise here without being aware of it. Into the tapestry of the life to come we should have woven day by day with our never-resting hands the story of our poor humanity. The warp and woof of our celestial robes will be each pang that has stabbed the heart, each kindly or unkindly act, with some rare spots of color born of well-spent hours and unselfish love. If this be true, our real paradise is here and now; did we but know, we hold it in our hands."

"Would it not be strange if that were true?" said the young man. "Allow me to recite you a sonnet which contains this thought?"

"By all means," said the kind lady's friend.

The young man looked on the ground as though contemplating this terrestrial orb upon which his feet rested.

"'Shall we not weary in the endless days
Hereafter for the murmur of the sea?
The cool salt air across some grassy lea,
Shall we not go bewildered through a maze
Of stately streets with glittering gems ablaze,
Forlorn amid the pearl and ivory,
Straining our eyes beyond the bourne to see
Phantoms from life's perforce relinquished ways?
Give us again the crazy clay-built nest,
Summer and soft, unseasonable Spring,
Our flowers to pluck, our broken songs to sing,
Our fairy gold of evening in the West.
Still to the land we love our longings cling,
The dear vain world of turmoil and unrest.'"

The woman sat very still. For a while neither spoke. Then with a sigh the woman echoed:

"'Forlorn amid the pearl and ivory!'"

and again she said:

"'The dear vain world of turmoil and unrest.'

Do you believe"—and she turned to the young man who still gazed upon the earth—"do you believe that heaven can be situated in Hester Street?"

"I do," said the young man raising his eyes.

"And that this infant has wandered like the Peri and is outside of her particular paradise, straying—

'. . . bewildered through a maze
Of stately streets with glittering gems ablaze.'

Yes, I think so," said the young man. "I have observed that the various costly articles—carpets, silver, volumes, pictures—do not excite her envy, nor her admiration; not even her curiosity until you discuss with her, at her request, what these things have cost; then her attention becomes riveted. But I am convinced she still is not concerned with the beauty or the utility of these articles. The mention of money, however, calls to mind coveted objects of her own—a certain tawdry frock, a doll of low degree and humble antecedents,

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maybe a puppy of doubtful parentage, or articles of food which you and yours would regard with abhorrence. It is doubtless the case that diadems sit heavy on the brows of kings and that Hodge in his furrow finds the ploughshare a hard master——

"'Then happy low! lie down.
Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown!'

"Thus the monarch apostrophizes the clown. Place the clown upon the throne and he will die of ennui. Bind the king to the plough and the burdens of state will appear as thistle-down. The kingdom of God is *within you!* The kingdom of heaven is *at hand!!* Not thither nor yon, but *here* and *now*."

"We have moralized delightfully," said the kind lady's friend. "What now are our conclusions?"

"That the king shall stick to his crown and the shoemaker to his last," said the young man.

"And we think, do we not," said the lady, "that the shoemaker's paradise, did he but know it, is as perfect as the emperor's? Thus is the balance struck between the king and the cobbler—the meek exalted and the mighty cast down. The *last* and the *crown* are equally kingdoms of heaven."

"Quite so," said the thoughtful young man. "It may even be that the *last* shall be *first*."

"That," said the friend of the kind lady, "effectually bars you from peaceful retrospection in the life to come."

"I fear I shall be damned," said the thoughtful young man. "It is an *old* failing."

Here the kind lady approached with the child from the slums.

"I cannot make this dear child out," she declared. "She does not seem to be happy, she does not like to play, and I am afraid she is sickening for some dreadful illness. She is downcast and tearful."

A servant handed the kind lady a letter which, with apologies, she read.

"The child's mother writes that she wishes her to return to the city at once," said the kind lady in dismay.

The child, previously a prey to deepest dejection, clapped her hands and jumped for joy, truly a transformed being.

"Do you *want* to go back to the hot city?" said the kind lady.

"Oh, yes! Please! Please let me go!" cried the child eagerly. "I want to go home! I want to go home!"

The kind lady looked hurt. "Very well," she said. "Go and get your things on and I'll send you up to town. Really," she pouted when the child had danced gleefully into the house, "really, I thought the little creature would have had simply a heavenly time here."

"Heaven is in Hester Street!" said the thoughtful young man.

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SCALING ZION

By Olivia Howard Dunbar
Author of "Educating the Binneys"

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ARTHUR LITLE

IT was a late Saturday afternoon. The thin air held a bitter-sweet, almost astringent quality, together with lavish promises of the still-unfurled spring. As I casually approached the home of the Binneys the lively pounding of a hundred hammers sounded from the vacant lot in the street below, accustomed scene of the entire yearly procession of outdoor festivals, from circuses to "Chautauquas." The tabernacle, I suddenly remembered, was to be finished that night, and the aching, blistered zealots who, strictly without profane aid or counsel, had undertaken to build it in a week must now be triumphantly driving the final nails. By midnight the improvised temple would be complete; the following afternoon would initiate the revival. The occasion seemed propitious for a call upon Leota Binney; and I raised the gate-latch.

The unbroken twin oblongs that comprised the Binney lawn were so generously sprinkled with young children that a stranger to this engaging family might have supposed a party to be in progress; and the wide porch was agreeably garlanded with little climbing figures that, as I came near, silently dropped to the ground, assuming decorous and inexpressive attitudes. The world at large fawned and smirked, as grown-ups blindly will, upon the Binney children, but altogether in vain; there was no ensnaring these politely elusive young creatures. They seemed always on the border of some secret universe of their own into which, at even the most delicate hint of familiarity, they would bafflingly withdraw. It was for this reason that, darlings though they were, I saluted them with reserve.

Before I had time to ring, the door opened and I was face to face with Mrs. Binney, together with a man and woman whom I failed to recognize. In Leota there was visible a peculiar, an unprecedented, ardency. She looked fondly, eagerly, from her departing guests to me. It was obviously her wish to "bring us together."

"Mr. *McNethy*"—she proudly presented a short, stocky, florid man. Then, the second figure being of plainly less importance, she added, with a significant drop in emphasis—"and *Mrs.* McNethy."

Both Mr. and Mrs. McNethy seized and shook my unprepared hand with something more than conventional cordiality. Smarting, I withdrew with what suavity I could muster from their professional grip.

"The advance agent," Leota was explaining when we two were seated in the house a moment later. "For the revival, you know. They've been with us a week."

"That seems hardly fair," I protested, trying vainly, through the broad window by which I sat, to include all the little Binneys within my range of vision. "Couldn't some one with a—with a simpler household than yours have been asked to shelter them?"

"I did dread it, before they came!" she confessed with a sudden wistfulness. "Verna Wyckoff had nervous prostration for two years, she told me, after the last revival. She entertained five or six, and none of them would eat anything but chicken. So she fried it for them all day long until her head began to sizzle inside. . . . You see, I've no one to help me with the cooking just now. And I hated to move so many of the children into the woodshed, especially so early in the year. But the minute the McNethys came, I knew they were—different." Her entranced eyes sought to follow the briskly stepping figures down the street. "*He's* really wonderful."

I made the comment that Mr. McNethy's frankly secular appearance didn't,

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after all, distinguish him; that it merely corresponded with current evangelistic fashions. But Leota wouldn't let this pass.

"Oh, he's not like any of the others," she insisted naïvely. "His views are so—broad. Why, he's been a prospector. And before he got swept into this work he was an automobile agent. He knows how to apply business principles, you see. It's fascinating to hear him talk about it. Even Doctor Pettigrew, of the Board of Missions, who was with us for dinner a day or so ago, was *enormously* impressed with him."

"*Doctor Pettigrew!*" I was by no means ignorant that this name had an indescribable local resonance. "Leota, I hope that doesn't mean you're going back to India." My accidental sharing of their homeward voyage, which had first aroused my interest in the Binneys as a family, had also informed me fully as to Mrs. Binney's own attitude in regard to the "foreign field."

"It's my nightmare, of course!" she declared frankly. "And lately I've been—oh, I can't tell you how tortured with the fear of it! You understand, I know, what I feel, and no one else does understand. Oh, if that abominable India might only be—swallowed up in an earthquake!" A long-subdued passion altered strangely her trivial little voice and lent her childish outburst almost the character of an imprecation. Then she added, more lightly: "But I suppose that would only mean that we should have to pack up and go to Egypt and dispute the pyramids!"

I ventured, as delicately as possible, to inquire the sentiments of the Reverend Wilbur Binney.

"Oh, Wilbur would have gone back to India long ago, ill as he's been," she flung off with bitterness, "if he hadn't fortunately felt a certain obligation toward me and the children not to commit suicide. But now he insists that he's much better—though you can see how frail he is—and that he 'feels the call.' Preachers' wives learn to know what *that* means. And so I—" She paused abruptly.

"What *is* your plan, Leota?"

She hesitated, flushing deeply. "Ask me when the revival is over. I may have something to tell you then. There's nobody else in the world I *would* tell it to."

It was easy to take her at her word. The ingenious and discreet Leota would never defeat her own projects by babbling of them. Having secured her promise, I rose hastily, for we kept early hours in Circleville. "I don't like to let you go," she said, and then acknowledged, half sentimentally: "But I *did* promise to cook beefsteak and onions for Mr. McNethy's supper, and he has to have it promptly at six."

Nobody put it into words—indeed, it may be that nobody really grasped it—but I had seen for myself, on coming back to Circleville after two years in the East, that the fortunes of the Binneys were at an acutely critical stage. I did not know how evangelical authorities might interpret a furlough; but the Reverend Wilbur Binney, missionary to India, had clearly stretched his to unprecedented length. For two years and a half he had been absent from the "foreign field"; and his health now being at least partially restored, I guessed that the jealous eyes of the missionary world were impatiently upon him. It is true that in the interval of his convalescence he had been insinuated, by the always adroit manipulations of his wife, into the faculty of the local theological seminary, whence he himself had earlier issued; and that Leota had looked forward to the substitution, for the present temporary arrangement, of that life tenure of office which her husband's colleagues so safely and smugly enjoyed. But the real menace lay in the fact that these others were no more securely placed than he, should the institution itself collapse. And the first news I had gathered in Circleville was that the shortage of students would probably force the closing of the seminary at the end of the current year. In which cruel event Leota would have no alternative but to assemble her regiment of neat blond children, renounce the abundantly sustaining satisfactions of Circleville, and a second time depart for the detested Punjab.

For in their position, as she had more than once plaintively set forth to me, it wasn't as if they could ever be comfortably overlooked or indeed even for an

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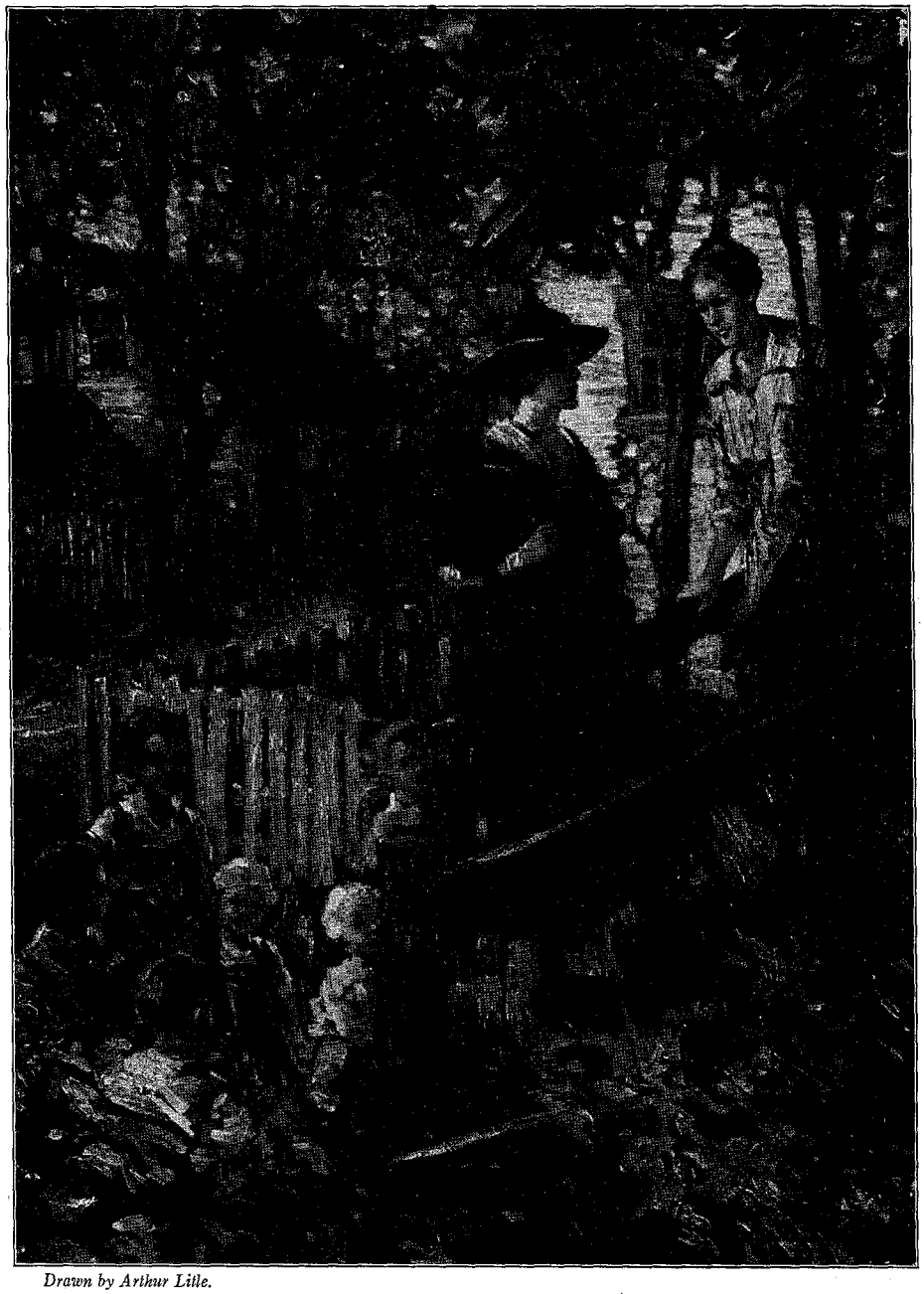

Drawn by Arthur Lille.

Before I had time to ring, the door opened and I was face to face with Mrs. Binney.—Page 489.

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instant relieved from the search-lights either of official or of popular curiosity. There was no hope whatever that the nature of their odious calling might become a little blurred or perhaps even, in the absorbing pressure of more vivid interests, half forgotten. If the Women's Missionary Association wasn't holding a ten days' session in Circleville, with several hundred women to be sheltered and fed, half a dozen in each home, and meetings to be attended at every hour in the day, then one was forced to act as delegate to some temperance convention or Sunday-school conference, or one was being called upon to organize a "welcome week" for the oldest woman missionary, a militant proselyter of ninety, who had wrestled with the native religions of who could say how many tropic peoples. In short, one was always having to declare oneself in one's professional character, and this in the face of domestic and social beguilements that to Leota were the very wine of living. A commonplace creature, perhaps, this missionary's wife; and yet engrossing to me by virtue of her singular relation to the ecclesiasticism that nourished and that menaced her, that she simultaneously cajoled and combated, quite as though it were a brutish tyrant and she its resentful and treacherous slave.

And now we were to have a revival. This couldn't, of course, take place without the missionary question coming to the front; and, as I have pointed out, Leota's peace of mind depended on its not coming to the front. I had supposed, therefore, that she was facing a peculiarly unwelcome situation, and that to her it must be a matter of profound distaste that we had been at great pains to secure the Reverend Royal P. Odum, of Texas, an evangelist of renown, though not, as we carefully distinguished, of notoriety, and that we were preparing, in our practical way, to subject ourselves to his influence.

For with us a revival is never the sensational affair that it can become in worldlier communities. It is an orthodox observance, merely. Indeed, we should scarcely dare, at approximately regular intervals, to omit one, having, as we do, a reputation for conservative piety to sustain. It doesn't even occur to us to rebel at the expenditure—profligate, from our usual standpoint—that these occasions demand. We likewise accept it as a matter of course that the evangelical party shall be distributed among our homes, and that, declining the too constraining position usually occupied by guests, they shall, after the manner of a conquering army, bring their own cooks, who, at the seasons most convenient to their employers, exclusively occupy the kitchens of their hosts, the raw materials being levied from the community at large. Individually we may make a cynical comment or two upon the severe toll suffered by our chicken-yards, our potato-bins, and our jelly-closets; and now and then, prolonged pre-emption, by strangers, of its cooking facilities may unpleasantly affect the nerves of a famished household; but in general we surrender tamely to the invaders.

When, the next afternoon, a very definite curiosity brought me to the doors of the tabernacle, they were already closed. The thin, timid volume of song that leaked through roughly joined boards told me that the campaign against sin had begun. Voices distrustful of themselves and of one another joined uncertainly in a whining, monotonous melody. After a number of repetitions I contrived to distinguish the words.

"I *feel* like going on, brother,
I *feel* like going on.
I'm on my way to Zion and"—[pause]
"I-feel-like-going-on."

The doors swung open wide enough to admit me. The blindingly bright tabernacle was full and the entire audience on its feet. Instantly, from somewhere within the crowded building, a short, heavy figure made a resolute if clumsy leap toward me, seized my hand, and spoke my name. I had some difficulty in recognizing Albert McNethy, the advance agent. But it struck me as evidence of a consummate professional alertness that he apparently had none in recognizing me, though there had been but our single encounter.

"You want to sit near the front," he informed me. "Acoustics are bad and you want to be sure of hearing Mr. Odum. Great talk he's going to give to-night.

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Wake 'em up a little. Just follow me and I'll see that you're seated."

Longingly, but without protest, I looked toward the rear benches. In the jovial McNethy I had perceived a power one did not oppose.

"*I feel like going on, brother,*" the audience of which I had become a part, now wailed with heartier emphasis and at the direction, I now saw, of a tall, smiling young man who stood on the very edge of the platform—undoubtedly Orion Hughes, "the Welsh singer," one of the greatly advertised features of the revival. Gently, laughingly, with caressing voice, outstretched arms, and delicate play of his sensitive, actor's fingers, he manipulated the thousands facing him. He coaxed, teased, admonished. Motioning to silence, he would sing a verse alone with expert emotional effect, then pause and, laughing softly, urge to emulation. It was all tentative and preliminary, like the first day at school.

It was only during the brief periods when we were allowed to occupy our seats that I could observe that at the left of the platform, austerely black-coated, after the manner of the "divines" of earlier generations, were massed the clergy—that is to say, the Protestant clergy—of the town, ostentatiously brothering one another, magnanimously ignoring sectarian distinctions, even welcoming, though with a manifestly forced cordiality, two negro preachers who had hardily claimed their technical right to join the group. Wilbur Binney, lean, grave, almost grotesquely clerical, sat, by virtue of his especial prestige, in the front row. His wife, at-

Meanwhile, McNethy himself was everywhere, displaying a riotous, theatrical activity—forcing the sale of "song sheets."—Page 494.

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tended by a relatively light sprinkling of her flock, I had already discovered in the audience, next mild Mrs. McNethy. For whatever the public occasion in Circleville might be, one's eye always did light first, not, indeed, on colorless Leota, but on the long, orderly, ever so gradually diminishing line of little Binneys that belonged to her.

Meanwhile, McNethy himself was everywhere, displaying a riotous, theatrical activity—forcing the sale of "song sheets" a dozen at a time, insisting that timid laggards take seats squarely in front, joking boisterously to right and left of him. They had given him the clown's part to play, and he was playing it with a clown's astuteness. Yet his antics did not prevent the afternoon from being very dull. As in some tedious play, the entrance of the star seemed intolerably delayed. Some of the Circleville preachers droned wordy prayers, others read unrestrainedly from the Bible, there was an endless whining of hymns before, at last, Royal P. Odum, of Texas, rose in leisurely fashion from his comfortable chair. Sleek, smooth-faced, thin-lipped, he had the look of an old-fashioned tragedian. He made a long, calculated pause.

"My friends," he then drawled, "in a distant Western city I once talked with an atheist."

The sensation that he awaited did ripple gently, but very gently, over his audience. He concluded his anecdote and began again. But his talk was so innocent of rhetorical design that I assumed it to be scarcely more than a rearrangement of his stock vocabulary, in which the words sin, hell, infidel, devil, rum were inordinately stressed. My bored glance strayed to the Binneys, who, as usual, had an air of merely polite interest. Whatever Leota's secret might be, she was for the present simply biding her time. And at the end she assembled her youngsters and vanished promptly.

But two days later I perceived that something was afoot.

By this time the revivalists were well warmed up to the violent labor of soul-saving. Royal P. Odum's snarling utterances had become informed by a vindictive energy. "For every vacant seat in this tabernacle," he shouted nasally, "there is a hypocrite in Circleville to-night!" In the intervals of his denunciation his more accomplished colleague, Orion Hughes, showed that he had artfully wooed his chorus, if not to melody, at least to fervor and complete self-confidence.

"When the battle's over I shall wear a crown,"

they were vociferating—

"To the new Jerusalem."

In Circleville, once a revival is under way, deputies are set at work all over the tabernacle. Local ministers, elders, Sunday-school teachers begin unobtrusively to circulate among the audiences, to accelerate the machinery of salvation, to guide stumbling or reluctant feet upon the sawdust trail. And in this undertaking the Circleville clergy have always worked side by side in purely disinterested zeal. By explicit prearrangement, indeed by inviolate tradition, they are all, so to speak, on their honor. They may not use this opportunity for sectarian ends. The Baptist preacher knows that he may not make a specifically Baptist convert nor the Methodist hint of Methodism. The saved soul must indicate, uninfluenced, the temple of his choice.

So to-night, throughout the noisy progress of the meeting, stealthy-footed figures were everywhere approaching the manifestly irresolute from the rear, tapping them upon the sleeve, and then propounding some obviously disconcerting query. Among the group thus occupied, it was with profound amazement that I noted, not Wilbur Binney, the zealot, but his secularly minded wife. That Leota Binney, whose genuine interests were so few and so quaintly of the sort once known as "feminine," should, of her own initiative, concern herself, and publicly, with other people's souls, was discordantly out of key. The thing piqued me. I determined to continue my visits to the tabernacle.

By the next evening it was apparent that the versatile McNethy was director of the band of deputy soul-savers. Leota had therefore assumed her unnatural rôle at his instigation, though his reason for pressing her into this particular service was certainly obscure. I watched them

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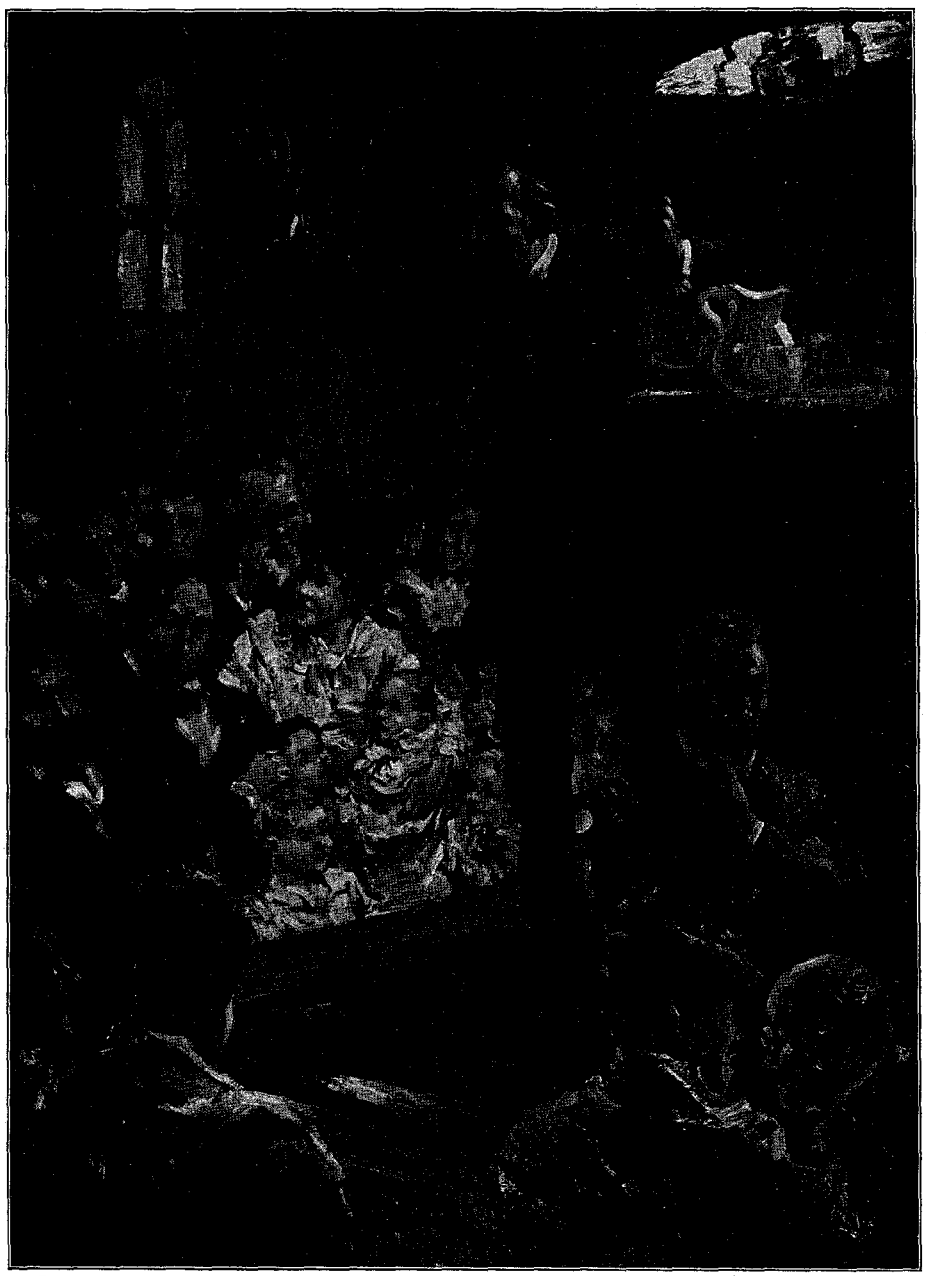

Drawn by Arthur Lille.

"For every vacant seat in this tabernacle," he shouted nasally, "there is a hypocrite in Circleville to-night!"—Page 494.

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both after this with what I must confess was the sheerest curiosity; and I caught continual evidence of a curious complicity between them that I somehow knew had cause for existence other than the mere business of the revival. Delicate, unvoiced communications were always being exchanged, even while they were ostensibly engaged in wrestling with the unconverted. It would have been impossible dox among us; in conversation with strangers it had been our readiest allusion. But now, pitifully reduced as it was to seven students—though with a parasitical and seemingly ineradicable faculty of eight—we admitted that the feeble ancient thing must accept the fact of its own senility; that in such anæmic plight it couldn't reasonably ask a further grant of life. And a month later the final doom

He had, indeed, no choice but to be conquered and convinced.—Page 498.

to put a vulgar construction upon what I saw. That is to say, I didn't for a moment suspect the excellent McNethy of making love to Leota. But it did occur to me that the object of their continual secret conferences might be, from other points of view than their own, perhaps a little short of legitimate. I had known Leota when seriously in earnest to suspend a scruple or two; and she had, of course, boasted to me that McNethy was a liberated spirit.

Meanwhile, everywhere outside the tabernacle my ears were assailed by grim prophecies of the early death of the seminary. We had always taken this institution very seriously, even the least ortho- was to be pronounced. In imagination I already saw the Binneys drearily, multitudinously, embarked upon their second, perhaps their permanent, exile.

When it fell out one night that Leota and I left the tabernacle together, Wilbur Binney being detained by his fellow clerics, I seized the opportunity of walking with her to her gate. It was a matter of course that we should talk of the revival, so long as the revival was in progress, and I led her promptly and designedly to speak of McNethy's part in it.

"Mr. McNethy?" The moment's hesitation merely indicated her deliberate and absolute surrender to this vast theme.

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"Why, can't you see that he *is* the revival? That is, it's utterly his own creation. What can those others do beyond what he tells them? They're puppets, all of them, and pretty poor ones, even Mr. Odum, though it's he who's given credit for everything. *Mr. Odum!*" she repeated with intense scorn. "*Mr. Odum!*

"And yet all that you see going on here is really past history to Mr. McNethy now. His mind is five or six months ahead, planning the next campaigns, wherever they're to be. Why, if you can believe it, he's really *forgotten this one!* . . . Oh, of course," she parroted, "it's only a matter of efficiency. Evangelism is learning how to use business methods. That's what you can't help admiring about Mr. McNethy, his enormous practicality."

Not wholly bored, I walked silently on while Leota continued to twine veils of glamour about the squat, common, boisterous little man. But the objects of her passionate idealization had always, I remembered, been inexplicably chosen. Hadn't she for years clung to the bleak, petty standards of her provincial Middle Western birthplace, utterly untouched by the magic of India? For her the East had never been a land of splendor and mystery; it had merely been the lamentable antithesis of Circleville.

"And then he's so human, so unselfish," the chant went on. "If you could know what he is doing for me at this moment, what he is saving us from! Why, it sounded as impossible as the things they used to undertake in fairy-tales. And yet it's done, or it's going to be. No, I can't tell you yet; I mustn't."

"Of course he is grateful for all that you do for *him*," I suggested.

"He *is* good enough to say that it's a help to him to be with us. And I do what I can. A week ago I turned the children out of still another room and gave it to him to rest in, and I always see that he has his sausages and buckwheat cakes in the morning. Wilbur never eats anything but oatmeal and prunes, but I'm really glad to take the extra trouble. I don't think Wilbur really understands Mr. McNethy. Wilbur, you know, isn't —practical. He never was."

I murmured vague assents. What was I to conclude, after all, from this confidence, unless that the advance agent, by way of obliging his hostess, was undermining, in his "efficient" way, the entire missionary structure—destroying the indispensable agencies of Wilbur Binney's pious toil? . . .

Night after night we continued faithfully to attend the revival. Spring had come upon us prematurely and the nights were soft, heavy, faintly starlit. Inside the tabernacle the women solaced themselves with fans and the men mopped their faces. Yet we listened with apparent serenity to the evangelist's ill-tempered censure of our presumptive sins; and we gave our voices unstintedly to the many-times-repeated verses of "Somebody Cares."

The truth was that at this point we were all waiting. We weren't, any of us, without our curiosity as to where the mysterious emotional lightning would strike—which careless, prosaic man or woman of us would next undergo the psychological experience that would lead, there before us all, to repentance and abasement and strange tears—in short, to public conversion. We didn't, perhaps, acknowledge our leaning toward the spectacular aspect of our spiritual rehabilitation. But we hadn't much drama in Circleville, and we were alive to what there was.

But the particular drama that occupied my own attention, if it was a drama at all, at the same time continued to mystify me completely. Depleted as she must have been by her heavy household burdens, Leota Binney nevertheless appeared to give herself nightly with feverish energy to the work of the revival. I couldn't measure what she accomplished; but I could see that McNethy, working with apparent ease, landed his converts almost with the regularity and precision of a machine. Had he once definitely approached me, with that jaunty, confident air of his, I should doubtless have crumbled into acquiescence at the first word. But, happily, the saving of my soul did not seem to tempt his formidable power, and scores of times he passed me by.

So often, in fact, did he pass me by, and so rapidly did he convey his fleshy

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frame—which always seemed dangerously ill-poised upon his short legs and small feet—from one end of the crowded tabernacle to another, that I at last perceived that the subjects, shall I say, upon whom he operated were chosen by no faculty of his own, but by some agency with whom he was in constant, almost telepathic, communication—indeed, by Leota herself. Their method even rather closely resembled that of the principals in a "mind-reading" entertainment; the dovetailing of their occult functions seemed mysteriously exact.

It was quite unperceived, I know, by other eyes than mine that Mrs. Binney one evening smoothly indicated to her co-operator a shy and solitary youth who chanced to be sitting next me. For years I had known him merely as "Chester," the butcher's boy, a hasty, speechless deliverer of chops and sirloins at the kitchen door, though it is probable that, unknown to me, he possessed a surname. McNethy, after pausing for but the briefest estimate of his victim's powers of resistance, accomplished a swift but heavy progress in his direction. Laying a plump, businesslike hand on the boy's shoulder, he advanced, in crisp, businesslike fashion, the usual formula:

"Are you for Christ, brother?"

The lad hesitated, which was also usual.

McNethy grasped the limp arm and looked squarely into the embarrassed face.

"You-are-but-you're-afraid-to-say-so," he pronounced rapidly. "Now, look here. Sit down. I'll tell you how it is."

Chester had no choice but to listen. He had, indeed, no choice but to be conquered and convinced. Fifteen minutes later, rapt and will-less, he suffered himself to be propelled down the main aisle of the tabernacle and presented for blessing at the hands of Royal P. Odum.

Fascinated, I would watch the operation of this hypnotic method for hours at a time. Subjects presenting far greater difficulties than Chester, temperaments of really manifest obduracy, were handled with a technic in every case triumphant. And one couldn't help noticing that McNethy's professional concern seemed to be very little directed toward women and girls, who would, perhaps, have afforded his easiest and most susceptible material. I shouldn't have supposed it an easy matter to soften the youthful perversity of the rich Fessendens' boy, Dell, whose parents constrained him to sit sleek and compliant in church on Sundays, but whose repeated shattering of automobiles under sensational circumstances had gained him a dark notoriety. But McNethy led Dell Fessenden to the trail as he led many another whom I failed to recognize.

And yet, despite its salience, to my own perception, the conspiracy of Leota and the advance agent was, so far as other onlookers were concerned, but the obscurest detail in the prolonged evangelical pageant. The energetically organized performance was on so large a scale, the noise so loud and various, and the emotional atmosphere so increasingly dense and obscuring, that only a vigilant eye could have followed this one slender sequence of incident; indeed, as the glare and tumult reached their height, it was no longer possible to trace the manœuvres of my two conspirators; they were merged completely in the shrill and radiant confusion.

The revival ultimately waned. And coincidently with its waning the descent of an august, not wholly unfamiliar, presence was perceived by the community. Doctor Pettigrew, of our national "board," director of the lives and fortunes of all our missionaries, revered archpotentate of our obscure denomination, came again to Circleville. The fact that he was the Binneys' guest, and for the second time within so brief a period, was only to be interpreted in one way. We believed that the Binneys were being brought rather sharply into line. Without a question, Circleville prepared itself to dispense with the none too radiant personality of Wilbur Binney and, more reluctantly, with his wife's agreeable little talent for hospitality and gossip. Against the decisions of a Pettigrew there is no overt rebellion.

The moment I learned that the reverend visitor had left town I flew to the Binneys'. Rather disconcertingly, I found the missionary and his wife together; and it seemed to me that the shadow of a late momentous interview

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still lay upon their troubled faces. I couldn't help wondering what Leota, setting out for India, would do with her newly acquired mahogany—or even with the little Binneys themselves. Weren't, in such cases, all but the very littlest children left behind?

With all this in mind, I could not feel that Doctor Pettigrew was a tactful topic. I therefore inquired in regard to Wilbur Binney's health.

"Rather less encouraging, I thank you," he replied in a not quite steady voice. "It is a matter of the keenest regret to Mrs. Binney and myself that on that account alone we are not yet able to go back to the mission field."

"Doctor Pettigrew has been here," interposed Leota in expressionless tones.

"And has made our opportunities in India seem more than ever precious," her husband supplemented. "But in another year I think there can be no further obstacle to our return. And, meanwhile, my course in exegesis at the seminary is—well, not too physically arduous and therefore no impediment to my——"

"But the seminary, Mr. Binney," I interrupted thoughtlessly. "Everybody says that it's to be——"

"Closed. I know. It *was* the disaster that, in our little knowledge, we all feared. But by divine blessing the excellent work is to continue. A goodly regiment of young warriors for the Lord has presented itself. It's quite in the nature of a miracle that they should have appeared at just this time. Most fortifying to faith."

Astounded, I looked at Leota, who colored but said nothing. A few moments later we were alone.

"There are six of them," she then announced baldly. "They've jumped right into the seminary's mouth and it's swallowed them. Six really passable young men—*think* of it! So the seminary can be kept open and we can stay in Circleville, and perhaps, after all, we need never see the Punjab again! You can guess why I didn't dare to speak a word until it was settled."

"But how did you——"

"Mr. McNethy has done it all," proclaimed McNethy's disciple, allowing her inner rapture to betray itself. "The first time I told him about our affairs, and about India, he said there was no other way to straighten them out. As I told you, he looks at every side of a question. So we co-operated a little, he and I, and I told him what boys were—possible, and as soon as they appeared at the meetings he went to work on them.

"Of course I helped all I could. But Wilbur must never know that. In fact, nobody but you must ever know anything of this or even suspect. It's considered such an outrageous thing to influence a convert, as everybody knows. And these *were* influenced—oh, they were *bludgeoned!* Not one of them had the least chance after Mr. McNethy once took hold of him. Why, two of them came from Methodist families. But I haven't asked Mr. McNethy too many questions. I—thought it wiser not to."

"Then I won't ask you any," I suggested.

"Don't," she said. "Because, although everything is settled, I couldn't tell you how it's been done. Mr. McNethy has arranged it all, even to the matter of admission requirements. It's some application of the university-extension principle, I think. Does that sound right? And Mr. McNethy is trying very hard to persuade them to start a correspondence school in connection with the seminary—did I tell you? Preaching taught by mail. It could easily be done, you know. Wilbur thinks it an excellent idea."

"Then you're really rescued from the Punjab," I commented slowly. "And the poor old seminary is reprieved. We can all piously approve that."

"Even Wilbur," agreed Leota with a curious smile.

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THE PLAYWRIGHT AND THE PLAYER

By Brander Matthews

IN one of his essays Robert Louis Stevenson discussed the technic of style, and he felt it necessary to begin by apologizing and by admitting that to the average man there is nothing more disenchanting "than to be shown the springs and mechanism of any art. All our arts and occupations lie wholly on the surface; it is on the surface that we perceive their beauty, fitness, and significance; and to pry below is to be appalled by their emptiness and shocked by the coarseness of the strings and pulleys." He insisted that most of us dislike all explanations of artistic method on the principle laid down in "Hudibras":

> "Still the less they understand
> The more they admire the sleight-of-hand."

No doubt, this is true of the majority, who are delighted by the result of the conjuror's skill and prefer not to have its secret revealed to them. But it is not true of a minority, who are ever eager to discover the devices whereby the marvel has been wrought; and it is this minority who constitute the insiders, so to speak, so far as that art is concerned, the majority being content to be forever outsiders ignorant of the technical difficulties and the technical dangers which the artist has triumphantly overcome. The insider, the expert, the artist himself, the critic of wise penetration, is ever intensely interested in technic—as Stevenson himself testified in another essay: "A technicality is always welcome to the expert, whether in athletics, art, or law; I have heard the best kind of talk on technicalities from such rare and happy persons as both know and love their business."

It is a sign of the constantly increasing interest in the drama that more and more theatre-goers are showing an eager desire to understand the secrets of the two allied arts of the theatre, the art of the playmaker and the art of the player, each dependent upon the other, each incapable of exercise without the aid of the other. The work of the author can be revealed completely only by the work of the actor; and the actor can do nothing unless the author gives him something to do. The dramaturgic art and the histrionic art are interdependent; they are Siamese twins, bound by a tie of flesh and blood. They can quarrel, as perhaps Chang and Eng may have had their fraternal disagreements; but they can separate only under the penalty of a double death. At every hour of their joint existence they have to consider and to serve one another, whatever their jealousies may be.

It is true that there have been periods when acting flourished and the drama languished, as in the midyears of the nineteenth century in Great Britain and the United States. Yet in these decades the performer unprovided with profitable parts by the playwrights of his own time was able to find what he needed in the plays of the past, in which moreover he could experience the keen pleasure of measuring himself with the memory of the foremost performers of the preceding generation. John Philip Kemble cared little for new parts in new plays; and it was said of him that he thought all the good parts had already been written. Edwin Booth was content with the characters that Shakspere had created; and Joseph Jefferson found in one of Sheridan's comedies a character he preferred to any of those in the countless modern plays which aspiring authors were forever pestering him to produce.

It needs to be noted, however, that there is danger to the drama in these periods when the actor is supreme and when he feels at liberty to revise the masterpieces of the past in accord with his own whim and perhaps in compliance with his own self-esteem. Jefferson was both skilful and tactful in his rearrangement of the "Rivals"; he added but little of his own, and what he omitted was

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little loss. None the less was there a certain justice in the jibe of his cousin, William Warren, to the effect that however delightful Jefferson's Bob Acres might be, it left "Sheridan twenty miles away." Far less excusable was Macready's violent condensation of the "Merchant of Venice" into a mere Shylock piece, omitting the final act at Belmont and ending with the trial scene.

It is in these periods of dramatic penury that the actor is able to usurp an undue share of popular attention. In periods of dramatic productivity his importance is less unduly magnified; and even if plays are written specially for him, they are rarely mere vehicles for the display of his histrionic accomplishment; most of them are solidly constructed works of art, in which the character he is to personate is kept in its proper proportion to the others. A playwright willing to manufacture a piece which is only a vehicle for an actor is humbling himself to be the domestic of the practitioner of the sister art. But the dramatist who is not eager to profit by the special gifts of the foremost actors who are his contemporaries and his comrades is simply neglecting his obvious opportunities.

It is a credit and not a discredit to Sophocles and to Shakspere, to Molière and to Racine, to Sheridan and to Augier that they made use of the possibilities they perceived in the performers of their own time. It may be a discredit to Sardou that he wrote a series of effective but false melodramas for Sarah-Bernhardt, not because he composed these plays for her, but because they were unworthy of him. It was not a discredit to Rostand that he put together "Cyrano de Bergerac" and "L'Aiglon" and "Chantecler," one after another, in order that the dominant character in each should be impersonated by the incomparably versatile Coquelin, because in composing them for this comedian the author did not subordinate himself; because he did not sacrifice a play to a part; and because he was not content, as Sardou had been, to make a whole play out of a single part.

To those who had followed the career of this comedian it was obvious that "Cyrano de Bergerac" had been written not only for Coquelin but around him, in order to let him display in one piece as many as possible of the facets of his genius already disclosed in a host of other plays. It was equally evident that "Chantecler," with all its lyric exuberance, was also a play tailor-made for the brilliant comedian with the clarion voice, who could be both vivacious and pathetic. It is even possible that the first suggestion of this barn-yard fantasy may be found in the fact that the comedian was in the habit of signing his notes to his intimates with the single syllable "Coq."

But it is likely to surprise those who remember that the part of the "Eaglet" was written for Sarah-Bernhardt and that Coquelin did not appear in the play when it was originally performed, to learn that none the less was it begun with the sole intention of providing him with a congenial character. Yet such is the case, as Coquelin told me himself.

As he and Rostand were leaving one of the final rehearsals of "Cyrano," the poet said to the player: "This is not going to be the last piece that I shall write for you, of course. Tell me now, what kind of a character do you want?"

And Coquelin answered politely that he would be delighted to produce any piece that Rostand might bring him.

"No, no," returned the author; "that is all very well; but what I'd like to do is to write a play specifically for you, and to please you. Isn't there some character which you have always longed to impersonate and which has never come your way?"

Coquelin thought for a moment, and then he admitted that there was one type which he had not attempted and which he had often wished to act. This was an aging veteran of Napoleon's armies, who had followed the Little Corporal in all his campaigns from Egypt to Russia—the type depicted in Raffet's sketches, the type familiarly known as "the old grumbler of the empire," *le vieux grognard de l'Empire*.

"Excellent!" cried Rostand. "Excellent! I shall set to work on it as soon as we get 'Cyrano' out of the way."

If this was the starting-point of "L'Aiglon," how was it that the play was written for Sarah-Bernhardt and not for Coquelin? And to find the answer to this

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we must go into the workshop of the dramatist. If the old soldier of Napoleon is to be the central figure of the play, then Napoleon himself must not appear in the piece, since the Emperor was a personality so overmastering that he could not be made a subordinate in the story. Therefore the action must take place after Napoleon's exile and death. Yet, after all, the old soldier is devoted to Napoleon, and the memory of his dead leader must be potent in the plot, if possible. And the old soldier, if he is to be interesting on the stage, must be a man of action, strong-willed, resolute, and ingenious; he must be engaged in a plot intimately related to Napoleon. It is well known that after the return of the Bourbons the Bonapartists were speedily disaffected and that there were several intrigues to restore the empire with Napoleon's son as Emperor.

Thus Rostand was led irresistibly to the little King of Rome, an exile in Austria living almost in captivity with his Austrian mother. And then all the possibilities of the pale and pathetic profile of the Eaglet disclosed themselves to Rostand one after another; and from the old soldier planning to put his master's son on his master's throne the poet's interest shifted to the young prince in whom there were resemblances to "Richard II" and to "Hamlet." So the Duke of Reichstadt became the hero of the piece and took the centre of the stage. Yet the old soldier, Flambeau, still bulked so big in Rostand's mind that he was allowed to occupy a wholly disproportionate space in the play. In the plot of "L'Aiglon" as it was finally elaborated, Flambeau ought to have been only one of a host of accessory characters revolving around the feeble and weak-willed prince crushed beneath a responsibility far beyond his capacity.

When Jules Lemaitre, as the critic of the *Dêbats*, was called on to comment upon his own comedy, "L'Age Difficile," he contented himself with telling his readers how he came to write the play and with describing the successive steps of its inception, growth, and composition. The exciting cause was the suggestion that he should prepare a piece for Coquelin. Naturally he was delighted at the possibility of having so accomplished an interpreter for the chief character of the play he might write; and his invention was instantly set in motion. As an actor is likely to be most effective when he is least made up, Lemaitre started with Coquelin as a man of about forty-five or fifty; and this led him to consider the special dangers of that period in a man's life. So it was that he hit upon the theme of his comedy, the "Difficult Age," and this theme he developed so richly that the story seemed to have been devised solely to illustrate the thesis. In fact, if Lemaitre had not frankly confessed that the exciting cause of his comedy was the desire to find a part to fit Coquelin, no spectator of the play would ever have suspected it.

If there had been no Coquelin, there would have been no "Age Difficile" and no "Chantecler," no "Aiglon" and no "Cyrano de Bergerac," just as it is possible that without Mlle. Champmeslé there might have been no "Phèdre" and without Burbage there might have been no "Hamlet," no "Othello," and no "Lear." For the full expansion of the energy of the dramatic poet the stimulus of the actor is as necessary as the response of the audience. In his old age Goethe confided to Eckermann that he had been discouraged as a dramatist by the lack of these two necessities. "If I had produced an effect, and had met with applause, I would have written a round dozen of pieces such as 'Iphigenia' and 'Tasso': there was no deficiency of material. But actors were wanting to represent such pieces with life and spirit; and a public was wanting to hear and receive them with sympathy."

The merely literary critic who judges a drama as if it were a lyric, as if it were simply the expression of the poet's mood at the moment of creation, often fails to understand the play because he has no consciousness of the complexity of the dramatic art, which must needs languish unless there is the hearty co-operation of the three necessary elements—the playwright to compose, the player to impersonate, and the playgoer to respond to the double appeal of player and playwright. If the players were ever to go on strike, the playwright would soon

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starve; and if the playgoers were to abandon their pleasant habit, both players and playwrights would face a dreary prospect of lean years.

The dramatists have always been conscious of the intimacy with which their work is associated with the work of the actors. In the preface to one of his slightest pieces, "L'Amour Médecin," Molière puts his opinion on record: "Everybody knows that comedies are written only to be acted, and I recommend the reading of this play only to those who have eyes to discover while reading all the by-play of the stage." And Mr. Henry Arthur Jones asserts that "actors are on the stage to fill in a hundred supplementary touches to the author's ten; —but this leads to the quaintest results, since the actor has the choice of filling in the wrong hundred in the wrong places. And the public and critics always suppose that he has filled them in rightly. How can they do otherwise? They can judge only by what they see and hear."

Here is what may be called the paradox of dramatic criticism—that on the first night of an unpublished play, the public and the critics have to take the performance as a whole, finding it a task of insuperable delicacy to disentangle the work of the players from the work of the playwright. They can form their opinion of the value of the play itself only from that single performance; and they can form their opinion of the value of the individual actor only from the impression he has made at that performance. Now, it is a matter of common knowledge that sometimes good parts are ill-played and bad parts well-played. But on the first night how are the public and the critics to know in advance which are the good parts and which are the bad parts? There are parts which seem to be showy and effective, and which are not so in reality. In French there is a term for them—"false good parts," *faux bon rôles*. For example, in Sardou's "Patrie," perhaps his finest play, the heroine has to express an incessant series of emotions; she has abundant occasion for powerful acting; and yet half a dozen actresses of authority have been tempted to essay the part without success. The character is high-strung and wilful; but she is not true and sincere; she is artificial and arbitrary; and the audience is dumbly conscious of this trickiness and looks on at her exhibition of histrionics with languid sympathy. It is a false good part.

On the other hand there are parts that "play themselves" and there are pieces that are "actor-proof"—effective even if performed only by an ordinary company without any actors of accredited ability. Hamlet is a part that "plays itself," since the plot of the piece is so moving that it supports the performer of the central figure even if he is not really equal to the character. It was George Henry Lewes, I think, who asserted that no one of the leading English tragedians had ever completely failed as Hamlet, whereas the greatest of them all, David Garrick, had made so complete a fiasco as Othello that he never dared to appear in the piece a second time.

The "Tartuffe" of Molière is an actor-proof play, holding the interest of the audience even when an uninspired company is giving a ragged performance. Almost as actor-proof are "As You Like It" and the "School for Scandal." All three of these comedies reward the most competent and the most careful performance; but they do not demand this. Their appeal is so broad and so certain that they can be carried off by good-will, aided in the case of the two English comedies by high spirits. Then too their reputation is solidly established and widespread; and the spectator comes to them assured that he will have entertainment, predisposed to easy enjoyment. Quite possibly no one of the three comedies was actor-proof at its first performance; and perhaps they might then have been killed by an inadequate interpretation of any one of their more important characters.

Molière was his own stage-manager, and at the first performance of "L'Amour Médecin" he was responsible for "all the by-play of the stage." And when Mr. Henry Arthur Jones produces his own plays he takes care that the actor shall not fill in the wrong hundred supplementary touches. But when the author of the play is dead or unable to be present at the rehearsals, we sometimes see "the quaintest results." There are actors who

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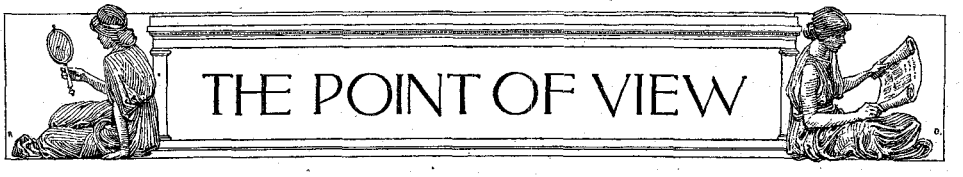
are supersubtle in the supplying of the little touches which the dramatist has left to their discretion and who so embroider the parts they are playing that the main outline is obscured and enfeebled.

At the end of the nineteenth century there was an actor of prominence whose career I had followed with interest for more than a score of years, observing the expansion of his reputation and the deterioration of his art. When I first saw him on the stage he was direct and swift, creating a character in bold outline; and at the end of a quarter of a century he had become painfully over-ingenious in the accumulation of superfluities of detail which masked the main lines of the part. In fact he had begun by acting inside the character and he had ended by acting outside it. The result was quaint enough; but it was also pitiably ineffective; and if the authors of the plays he thus disfigures by the trivialities of his jig-saw fretwork could have beheld his performance, they would have cried out in protest at this betrayal of their purpose.



GROWING up in a family where the unspoken dictum seemed to run, "Be as happy as you can in your own way without bothering anybody," which came to include "Eat your breakfast when and where you please so you leave things tidy and do not disturb other people," I have breakfasted alone many more times than in company. In company of bodily presences, I mean, for the book propped up against the sugar-bowl has roofed thousands of transient personages, some of whom have passed from strangers into acquaintances and from acquaintances into friends, and some, thanks to the little god of laughter, have grown into husbands and wives and children, flesh of my flesh and bone of my bone. The laugh, then, has become the very rib extracted, the rib clothed upon, the rib revitalized, and in this embodiment I would fain introduce it to my friends.

Breakfast Laughter.

There was the winter of my discovery of Hardy. To be sure I had read "Tess" as it came out in the old *Bazar*, or read at it, for it troubled my girlhood and discouraged omniverousness. The trouble lingering on in suggestion kept me unduly long from Hardy's earlier tales. Then, when the fullness of time had come, I ate my breakfast *Under the Greenwood Tree* in company with Silly Leaf:

"'But I can sing my treble!' continued Thomas Leaf, quite delighted at being called a fool in such a friendly way; 'I can sing my treble as well as any maid, or married woman either, and better! And if Jim had lived I should have had a clever brother. To-morrow is poor Jim's birthday. He'd ha' been twenty-six to-morrow if he'd lived till to-morrow.'

"'You always seem very sorry for Jim,' said old William musingly.

"'Ah! I do. Such a stay to mother as he'd always ha' been! She'd never have had to work in her old age if he had continued strong, poor Jim!'

"'What was his age when 'a died?'

"'Four hours and twenty minutes, poor Jim! 'A was born as might be at night; and 'a didn't last as might be till the morning. No, 'a didn't last. Mother called en Jim on the day that would ha' been his christening day if he had lived; and she always is thinking about en. You see he died so very young.'

"'Well, 'twas rather youthful,' said Michael."

I finish the incident in quotation, but with "four hours and twenty minutes" my coffee cup dashed to the floor, laughter having to hold both his sides. For months the memory of that scene was potent to clear my blackest mood, and though I can never again quite recapture the magic of the original reverberation it still haunts

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my consciousness, a tonic for mind and body.

Followed in speedy succession other Hardys, each revealing delectable characters whose rustic ideas are often the truest wisdom. "That's the feeling I've feeled over and over again, but not in such gifted language," I say to myself with Ethelberta; "taste wi' juvenals is quite fancy," I comment, as visiting children surreptitiously eat my tiger-lily bulblets; while the novelist begets in me a faint echo of his own power of visualizing men and women. No experience of my own varied life is more vivid than that scene in the *Return of the Native* where Wildeve and the Reddleman—the latter red as the devil—sat at midnight in the middle of the heath playing for the stolen gold, thirteen glowworms in a circle around the edge of the flat stone lighting the dice in the centre; with the forty or fifty heath ponies gathered inquisitively around. Hardy has but one rival in his humorous country folk and that is George Eliot. Indeed, it was a clap from *Felix Holt* that first started me on my hunt for breakfast hilarity. Felix is not all light and fun, you know; the reader's heart is often wrung; but recall with me Felix's garrulous mother, admiring the statue of Silenus carrying the infant Bacchus, who looked so affectionately at the hairy gentleman whom she took to be one of the Transome family:

"'It's most pretty to see its little limbs, and the gentleman holding it. I should think he was amiable by his looks; but it was odd he should have his likeness took without any clothes. Was he Transome by name?'" Or, in earlier phrase, was he holding "Infant Ignorance on the arm of Fashion," as the witty Lucian neatly disposed of Gallius? A long stride, I admit, from the modern author to the ancient, but Lucian could step in to afternoon tea and instantly catch our note of modernity. Should he bring along Horace, quoting "without love and laughter nothing is pleasant," and Socrates with his jocular fancy and twinkling eye, the very humanities would consort with us. Before none of these guests would I feel as shy as I often do before some stripling of the schools or some impudence of the department store. Lucian confirms the heresy that the wisest is often the wittiest. Knowing, as he did, every word and phrase from Plato, Aristotle, and Demosthenes, he used his mastery of diction for the fun of the ages. My breakfasts with Lucian tête-a-tête were memorable, especially the morning he recounted his extravaganza of the city where were no people, but only lights. When he added simply that "their death was to be quenched," I, by name a child of light subject to such a possibility, was touched to the quick.

Questing for books that should start my day with a cheer, Peacock came as treasure trove. The step from Lucian to Peacock, that "laughing philosopher," is as logical as the one from George Eliot to Hardy. Lucian's Greek masterpiece was doubtless familiar to the brilliant young classical scholar sixteen centuries his junior, who also "threw his characters together pell-mell and let dialogue and incident evolve themselves from the juxtaposition." Both are typical of the spirit of comedy about which Meredith later had his own word to say. Peacock's racy felicities are not easy to transmit by disjointed excerpts. As he makes Quedy say, in *Crochet Castle:* "'No man should ask another why he laughs or at what, seeing that he does not always know, and that if he does he is not a responsible agent. Laughter is an involuntary action of certain muscles developed in the human species by the process of civilization. The savage never laughs.'—'No, sir,' replies the author in the person of his mellow Dr. Folliett, 'No, sir, he has nothing to laugh at. Give him Modern Athens, the "learned friend" and the Steam Intellect Society. They will develop his muscles.'" The cogency of which sent me off, and I seemed to see even Peacock kicking up his heels.

Meredith and "True Comedy."

MEREDITH, who learned a thing or two from his father-in-law, says that the test of true comedy is that it shall awaken thoughtful laughter, and calls attention to Shakespeare's "laugh of heart and mind." Bagehot opines that if we were to save up all the gayety of our whole lives it would come to about the gayety of one speech of Falstaff. I have laughed over Falstaff in many hours and places, but never, I think, at breakfast. Had I only found him unheralded and of myself how he would have figured o' mornings! Even the mournful Dante overscored, unexpectedly enough,

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since, when searching for a mere allusion, I came upon this matter of exact statistics: "Adam lived nine hundred and thirty years on earth, and was then four thousand three hundred and two years in limbo, whence Virgil, at Beatrice's prayer, moved to succor Dante"; and again, when Beatrice stands a little apart smiling indulgently at Dante's thirst to hear the genealogies of the first families of Florence; and his lilting conclusion:

"Therefore one is Solon born;
Another Xerxes; and Melchisedec
A third; and he a fourth whose airy voyage
Cost him his son."

When qualified breakfast books seem scarce I turn confidently to a seedy pair on my shelves, *Don Quixote*, "the wisest and most splendid book in the world," chants one enthusiast, and *Tristram Shandy*. Sterne was "firmly persuaded that every time a man smiles it adds something to this fragment of life." One of the strange delights with which *Tristram* is loaded came as a by-product, the son of a son, and that, so far as I can see, an illegitimate son. Possibly some one can furnish the marriage certificate. Balzac's haunting and terrible allegory, *La Peau de Chagrin*, has for dedication the name and title of M. Savary, followed by a sketch of a snake and a reference to a chapter of *Tristram Shandy*. The indicated chapter, however, contains nothing about a snake. It mentions, rather, a waved line representing the flourish Trim gave with his stick as he and Uncle Toby marched down to call on the Widow Wadman. By it he conjured up the Spirit of Calculation. Now, why, I ask myself and my readers, should Balzac have filched this waved line, put a head on one end and attenuated the other into a tail, and have labelled it as a quotation from *Tristram?* Was he invoking for the proper shrinking of that diabolical skin the Spirit of Calculation? or did he translate a device as we too often mistranslate statements from foreign tongues? Balzac's intellectual culture was doubtless slight. He knew little of history or foreign peoples or philosophy or literature. In any case, his version gives a new point of speculation, and as such I can almost credit the tragic *Peau de Chagrin* as a breakfast laugh-raiser.

Of the labelled humorists I have included only Artemus Ward, whose similes have become part of my all-day speech; and Bangs, whose modern versions of Adam, Eve, and Noah evoke "joyful roars to the benefit of the lungs." When Demosthenes puts a pebble in his mouth in order to enunciate more clearly, and Raleigh maintains that it is better to have had a head and lost it than never to have had a head at all, I masticate my toast with fresh abandon; while Shem's defense of Noah's judgment in not including the Saurian tribe in the ark sent me even this very day into an access of glee:

"'Papa is right about that, Mr. Barnum,' said Shem; 'the whole Saurian tribe was a fearful nuisance. About four hundred years before the flood I had a pet creosaurus that I kept in our barn. He was a cunning little devil—full of tricks and all that; but we never could keep a cow or horse on the place while he was about. They'd mysteriously disappear and we never knew what became of them until one day we surprised Fido in——'

"'Surprised who?' asked Dr. Johnson scornfully.

"'Fido,' replied Shem, 'that was my creosaurus's name.'"

Mark Twain's best things were part of me before I began collecting, breakfastly speaking; beside which he was more irresistible *per se* at any meal than in even his immortal books.

"And we that knew the best
Down wonderful years grew happier yet;
I sang at heart and talked and ate
And lived from laugh to laugh
When you were there and you and you."

Not laughter inspiring but a bit pathetic was my last word from our incomparable humorist. The island wind has blown from the tray the card on which he had for once written his name—"thinking you might like it better," was his gentle comment as he retrieved the strayed autograph.

One of my recreations on wakeful nights is the conceit of moving-pictures, and in the series of "Books I Have Met" it is the laughter-breeders that oftenest loose the chain of circumstance and deliver me over to Morpheus. There my *alter ego*, equipped with a great reading-glass, passes slowly down the *Rue de Comique*. As the flowers spring up from the soil of the past they greet

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her with appropriate pantomime. The Snark gyres and gimbles; Lear's old men and young ladies perform their prestidigitations; the Owl and the Pussy Cat raise the five-pound note as a sail; the old French peasant with the yard of black pudding on her nose wrings her hands; the Brass Bottle is as brazen as of old, Micawber as irresponsible and Pickwick as irresistible, Munchausen and Tartarin as fertile, Mrs. Malaprop and the Vicar of Morwenstow no less unexpected; and Mrs. Lecks and the Virginian fraternize in flannel. My *alter ego* pats their cheeks, "dogs" their ears, thumbs their pages, turns their petal-like leaves, snips off an impudent head—the Queen's, not Alice's—and waters Sentimental Tommy with an ecstatic tear. If, as Steele said, you can judge a person's temper by the passages that throw him into convulsions of laughter, my *alter ego's* judge must be as qualified as Silas Wegg to be miscellaneous.

Ruminating on life's little reactions, I realize that while a subject may inspire a laugh it is certainly a laugh that has inspired this subject. That laughter is laughable only to those who know not laughter; to us others it is a wing of imagination to waft us back to some of the purest joys of the past, and a wing such as Shakespeare and Lincoln lifted to escape the tragedy of the present. For sincere, beneficent laughter one thing is necessary, yes, two: a mirthful nature and the habit of its outward expression, which once acquired become a means of felicitous intercommunication and through the agency of suggestion contagious even to oneself.

I air no theories of laughter—physical tickle or feeling of superiority, lapse from dignity or disappointed expectation; share none of Schopenhauer's doctrine of the incongruous, nor laud laughter in the biblical sense of scorn. Rather, I hold with Darwin that it brightens the eye; with Bergson that it promotes good manners and is an index of our outlook on life; with Rabelais that it is the natural function of men; with Leigh Hunt that laughter enables mirth to breathe freely; with Pater that it is wise to catch at any contribution of life that seems by a lifted horizon to set the spirit for a moment free; with Sully that he who produces a laugh of pure gladness brightens the world for those who hear him; with Harry Lauder, who the very night of his bitterest sorrow murmured to the encoring crowd: "We'll show 'em."

None can foretell the source of titillation in others. The books heretofore mentioned may not be the key to decipher the taste of a single reader; but if the catalogue urges you to retrace the Street of Laughter, with all its closes and by-ways; if it beguiles you from the temptation to look at life pathetically; if it reminds you of humorous friends in your bookcases who may once again bring you the old cheer—illuminating friends whose light be not quenched—then this trifling is its own justification. For we must not succumb to Banville's state of despair: "Now, well-a-day, 'tis over late to laugh." It is overhard, but let us keep expectant hearts. If, as Thoreau says, a man does not keep pace with his companions it is because he hears a different drummer:

In my happy life days without breakfasts as days without books have been negligible. Thousands of both have been mine; but, as I have indicated, here and there a breakfast is rubricated, starred, stands out in shining individuality because some character in some book at that moment provoked the deep laughter that Homer named inextinguishable. Thanks, Silly Leaf, and thanks to you, Mrs. Holt; to you Shandys three, to Noah and other Risibilities I have met.

THAT this has been a time to disembarrass ourselves of superfluities and get down to essentials is so obvious that we don't need to have it pointed out to us, yet there is a good deal of preachment on the subject. It is entertaining to get the different points of view. One woman writer is jubilant over the promise of a new Utopia: a simple world of few or no servants, few clothes (and those made very short in the skirts), moderate food, and modest entertainments; in short, a general reduction of the cares of the body. "Oh, destiny," she cries, "help us to recover our lost democratic simplicity!"

Women and the Simplified Life.

Another, more radical, quotes those who say that we must "dip into the primeval," that all our "miserable little civilization" must go, and we must find ourselves back at the beginning of things, hoping, after

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some eons, to climb up again into—presumably—the perfect civilization. According to this melancholy prophet all that the world has painfully learned through the eons of the past is to go to the scrap-heap; not only the civilization of the body, but the civilization of the soul. I don't believe it! Mortify the flesh as we may and must, our souls and minds are not going to the scrap-heap. When, indeed, has the spirit of mankind ever mounted higher than in the wreck of so much that has been dear? No, we may be obliged, and doubtless to our souls' good, to bake and brew—did I say brew? The expression is archaic and will soon become obsolete in our bone-dry age—to cook, then, to sweep and dust, to wash and iron and sew, but in relearning these household arts we shall also practise the virtues of thrift, of perseverance and energy and self-sacrifice; and the high virtue of patriotism will become more than ever a part of the texture of our souls. Nor shall the civilization of the intellect perish. Only we shall not have time for the unessential or the unworthy.

But this emergency comes home to many women who are no longer able to perform hard manual labor. Servantless, they flock to the hotels, which become veritable "Old Ladies' Homes." Foregathering in these places of refuge, they think sometimes, but less often than one would imagine, of their household treasures—the old mahogany, the china, the pictures, the family clock which has passed the time of day with three or four generations, all now packed away in the storage warehouses.

One hears quaint things in these hotel parlors. The ladies speak sometimes of the burden and expense of those possessions which they can no longer use, and incidentally of other possessions which one doesn't usually talk about. Says one of them:

"There's one thing I wish I could somehow get rid of, and that's burial lots. I've got three of them to take care of and my husband has two, and we have another where we are going to be buried ourselves."

How queer and remote it sounds and how one's mind leaps to those graves in France! We must take care of the graves of our ancestors, but who will take care of the graves of our children?

And then we think of those who are now coming back to us and of what they want. Even we, who have suffered no hardships that are worthy of the name, will always be somewhat occupied with the care of our bodies. Much as we praise simplicity, we shall still like good beds, good food, and clothes that please the eye. And how much more they, who have lived in unimaginable scenes of squalor and horror, now cherish the graces of life! I remember a young man who, after a period of work in the jungle of the Amazon, was writing home about the summer vacation which he was to spend with his family. "I don't want," he wrote, "to go to any summer place where I shall have to lead a primitive life. I want civilization. I want to sit on a piazza and have things brought to me."

They are coming back to us, our men, tired, stripped of illusions, freed from old prejudices, but holding to ideals; and they will presently take into their hands the affairs of the country and manage them, it is to be hoped and expected, more wisely and with a larger view than they have ever been managed before—in spite of the persistence of human nature. And I think that they now more than ever cherish the amenities. There are terrible things that they cannot forget, but the little things—a picture on the wall, a bit of silver on the dinner-table, a rose-bush blossoming in the garden, the touch of fine linen on a bed as their eyes close for the night, and all the dear remembered observances of a well-ordered life, help to set the horrors back to a bearable distance.

And so we must, through all simplifications, hold fast to our niceties.

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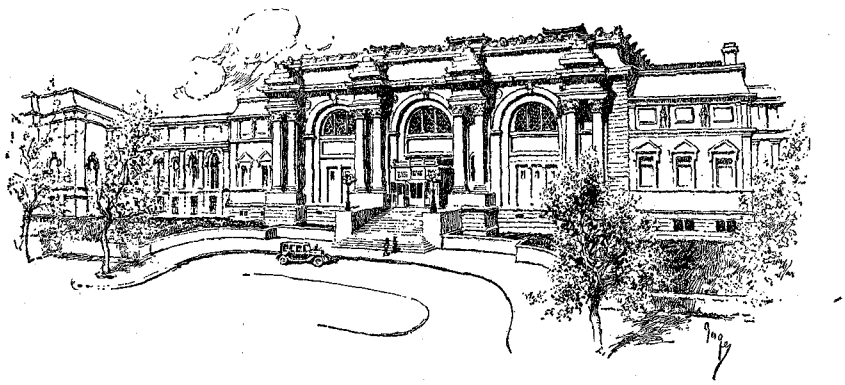
THE FIELD OF ART



NEW YORK AS AN ART CENTRE

FIRST IMPRESSIONS

THE thought of New York is a life-long dream to many art students. Perhaps fortune smiles upon you and the dream comes true. You reach New York at night. Emerging from the Grand Central Station, you are in the heart of the metropolis, and her myriads of lights look like fairy-land.

You may have spent a year or more in an art school in your home-town, and now you want to gain all possible benefits from your visit. Back in the nineteenth century it was necessary to go to Europe if one wanted to see great works of art. Now there are some twenty large art museums in the United States. It is to New York, however, that you must come for the greatest of these, the Metropolitan Museum of Art. In New York there are also wonderful private collections, art dealers whose doors swing open to the public, great buildings, and outdoor sculpture that offer pleasure to all who have eyes to see and minds open for enjoyment. And there are a dozen or more art schools and libraries that tempt the student to linger and drink to the full from this deep stream of beauty.

In the short space of this article it is possible only to hint at the vast wealth of art in New York. By "art" is meant here not only paintings but all that appeals through beauty of line, form, and color. We shall have to be satisfied with a few "pilgrimages" to some of these shrines of beauty.

City Hall Park.

The City Hall, in its park, is the civic centre of the city. This building, erected between 1803 and 1812 (restored 1908–15) from the plans of John McComb, has been called "the most beautiful building in the United States." Its two stories of arched windows and central section with columns and cupola seem to gain strength and stateliness when contrasted with the towering Municipal Building just beyond. Within the City Hall there are many portraits of distinguished citizens by the early American portrait-painters, such as Thomas Sully, S. F. B. Morse (better known as the inventor of the telegraph), John Trumbull, John Vanderlyn, and others.

In the park, near the entrance to the City Hall, stands the bronze statue of Nathan Hale by Frederick MacMonnies. Lorado Taft, in his "History of American Sculpture," has said of this figure: "There are not a few intelligent people who have found in this figure of Nathan Hale a greater satisfaction than in any other portrait-statue in the country. The artist chose the supreme moment of the patriot's life. He has shown him pinioned, with arms close-bound to his sides and ankles fettered, standing proudly but without the defiance with which a lesser hero would have posed before the world and with which a lesser artist would have disfigured his work." MacMonnies has said

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of this statue: "I wanted to make something that would set the bootblacks and little clerks around there thinking—something that would make them want to be somebody and find life worth living."

Just north, in Chambers Street, is the Hall of Records with its roof decorated by a series of statues representing the arts and sciences. Beyond rises the Municipal Building like a giant straddling Chambers Street. The architects were McKim, Mead, and White, while the crowning gilded figure, typifying the spirit of New York, is by A. A. Weinmann. Standing in the portico of the Municipal Building, one can see on the opposite side of City Hall Park the fifty-two storied Woolworth Building, an adaptation to a twentieth-century business building of the Gothic style which originated in the church structures of the twelfth to the fifteenth centuries.

Madison Square.

It is difficult to realize that seventy-five years ago what is now known as Madison Square was a rather unsightly part of the island occupied only by Corporal Thompson's little yellow tavern and an old arsenal which was utilized as a house of refuge. To-day the heart of the city has swept past Madison Square, but it is still a busy centre. At the southern end, where Broadway and Fifth Avenue cross at Twenty-third Street, stands a business building of many stories known the world over as the "Flatiron." On the eastern side of the square is a notable group of buildings, and at the northern end of the park, facing Fifth Avenue near Twenty-fifth Street, is a masterpiece by one of the most famous American sculptors, Augustus Saint-Gaudens.

This statue of Admiral Farragut shows him standing on the deck of his ship, with feet well apart, the left hand raised and holding a spy-glass. The strong, clear-cut features convey the strength of will back of them. The pedestal too is noteworthy. The architectural features of this seat were designed by Stanford White. The low reliefs of waves and mermaids and the inscription form a decorative mass that does not detract but rather enhances the dignity of the figure above.

The same architect and sculptor collaborated in another feature of Madison Square, namely Madison Square Garden. The building occupies an entire block and is of the Spanish-Moorish type; its tower, based upon the Giralda tower, is capped by a gilded "Diana," the work of Augustus Saint-Gaudens.

The Appellate Court House, at the north corner of Twenty-sixth Street, is notable both for its exterior sculptures and its interior mural paintings. The latter include large panels by E. H. Blashfield, H. O. Walker, and Edward Simmons, and smaller ones by Kenyon Cox, H. Siddons Mowbray, Robert Reid, C. Y. Turner, and Willard Metcalf. The architect of the building was James Brown Lord, and the exterior sculpture is by D. C. French, Philip Martiny, J. S. Hartley, Herbert Adams, Charles H. Niehaus, Karl Bitter, T. S. Clarke, M. Schwartzott, and F. W. Ruckstuhl.

The Avenue.

Fifth Avenue from Twenty-third Street to Fifty-ninth Street has long been noted for its throbbing life and the art dealers have clung persistently to this central artery, though the heart of Manhattan Island. The best-known art auction-house in the country is still located on Madison Square, and there, during the season—from January to April—follows a succession of exhibitions and sales that attract collectors and dealers from all parts of the world. This is no exaggeration, for European dealers have been known to cross the ocean merely to be present at one session.

To the student these exhibitions offer endless opportunities for the cultivation of taste. Hundreds of important works of art are shown here that are later absorbed into private collections, and are never again accessible to the public. By attending the auction sales one can have all the thrills of a millionaire without spending a penny.

The same "open-door" policy is followed by all the New York art dealers, not only on the Avenue but in the neighboring side streets, which harbor many interesting nooks. Everywhere the art-lover is made to feel quite as welcome as the buyer. The majority of the dealers have special interests. Should you wish to see paintings by American artists there are a half-dozen firms where you are certain to find new work by living men; some of these firms have work by the ultra-moderns only, others specialize in the landscapes of the end of the last century. In the upper part of the Avenue are found "Primitives" and "Old Masters."

The dealers in antiques, near antiques,

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and copies of antiques are legion. Time was when they considered it necessary to preserve the "dust of ages" in order to attract customers. The dirty old shops that used to line Fourth Avenue from Twenty-third Street to Thirty-third are fast disappearing to make way for tall office-buildings. The same firms have migrated to clean and attractive quarters on Madison Avenue from Forty-second Street to Fifty-ninth. They know that the public has gained in taste and knowledge, and that it is no longer necessary to use dust and dirt as a lure.

The Metropolitan Museum of Art.

It is only possible to hint at the wealth of beauty and the wonder of craftsmanship contained in the vast series of galleries that form the Metropolitan Museum of Art. The Fifth Avenue façade extends from Eightieth Street to Eighty-fourth Street, and back of this are several parallel wings with connecting galleries. Merely to walk through the galleries would take several hours.

Here is the list of collections as published by the museum authorities: The fine arts—painting, sculpture, and architecture—as well as what are usually called decorative or industrial arts. Ancient art includes Egyptian, Babylonian, Assyrian, Phœnician, Cypriote, Etruscan, Greek, and Roman antiquities. In painting, the attempt is made to illustrate the history of the art from the Middle Ages to the present time, with especial attention to the work of the American artists. The decorative arts include woodwork, metal-work, ceramics, and textiles. The collections represent the East and the Near East (China, Japan, Persia, and Asia Minor), Europe, and America.

The largest single object exhibited, and one of the oldest, is the "Tomb of Perneb," the burial-vault of an Egyptian dignitary who lived about 2650 B. C. It originally stood in the cemetery near Memphis and was shipped block by block to New York and re-erected in 1916. Beyond the series of Egyptian rooms, in the north end of the building, are the armor galleries. The mounted knights in full accoutrement form a brilliant array, differing only in degree from the troops who fought so recently in France. Pieces in this collection of armor have, in reality, served as models for certain protective armor designed for the American troops. Careful examination will reveal many exquisite examples of the armorer's art.

The south wing of the main floor of the Museum is devoted to classical antiquities. Here are the original marbles, bronzes, terra-cotta figurines, vases, and glass vessels that graced the homes and public squares of the Greeks and Romans some twenty centuries ago and more. One of the most important pieces is the bronze Etruscan chariot which dates from the sixth century B. C. It was found in 1902 in a tomb near Monteleone in Umbria, Italy.

The Morgan wing with its twenty-five galleries is a veritable treasure-house of the decorative arts. Here are displayed the Gothic and Renaissance sculpture, furniture, woodwork, tapestries, and other objects of these periods, partly given to the Museum by its late president, J. Pierpont Morgan, and additions presented by the son after his father's death.

The paintings are on the upper floor. In the place of honor, at the head of the main staircase, hangs Raphael's "Virgin and Child with Saints." In this Marquand Gallery every picture is a masterpiece. The thrill of seeing the original paintings which have become so familiar through reproductions is repeated many times while wandering through the galleries of the Metropolitan Museum. Here are Van Dyck's "James, Duke of Lennox," Vermeer's "Young Woman with a Water Jug," and many others.

The neighboring galleries contain the Altman collection with its wonderful group of thirteen Rembrandts, three paintings by Hals, and numerous others by the lesser Dutch masters. In the adjoining room there are canvases by Velasquez, Memling, Holbein, Dürer, Botticelli, and others. Besides paintings, the Altman collection includes smaller objects of art that are of great importance, such as the salt-cellar or "coupe" of enamelled gold by Benvenuto Cellini, Chinese porcelains, and Persian rugs.

The series of galleries devoted to paintings, arranged by schools, leads one from the early Italian to those of the Renaissance, then through the Dutch and Flemish schools to the English and French of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, and finally to the work by American artists covering the period from the portrait-painters of Colonial days through the nineteenth century to the men of to-day.

There are hours of enjoyment in the Museum for the art-lover who can browse among the Oriental art or the textiles, the

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musical instruments or the prints. For the student there is the library, collection of photographs, and study-rooms of various departments where every opportunity is offered for copying and taking notes.

The Brooklyn Museum.

Another large museum of art is the Brooklyn Museum, situated on the Eastern Parkway in the Borough of Brooklyn. Here the ground-floor has a fascinating Japanese room, and on the floor above numerous pieces of Chinese cloisonnés are beautifully displayed.

The upper floor is devoted entirely to the art collections. These include paintings by foreign and American artists. One of the chief treasures is a "Madonna Enthroned," by Bernardino Luini. Then there are groups of water-colors by Sargent, Homer, and Tissot and numerous small bronzes by Barye.

Frequent special exhibitions here offer unusual opportunities to become familiar with the work of contemporary foreign and American artists.

Treasures off the Beaten Track.

Other museums of special interest are the Cooper Union Museum of Decorative Arts, at Third Avenue and Eighth Street. Here are textiles, wood-carvings, models of furniture, and well-arranged scrap-books with a wealth of valuable material.

The Hispanic Museum, west of Broadway at One Hundred and Fifty-sixth Street, is filled with the work of Spanish artists. It is a small building with paintings, sculpture, and objects of art displayed in a single hall. Other buildings grouped near by include the Numismatic Society, the Geographic Society, and the Indian Museum.

The New York Historical Society, on Central Park West between Seventy-sixth and Seventy-seventh Streets, has, in addition to numerous portraits of historic interest, a valuable collection of paintings by early Italian artists and an important Egyptian collection. Near by is the American Museum of Natural History, which occupies several blocks. Here the ethnological and other collections are so well arranged that they have become works of art—the bird-habitat groups, the Indians at their daily tasks, the robes worn by the Aztecs—all offer invaluable suggestions to the artist, whether he be a textile designer or a painter of easel pictures.

Mural decorations of note will be found from one end of the city to the other. The "Ascension," by John LaFarge, is in the Church of the Ascension, on Fifth Avenue at Tenth Street, while Edwin H. Blashfield's decoration for the City College auditorium is at Amsterdam Avenue and One Hundred and Thirty-eighth Street.

So, too, the noteworthy buildings are scattered. The great Public Library, designed by Carrère and Hastings, with its long façade, extends from Fortieth to Forty-second Street. Here is a gallery of old-fashioned paintings, and the various special exhibitions of the Print Department are most interesting and instructive. Columbia Library, designed by McKim, Mead, and White, is one of the gems in a great group of buildings on the West Side that centre about One Hundred and Sixteenth Street. The same architects designed the Library and its surrounding Hall of Fame for New York University, still farther up-town.

Of the private collections it is not possible to tell in this short article. The Frick home with its old masters and Chinese porcelains is only one of many notable collections.

This development of public buildings, of outdoor sculpture, and both public and private collections of works of art has progressed very rapidly during the last decade throughout the United States. While New York is particularly rich in art treasures, other cities are rapidly accumulating them. The "American Art Annual" for 1918 lists one hundred and forty art galleries in about one hundred cities. In many of the smaller towns it is the library which serves as the art centre and from it the art gallery often develops.

The majority of the collections consist of paintings, but interest is beginning to be taken in the industrial and decorative arts, and collections of these types are being formed by the larger museums. Not only are the opportunities broadening for the enjoyment of the arts, but, more and more, people are beginning to realize that a mind open to the enjoyment to be derived from art will bring happiness such as cannot be secured in any other way.

FLORENCE N. LEVY.

A calendar of current art exhibitions will be found on page 23.

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NEW MANUFACTURING PROBLEMS—EXPORT BUSINESS

By Edward Ewing Pratt
Vice-President Overseas Products Corporation

WE have had national and even international conferences devoted to the subject of foreign trade, we have dined and lunched with foreign trade; we have been surfeited with orations and declarations concerning foreign trade; we have been inundated with newspaper and magazine articles, pamphlets, brochures, and books, and even series of books devoted to foreign trade. And yet the average manufacturer—not the colossus —but the average man has a comparatively vague idea of the actual method of initiating, developing, and maintaining foreign business.

The manufacturer who desires to thrust himself into foreign trade, or who has an export business thrust upon him, has before him a series of rather complex situations. He has certain decisions to make which are of great importance to the success of the undertaking. But the conditions and the decisions with reference to them are not unlike the conditions and decisions with reference to any other expansion of his business.

The essential fact for every manufacturer to keep in mind is that the same fundamental business principles apply to foreign trade as apply to domestic trade. The business principles which have been worked out in connection with a successful domestic business are more than likely to be successful when applied to the same business in foreign countries.

There are many differences in detail in conducting an export business, but after all the majority of the differences are differences of detail and not of principle.

Most manufacturers begin the study of foreign trade and the problems of exporting their products at the wrong end. They begin with the study of foreign countries, shipping facilities, tariffs of foreign countries, foreign competitors and many other, at the moment, relatively unimportant facts. The real crux of the manufacturer's problems in foreign trade is usually to be found in his own factory, in his existing organization, in his treasury and all too frequently in the manufacturer himself. The manufacturer who begins his excursion in foreign trade with a careful study of his own situation will often save himself much time, worry, and mental perturbation, to say nothing of thousands of dollars.

Let us approach the manufacturer's problems in foreign trade by clearly defining what is meant by exporting, export business, foreign trade, and a host of similar terms. They all simmer down when the ornamentation is removed to the bare fact that we are talking about *selling merchandise* in *foreign countries*, or that the manufacturer is *extending* his *business into new markets*.

The problem of how to go about this extension of business is, therefore, the problem of mapping out a selling campaign to cover the conditions in the new markets. Reduced to the simplest terms and stripped of conventional verbiage, the problem is likely to present a new aspect to the manufacturer. He recognizes clearly that extension of his business involves certain factors, and probably the first that occurs to him is the financial one. Every extension of business means additional manufacturing equipment, additional organization, additional working capital. The manufacturer who plans to conquer foreign markets must consider, therefore, whether or not he has the additional capital to put into the business, and if so, how much, because it may be that he will feel strong enough to develop two or three foreign markets but not the entire world.

Important as the financial aspect of the problem is to the average manufacturer, I have always felt that a more important factor in the situation was the attitude and ability of the man himself; his atti-

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tude toward the whole business and his willingness to put himself as wholly and as closely into this part of his business as into any other part; his ability to direct a world-wide organization which comes back, in fact, to his ability to choose and train subordinate executives. Many men take up exporting as one takes up a fad, giving it desultory attention, pushing it aside when seemingly more important matters interfere and never permitting it to become a real integral part of the business. If that is the spirit of the executive head of the business, for the sake of his own success and the good name of American commerce abroad, let him drop export business and stick to his domestic trade.

The manufacturer must answer for himself the vital question whether he intends to manufacture for export or intends to export what he has manufactured. The difference between these apparently similar questions is the difference between success and failure. Take the example of the maker of ploughs—one such manufacturer once sent a man to Argentina. It was his business to get the facts about conditions there. He actually worked in the fields and found out exactly the kind of a plough that was suitable to that particular trade and to those peculiar soil conditions. He sent a cablegram at the cost of many hundreds of dollars, instructing the manufacturer in detail as to the changes that must be made in order to meet conditions in Argentina, but the superintendent objected. "We cannot make those changes," he told the manufacturer; "it would involve the alteration of our entire manufacturing methods." But the manufacturer knew the man whom he had sent to Argentina, and so he gave orders to the superintendent: "I have confidence in the man I have sent to Argentina, and the ploughs for that market are to be made in the way that he desires. You follow his instructions." The result has been a large and profitable trade built up in Argentina. This incident illustrates how necessary it is for the manufacturer to be sure of himself before embarking on foreign trade.

It is not necessary, however, as many of those who expound the subject of foreign trade to us would have us believe, that we should manufacture always and exactly the kinds of goods that are demanded in foreign countries. The manufacturers of ploughs must manufacture the kind of ploughs that are needed because soil conditions require peculiar kinds of ploughs not only in different parts of the United States but in different countries. There are also important changes in the character of merchandise that are dictated not by physical conditions in various countries, but in many cases by the tastes, practices, or even the whims of our foreign customers. Many of our manufacturers rightly refuse to change their process of manufacturing, and to change their products in accordance with every infinitesimal desire on the part of some small market abroad. It is a fundamental fact in our industrial system that we are able to produce low-priced goods in spite of high labor costs in the United States because we have learned the lesson of standardization and large-scale production. We are able to compete because we produce merchandise not by units or dozens or even hundreds, or by feet or yards, but because we produce merchandise by thousands and tens of thousands and by the mile. It is, therefore, up to the manufacturers to introduce their standardized products or their superior products into foreign markets by the best methods known to American salesmanship.

The manufacturer who has really decided to embark upon a selling campaign in foreign countries and has really made the decision to extend his business into foreign markets has at his disposal two essentially different methods of doing this business abroad.

First, he may do his business direct; that is, he may develop a direct selling campaign in foreign markets through salesmen, exclusive dealers, correspondents, branches, etc.

Second, he may do his business indirectly; that is, through export houses that are established exclusively for the purpose of developing business in foreign markets.

Most manufacturers, without knowing why, are inclined to favor the first of these two methods. They believe that it brings them in more direct contact with their customers and gives them a more permanent, substantial, and profitable business. They are prone, therefore, to believe that the standard of success is

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their ability to handle their business directly in foreign countries, and to eliminate as far as possible the agency of the middleman in export.

The man who expects to do business directly in foreign countries, and has decided to eliminate the export house must clearly recognize certain facts. Such a manufacturer must resolutely put aside the very efficient and expert services that can be rendered him by professional export houses that are already established in the United States and in foreign markets. Such a manufacturer must send out his own salesmen or conduct his business by mail or he must establish his own offices or must give the representation of his business to exclusive dealers who will handle his business and the business of no one else. He must decide where he will establish his branches, where he will send out his salesmen, and where he will establish exclusive representatives. He must find the men who are to act as managers of his branches and he must take the entire responsibility of selecting responsible representatives. He must decide whether he is to hire Americans or whether he is to hire natives of the country. He must also decide in case he is placing exclusive agencies whether or not he will back up the work of his exclusive agencies with a selling force. Then comes the difficult and trying problem of selecting a force of salesmen, and it is no easy matter to select competent salesmen to go into foreign countries. In some markets he will find more or less difficulty in finding salesmen who can speak the language of the country to which they go. There are certain markets in which the manufacturer who desires to export direct must completely revolutionize his sales methods. In China, for example, the manufacturer must consider the installation of the compradore system and must forego almost completely the possibility of getting directly in touch with the Chinese retailer or even the larger native jobber. Also, the man who exports direct has to deal with a multitude of consular regulations of our foreign customers, and if he would make a success of his business, he must make a thorough study of consular regulations. He must make a thorough study of the tariffs of foreign countries. But, perhaps, more important than any of these, he must be able to find a man who is familiar with foreign tariffs and consular regulations, who reads the languages of many countries and who can take the original documents with all their official, complicated and technical terminology and translate them into understandable and usable English. The manufacturer who exports direct must take care of his own forwarding and shipping and must, therefore, be familiar with shipping routes, rates, documents, and even chartering.

The manufacturer of a technical article must be prepared to give a special and peculiar kind of sales service in foreign markets and must in many cases be prepared to give service in addition to making the actual sale and after the goods are on the market. Many manufacturers whose products require service find it necessary to establish service departments in connection with each of their foreign agencies or branches. There is also the difficulty of registering patents in foreign countries and the matter of trademarks which is a pitfall for many exporting manufacturers.

But these are only some, and comparatively few at that, of the problems that face the manufacturer who expects to export direct into foreign markets. These are the problems that the manufacturer who desires to build up his own marketing organization in foreign countries must face and solve.

For the manufacturer who does not desire to export direct and who is willing to use assistance of export houses, there are equally perplexing—perhaps, not so numerous—problems to be met and solved.

The export house is not of a single character or quality. There are export houses and export houses, and the service that they give together with the character of their business varies greatly.

Three types of export houses are to be distinguished:

First.—The Export Commission House;

Second.—The Export Merchant, and,

Third.—The Manufacturer's Export Agent.

It would be difficult to select any one export house in New York that could be considered typical of any one of these three classes. They represent exporting functions rather than particular export houses. It is interesting to distinguish

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between these different functions, however, and to consider which of them meets the needs of the particular manufacturer.

The export commission house or, as it is called in England, the indent house, represents a certain number of foreign clients. The export commission house purchases for these clients in the American market, and for the service performed charges its clientele abroad a commission, usually 2½ per cent to 5 per cent. It receives this commission because it renders a buying service and must, in order to earn its fees honestly, shop around in the market and obtain the best prices on the commodities in question. It is obvious, therefore, that the American manufacturer who operates through the export commission house receives little service and only sporadic orders, and these orders only when he is the low-priced man.

The export merchant is a man who buys on his own account and sells outright in the foreign market. Most of the large firms that operate mainly on this principle have their own branch houses abroad, purchase their merchandise in the American market, take it to their own branches abroad and there sell it for what they can get for it. If the manufacturer can induce one of the stronger of these houses to handle his line exclusively, he is likely to have one of the best outlets that he can possibly obtain. If, however, his goods are not of the kind that can be exclusively handled, he will not find the export merchant much of a help to him in his problems of exporting because the export merchant, like the indent merchant, will shop around for the lowest prices.

The manufacturer's export agent represents a comparatively new development in our export business. The firms operating on this principle accept the exclusive agency for certain American manufacturers and agree to market their goods abroad, for which service the manufacturer pays them a commission or gives them some sort of an inside or special discount. It is not proper for the manufacturer's export agent to accept a commission from the foreign customer. The difficulty in the case of the manufacturer's export agent, however, is that as a whole they are not a particularly stable group, and the business has not become sufficiently well developed to give it the prestige that the older established export houses are likely to have. Nevertheless, this method of doing business represents a real advance in the art of export merchandising.

We have considered a very limited number of the problems that face the manufacturer who is about to embark on the plan of developing larger markets. The practical man who may be reading these lines is probably wondering why I have said nothing about credits. The subject of credits is, perhaps, the marrow of the whole export problem and the question as to whether the manufacturer is prepared to extend credits to reliable customers abroad or whether he must demand cash against shipping documents in the United States may determine to a very considerable extent his whole export policy and will certainly determine whether or not he will become a direct exporter or whether he will do his business through the export houses.

After all, the manufacturer who is not willing to give credit of from thirty to one hundred and twenty days' sight at some foreign port should not, in general, embark upon the policy of developing his export business direct. In the last analysis the export house performs that essential function for the manufacturer. It takes off of his hands in addition certain marketing problems, but the chief thing of which it relieves him is the credit risk.

Finally, let me again urge the essential point in export business, the point that is of essential importance to the manufacturer, and that is that export business is conducted on the same fundamental principles as domestic business; and that while the problems are differently clothed, the conditions vary, and the language is unfamiliar, the essentials of business success are the same. Manufacturers should not fool themselves into believing that it is easier to get business in foreign countries than in the United States. As a matter of fact, export business is one in which our producers meet not only their competitors from the United States, but meet as well on equal terms—and some on unfavorable terms—their competitors from foreign countries. It is a business in which organization, salesmanship, and personnel are the things that count, larger even than in our domestic business.

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THE FINANCIAL SITUATION

POLITICAL AND INDUSTRIAL CHANGES

BY ALEXANDER DANA NOYES

DURING the four months following suspension of hostilities public sentiment, and with it the movement of financial markets which reflect that sentiment, have passed rapidly through four distinct phases. Outburst of jubilation over the ending of the war was naturally the first. It was accompanied, as we know, by an enthusiastic rise of prices on the Stock Exchange. Hesitation, tempered by a strongly hopeful consensus of opinion regarding America's longer economic future, as a result of her powerful international position, followed next. The stock market merely halted while this mood prevailed.

The Four Successive Moods

Public sentiment entered on a third stage, when the first steps in the immediate and inevitable readjustment of industry were being taken. Some of them hurt; all of them opened the way for apprehension; and a long decline on the Stock Exchange ensued. Prices had been reduced in the great commodity markets, yet orders from home consumers responded with disappointing slowness. It began to be asked whether, after all, our producers might not have to submit to a precipitous and disastrous decline.

The prices of outstanding bonds of our government's war loans were falling, yet at least $5,000,000,000 more would have to be placed in April. Discussion thereupon arose as to what would happen if the Treasury should insist on offering, as it did in war-time, bonds bearing interest below the prevailing market rate, and should risk success on another appeal solely to war-time enthusiasm. Labor began to assume a threatening attitude, here and in England; at Manchester and Seattle, it broke away even from the restraints and contracts of its own unions; there was the possibility of a desperate struggle with demands of the Bolshevik sort. Along with this came the question, whether there were not many industrial and transportation enterprises which, confronted with decreased earning in the face of war-time labor costs, would be unable to keep their head above water.

CONSCIOUSNESS of a public disposition toward hasty and impulsive action doubtless emphasized all of these misgivings. The war-time necessity for acting instantaneously, on lines not previously regarded as even conceivable, had stimulated the tendency toward such sudden decisions. This was illustrated in a dozen ways. There was not a public man in the United States whose calculations were not completely upset by the impetuous ratification by the States of the Prohibition amendment. The truth was that governments had been experimenting even in that matter under the influence of war. Beginning with Russia's astonishing "vodka decree" of 1914, most of them had already adopted restrictive measures which could hardly have got a hearing in time of peace.

An Era of Impulsive Action

Woman suffrage slipped into the English constitution almost unnoticed, and the vote of women at last December's English election was taken as a matter of course. In Germany, where, before the war, such action would have seemed more inconceivable than in almost any country of the world, practically the very first move of the Provisional government was to include women in the list of citizens who were to vote on the new constitution. The thing does not even appear to have been a matter of controversial debate.

How far the whole world drifted, after

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July, 1914, from its pre-war attitude on other public questions, might be judged from the prodigious mass of irredeemable paper money afloat in Continental Europe; from the recourse to direct loans, aggregating more than $16,000,000,000, by governments to other governments; from the complete and world-wide acquiescence in the states' arbitrary control of prices, of distribution and of transportation in a dozen great industries; not least, certainly, from the manner in which labor, as an organized class or party, had taken a hand in public policies.

The fourth and most recent phase of the public attitude toward the readjustment period was slower in arriving. It was indicated by a distinct recovery on the Stock Exchange which at first puzzled even Wall Street. Such recoveries, after a season of despondency and declining markets, may come as a result of either of two causes; in this case they were a result of both. The stock market may retrieve its previous losses because the grave apprehensions which the previous decline reflected had failed of fulfilment. It may, on the other hand, advance on the basis of positive good news.

Prophecies Which Were Not Fulfilled

THE gloomier predictions of January were certainly not fulfilled. The downward readjustment of commercial prices proceeded in an orderly way. A plan for the next United States loan, whereby a short term and a higher interest rate might recognize the preferences both of Treasury and subscribing public, was carefully worked out, and accepted by Treasury and Congress. Labor threw down the gauntlet at Seattle, long a hotbed of industrial unrest. It broke its contracts, called for a general strike, and proclaimed the purpose of seizing and conducting industry on its own account. But the result was to evoke from the mayor, himself a Socialist, the counter-threat of armed coercion. Demanding recall of the "sympathetic strike," he warned the insurgent laborers that the whole police and soldiery of the Northwest would be summoned if necessary to "protect life, business and property," that "the anarchists in this community shall not rule its affairs," and that "all persons violating the laws will be dealt with summarily."

With this the labor demonstration ended. In the meantime, there was no fulfilment of the prophecy of a general impairment of credit in the case of the great corporations. Even in January the list of commercial failures in the United States was in number the smallest of any corresponding month on the records of the mercantile agencies, and, in total liabilities involved, the smallest in thirteen years. Here was a significant sidelight, both on the preparation which these business enterprises must have made for the change which they knew was bound to come, and on the sound condition of the banks that were financing their requirements. In the wake of a great financial panic, merchants and manufacturers will be overloaded with huge stocks of unsold merchandise, bought in mistaken expectation of an unabated outside demand, and banks will be refusing accommodation, in order to protect themselves against uneasy depositors. Circumstances exactly the reverse of both these have governed this season's situation.

In a way, these developments were purely negative. On Wall Street, it was commonly remarked in the early weeks of 1919 that no event or announcement, of a character distinctly encouraging to confidence, had appeared. This was not altogether true. During the period which preceded the European war, there were two economic possibilities which were recognized without dispute as holding a place of paramount importance in this country's financial and industrial fortunes. Practically all of the forward movements in that period were traceable in their origin to one or both of two occurrences in our own economic situation —an abundant surplus wheat crop, at a time when foreign harvests were deficient and the supplies of consuming Europe had run short, and a great increase in our export trade. The one was always counted on to bring wealth to the American producing community; the other to strengthen our international position and reduce our indebtedness to the outside world.

(Continued on page 56, *following*)

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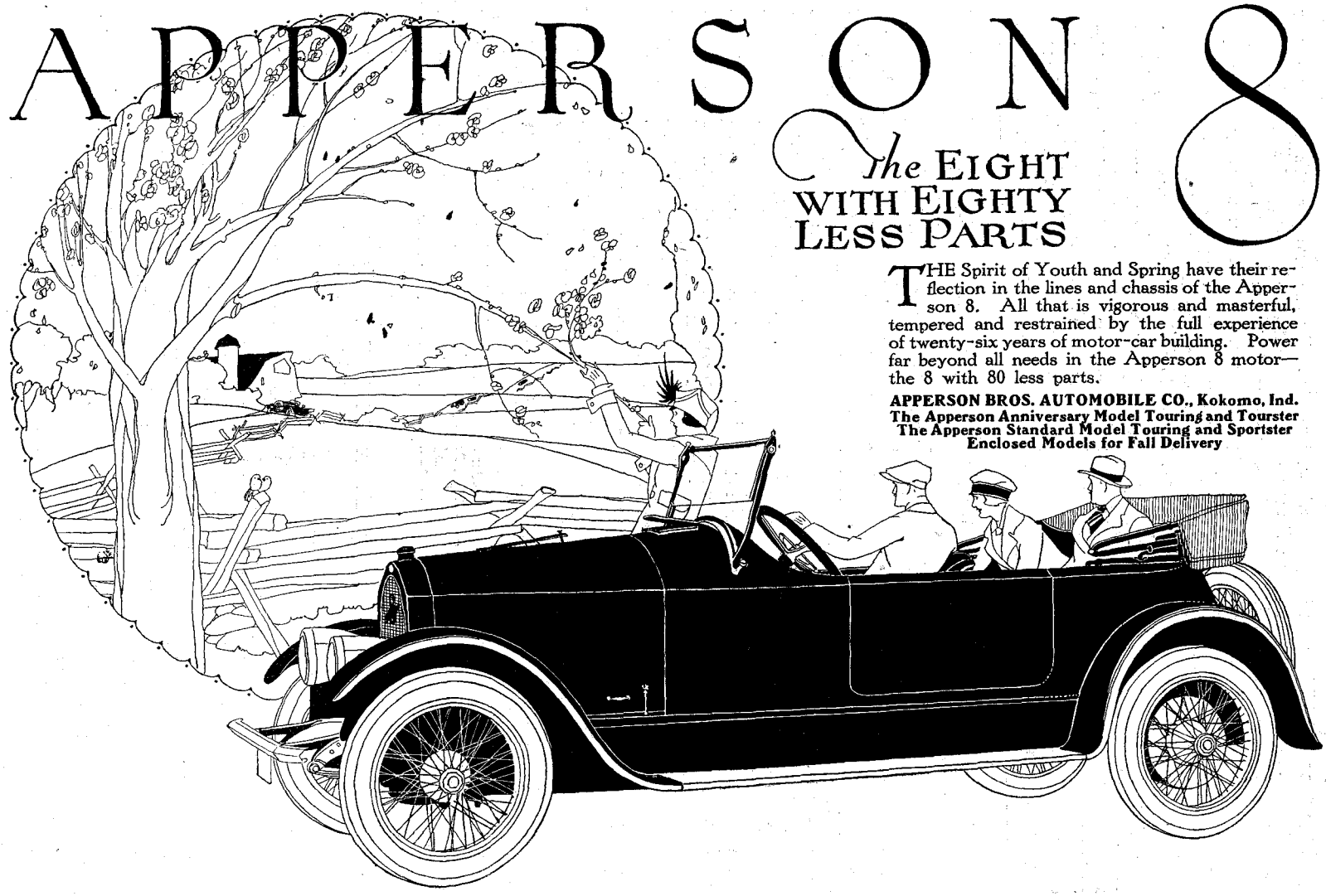
The EIGHT WITH EIGHTY LESS PARTS



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NOW there were visible in these two directions, a month or more ago, developments of a character which, say in 1913, would have aroused the utmost financial enthusiasm, and which, though surrounded this year with special complications of a peculiar and unprecedented sort, cannot possibly fail to exert much of their old-time economic influence. The winter wheat crop, planted last autumn, is entering the spring season with a promise never matched in our history. On a quite unprecedented acreage, the season in the Middle West has been almost perfect. By the government's last statements, our export trade has reached a magnitude surpassing that of any month on record, even in the days when our shipment of war munitions (now practically ended) had risen to unheard-of totals. The mere surplus of merchandise exports over imports during January, $410,000,000, exceeded the export surplus in any full twelvemonth of our history, prior to 1912.

The Wheat Crop and the Export Trade

That there are certain qualifying considerations in these two economic achievements at the present time, which did not exist when the mem-

Financial Situation, continued on page 58

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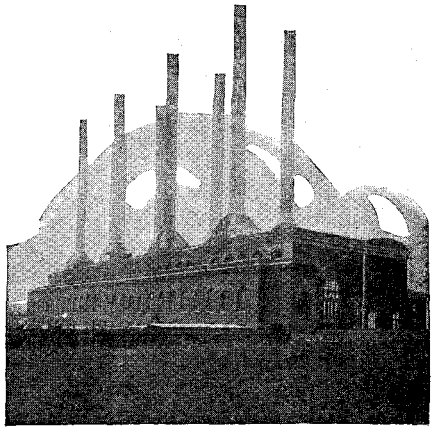

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Financial Situation, continued from page 56

orable harvest season of 1897 and the memorable export season of 1901 introduced a famous era of American prosperity, every one understood. In the financial entanglements resulting from the war, Europe is in no position to pay cash for her importations from America. Not only is she unable yet to exchange goods for goods, but she cannot, as in 1897 or 1879, spare gold to remit in settlement, and she cannot, in the abnormal state of her own trade and of the foreign exchanges, draw in our favor on a credit fund in other markets. Therefore our government, which between April, 1917, and November, 1918, loaned nearly $8,000,000,000 to its European allies to finance their war-time purchases in the United States, is preparing to lend them at least $1,000,000,000 more to finance their purchases in the transition period.

As to wheat, of which there is possible an American crop this year exceeding even the thousand million bushels of 1915, our government is tied up with the guarantee to the farmers, made last summer and binding until the 1919 crop has been marketed, of $2.26 per bushel. This price —higher than any reached at Chicago, even momentarily, between 1867 and 1916—applies to the whole crop. If the market does not pay it, the government's Food Bureau must.

While war continued, the world at large was willing to pay the price; sudden return of peace brought offers of wheat at $1.53 and $1.37 from distant foreign producing countries, long cut off from outside markets by the wartime shortage of shipping, and therefore with an accumulated and burdensome unsold stock. It is perhaps improbable that the price will continue at those figures, when Europe is bare of food supplies, when Russia's old-time 800,000,000-bushel harvests are no longer a factor in the case, and when even Germany must be fed by the western world. But it is equally improbable that the world's bid for wheat will return to $2.26 a bushel, and, since our government must sell at market prices, whether at home or abroad, whatever wheat it buys from American producers, it will have to foot the loss out of the public treasury.

Undoubtedly these are economic handicaps, but they leave the question open whether, even so, they can offset the traditional influence for good, so far as regards our economic situation, of bumper harvests and an unprecedented export balance in foreign trade. The stock market manifestly acted on the presumption that these benefits would not be counterbalanced. But the recovery in prices had yet another cause.

IT is impossible to doubt that the revival of confidence on the stock exchanges resulted in

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large degree from the preliminary agreement of the Paris Conference on the League of Nations. To the financial markets (as indeed to at least a very great part of our people) this agreement presented itself in two distinctly favorable aspects. It foreshadowed unity of action by the Allied States in their settlement of the war; therefore, if ratified by the governments, it would remove the very grave existing apprehensions of a breakdown in the good understanding between the victorious belligerents, and of the Entente's disintegration into a set of angry, jealous, and resentful states.

Markets and the League of Nations

This was one consideration. As to what the ratification of the League—no doubt with its covenant amended, with restrictions in some regards and amplifications in others—would mean to the future of the international situation, little doubt appeared to be entertained on the great financial markets. It was recognized that in no other way than through some such covenant could international security and peace be preserved in the confused political era on which the world has entered, and also that at no other time than this present juncture, when a world-wide political and military alliance for a common purpose was already in force, was it probable that such an agreement could be achieved.

The objections to the Paris plan, as urged in our own Congress and elsewhere, were ignored by no one. Yet people who took a backward glance at history remembered on what closely similar grounds our own constitution was assailed when the States were asked to ratify it. American statesmen such as Richard Henry Lee, George Clinton, and Elbridge Gerry went from meeting to meeting to denounce it as a proposed surrender of the rights of sovereign States. One group of public men opposed it because of what it contained; another because of what it did not contain. The draft of the constitution published by the convention in September, 1787, did not receive the ratification of New York State until July, 1788, or of North Carolina until November, 1789, or of Rhode Island until May, 1790. The case was not in all respects identical; yet the underlying fact, fully understood to dominate the situation of 1919 as it dominated that of 1787, was summed up by thoughtful minds on both occasions in the inquiry as to whether the future of orderly civilization would be safe without such international restraints, and if not, then what other alternative plan was open for consideration.

We have yet to see the final working-out of the League of Nations plan, and we have yet to learn what is the attitude of the ratifying governments

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Why Municipal Bonds are Exempt from Federal Income Taxes.

Ever since our Government entered the war, thus necessitating an extensive taxing program, tax-exempt securities have been much talked of.

Among the tax-exempt securities, Municipal Bonds are the most prominent. It has been pretty generally understood that Municipal Bonds are non-taxable, but just why is not so generally known.

In order to make it clear why Municipal Bonds are not subject to Federal Income Taxes it will be necessary to understand just what a Municipal Bond really is. The term is somewhat misleading.

While a Municipal Bond technically is the obligation of a city, only custom has applied the name to obligations of states, or any political subdivisions thereof, such as cities, school districts, levee, road and drainage districts, etc.

Under the Constitution, the United States Government cannot lay a burden upon an instrumentality of a state. The taxing of the obligation of a state, or of any political subdivision of a state, would be laying a burden upon an instrumentality of the state, and therefore it would be unconstitutional. To do it would involve a question of States Rights, upon which the Union was founded.

That a tax levied upon the securities or the income derived from securities, issued by a state or a political subdivision thereof is actually a tax upon the state itself was established in the case of Pollock vs. The Farmers' Loan and Trust Company, 157 U. S. 429, in which the Supreme Court of the United States declared unconstitutional the Income Tax of 1894. This decision was based upon various grounds, among which was the ruling of the court that incomes derived from Municipal Bonds were not taxable by the Federal Government, and that, as the law of 1894 imposed an income tax upon such bonds, the law was invalid.

This tax-exempt feature makes Municipal Bonds unusually attractive now that incomes are taxed so heavily. A 5% Municipal Bond, under present conditions, yields a net return equivalent to from 6% to 20% on large incomes derived from taxable securities. Even on small incomes, which are taxable, the equivalent return from Municipal Bonds is greater than the interest rate would indicate.

Tax exemption presents a subject of increasing interest in proportion to the size of one's income, and is worthy of the study of every individual taxpayer.

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(our own included) toward it. Two appraisals of the League of Nations plan as originally drafted, both made in London, are suggestive. The covenant as announced on February 14, said the London *Times*, is "the most important international document ever published; which, if it is worked in the spirit of its founders, will exercise a permanent influence for good on the future of the human race." But another very acute critic of contemporary politics wrote that "there is nothing in it to solve either the German or Russian problems; which means that the Sphinx riddle of mankind after Armageddon is left unanswered."

Germany's New Attitude

THE attitude of Germany toward the Allies during this period, and of the Allies toward Germany, was peculiar. The German government and people had already passed from the attitude of despair and grovelling submission to an attitude, first of apprehensive expectancy, then of sullen impatience. Having asked for the terms of surrender and having surrendered unconditionally, Germany now began through her statesmen and newspapers, to complain of unfair treatment.

The armistice, so the head of the new German government declared, had laid down stipulations of "unheard-of ruthlessness." "Our foes," wrote Prince Max of Baden, who had conducted the armistice negotiations, "should be made to understand the outraged sentiment of the whole German nation." The outside world began to hear of how Germany had really conditioned her surrender on her own interpretation of President Wilson's "fourteen points," of how the Entente governments, having pledged themselves to such conditions, were violating their pledge, and of how Germany need not have surrendered except for her belief in an amicable settlement. The acceptance of the armistice, so declares the *Tageszeitung* of Berlin, was "foolish, cowardly, and criminal," since "all reports agreed that the Allies would be forced to cease fighting before the end of the year."

AS a matter of history, pure and simple, all this is the most futile of contention. Germany's assent to Mr. Wilson's personal statement of principles was not the basis even of the armistice. It was prescribed by Mr. Wilson as the sole condition under which he would agree to ask our European Allies for a suspension of hostilities. The German government, in its note of October 20, had itself agreed that "the conditions of an armistice should be left to the judgment of the military advisers," and its delegates had signed the terms drawn up by General Foch. The acceptance of Mr. Wilson's principles by the Entente Allies as a basis for the peace treaty of

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peace (though with some reservations) had nothing whatever to do with the armistice. The purpose of the armistice agreement, in Mr. Wilson's own words to Germany, was to place the Entente allies "in a position to enforce any arrangements that may be entered into, and to make a renewal of hostilities by Germany impossible."

The suggestion that Germany, but for her humane wish for peace, might have gone on fighting, made slight impression, even in Germany. The world knows considerably more about that matter now than it knew on November 11.

The Truth About Germany's Defeat

"The enemy," so we are told in General Haig's subsequent report to his government on that month's military situation, "was capable neither of accepting nor of refusing battle. His defensive powers had already been definitely destroyed." General Pershing reported to our War Department that on November 6, when the American army reached the River Meuse opposite Sedan, "we had cut the enemy's main line of communications, and nothing but surrender or an armistice could save his army from complete disaster." General Foch, speaking to the correspondents on January 11, thus described the situation: "The German high command was not ignorant of the fact that it faced a colossal disaster. When it surrendered, everything was prepared for an offensive to which it would infallibly have succumbed. On the 14th [of November] we were to attack in Lorraine with twenty French divisions and six American divisions. This attack would have been supported by other movements in Flanders and on the centre. The Germans were lost. They capitulated. There is the whole story."

One does not have to depend even on Allied sources for the facts. Erzberger, explaining apologetically to the new German national assembly a few weeks ago, the reasons for the armistice, flatly declared that he signed it under the "iron compulsion" of Marshal Hindenburg; that the German High Command had asked him to beg for certain concessions in the terms, but had added that "even if you do not succeed in obtaining concessions on these points, you must sign the armistice." Prince Max of Baden, giving the reasons for the armistice long after it was concluded, said to the German people: "Our offensive had failed. The enemy was advancing victoriously. The war was lost. The only thing to be attained was to rescue our people from worse consequences."

All of this first-hand evidence warrants the conclusion of an English newspaper that "the armistice probably saved the Germans from the greatest military disaster in history."

GERMANY, in short, was as thoroughly and overwhelmingly beaten as was France on the day of Sedan. Being thus beaten, and her actions in causing and conducting the war having been what they were, her just moral responsibility could scarcely be even measured in terms of

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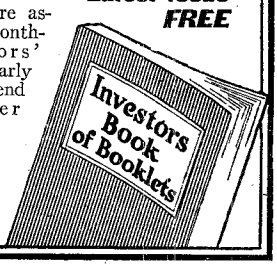

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money. But granting even this, there is something also to be said in criticism of the attitude taken in some of the Allied countries toward Germany. The insistence in many quarters of Europe, not only that Germany should be required to pay by way of indemnity all that could possibly be exacted from her people, but that recovery in German trade and resumption of relations by German merchants with markets of Entente countries should be prevented, involved an economic contradiction.

The Entente Allies and Germany

It is difficult to see how Germany can in any case pay more than a relatively small proportion, even of the sum assessed for reparation and restitution, except through exporting German products. The idea, momentarily hinted at in Western Europe, that reparation be imposed through requiring forced and unpaid German labor for the reconstruction of Belgium and Northern France, was a very hasty thought. No very long second consideration was necessary to remind the reasoner of what the French and Belgian workmen would have to say at the diversion of employment in their own country from them to servile labor by the enemy.

Even if an immediate payment of the indemnity were arranged, after the plan of 1871, through placing German national obligations with governments or investors of the Entente states (at present a difficult matter to imagine), there would still remain the question of paying interest on those bonds. Germany produces no gold. Her holdings of the securities of other countries have been mostly liquidated. Short of surrender of control over her natural resources to her creditors, experience with international exchange leaves open only two other means for paying either principal or interest—through floating new loans in the markets where payment must be made, or through exporting merchandise. It still remains to be determined how the Peace Conference or the League of Nations will settle this extraordinary question.

THE problem of Russia is in one sense simpler, in another sense vastly more complex. It is simpler, in that Russia has no indemnity to pay and that national bankruptcy, with the attendant chaos in a nation's home and foreign finance and in its productive industry, is no new problem to European history. The plunge of France after 1790, into insolvency under a mountain of fiat money, was in all respects as violent as that of Bolshevik Russia; it was marked by exactly similar phenomena; yet within a decade the government of France was financially on its feet again. This was long considered one of the puzzles of economic history. The French historian Taine was the first to explain it clearly, three quarters of a century afterward.

Russia as the World's Puzzle

Prior to 1789, he tells us, the public revenue of France was 475 million francs. During the Revolution there was virtually no revenue at all;

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"the state lived off capital which it seized or debts which it created." Under the Consulate and Empire, the revenue rose to 750 or 800 millions, with no seizures and no debts.

How were the public finances thus transformed from the wreck of the Revolution into the highly productive revenue after 1800? The answer is, through a proper system of taxation. Before 1789, the revenue was farmed out to 200,000 collectors, and the cost of collecting taxes was twice as much as the proceeds delivered to the government. Prior to the Revolution the French peasant, out of 100 francs income, paid 14 to his seigneur, 14 to the clergy, and 53 to the state, leaving only 19 for himself. During the Revolution he lived in a riot of paper money and demoralized industry, paying no taxes but saving nothing for himself. After the tax reform by the new government of 1800, he paid from his 100 francs 20 francs to the state, the department and the commune, but nothing to clergy or seigneur; thus keeping 80 for his own uses. It will be seen that the state itself got less from the peasant citizen who had borne such a load before 1789; but it far more than made up the difference through intelligent taxes placed on tea, sugar, coffee, and drinks, by abolishing the farmers-general, and by extending the taxes to all previously exempted classes of the community.

Russia of 1919 is not France of 1793 or 1900; yet there are some analogies which admit of positive deduction. The Russian taxes prior to 1917 or 1914 were not such monuments of injustice and oppression as the French taxes prior to 1789; but they were almost as wastefully collected, and in many cases as clumsily imposed. The history of taxes, public finance and individual conditions was the same in both episodes of revolutionary terror. If, moreover, Russia has a far heavier load of debt and industrial wreck from which to emerge when economic rehabilitation comes, she also possesses in her mines, her forests, her surplus of agricultural products, a vastly greater store of economic resource than ever fell to the lot of France.

Will Russia hereafter follow the French example of 1800, and get on her feet again, financially and politically, by emerging from the era of blind terrorism? Some such possibility seemed to be remotely recognized in the markets during February, when the Russian government's 6½ per cent bonds of the American issue rose on the curb from 48 to 72. The recovery was striking; it was accompanied by a similarly sharp advance in Russian internal bonds, of which a fair-sized amount is still afloat in American markets, and in Russian currency as valued by the bid for "ruble notes" of the Kerensky issue—which, however, recovered only to one-third of their nominal face value as against a previous one-fourth. The rise both preceded and followed the announcement from Petrograd, when the Allies at Paris proposed a conference with the rival Russian factions, that Lenine would be willing, in return for political recognition of his govern-

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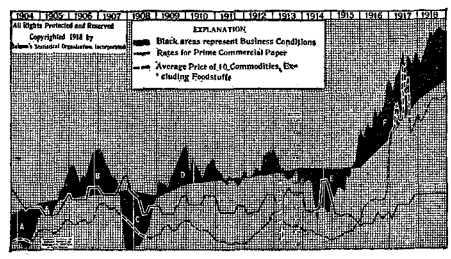
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ment, to rescind the proclamation whereby, a year ago, Russia's indebtedness in the Entente countries had been repudiated.

The Case for the Bolsheviki

STATESMEN who have been personally in touch with Russian politics have privately admitted this much in behalf of the Bolshevik régime: that its leaders knew at any rate what they wanted, and were determined to secure it at any cost. This was not true either of the first revolutionary government of Prince Lvoff, or of the Kerensky régime which followed. Both of those experimental governments wished for a constitutional convention, but feared to antagonize the opposition party and merely temporized with them. The Bolshevik rulers were resolved on government by a single class, were against a popular convention, and were prepared to stamp out all opposition by the most high-handed of measures. not stopping short of promiscuous murder.

This is a clear enough analogy with the Paris terrorists; who, having disposed by the simple expedient of the guillotine of the vacillating and temporizing Girondist faction, seized power firmly with the support of the sans-culottes. But historical analogies do not present themselves unerringly at every stage. If they did, we should have to look for the Bolshevik leaders presently destroying one another, being thereupon replaced by a government of feeble phrase-makers and opportunists, supported somewhat contemptuously by an army which itself in turn, under a resolute and victorious commander, was destined to overthrow them. This was the case of France—after Robespierre, Danton; after Danton, Barras; after Barras, Napoleon. With Napoleon, but not until his arrival, came the country's economic rehabilitation. In Russia, a similar sequence of events is possible; but its probability is remote, in a day when the course of events throughout the world has discredited the expedient of military dictatorship as completely as it has upset autocratic sovereignty.

YET on the other hand, such considerable recovery of economic power and military prestige as was achieved by France, even before Napoleon seized the government, is not so easy to imagine nowadays. Foreign credit, well-ordered home production, properly organized transportation, export and import trade whereby a surplus of home products may go out in exchange for foreign merchandise needed but not produced at home—these, which could be dispensed with in the simpler civilization of 1793, are the essentials of a thriving state in our complex modern organism. We have learned from Germany's experience that a rich and powerful modern state cannot endure without them. Russia is neither rich nor powerful, except in so far as she develops her economic opportunities, and those opportunities the Bolshevik government has deliberately struck down.

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The question then remains, whether the Bolshevik leaders will themselves, like so many other fanatics installed in power, choose to abandon the fanatical ideas for the sake of retaining the power; or whether the public sufferings brought about by anarchy will result in the destruction of the government responsible for it, followed by the trial of another. For nations do not nowadays stand still when political anarchy is creating economic misery.

What Will the Longer Outcome Be?

Lenine's bid for outside recognition, by the offer of meeting Russia's accrued external indebtedness through placing her resources of raw materials under outside administration, was an extraordinary departure from the Bolshevik ideas. There have been seemingly authentic reports of an attempt at reinstallation of the old methods of managing factories as well as armies. But a good deal more than this would be needed to show that the present Petrograd government is fit or safe either for rulership over Russia or for recognition by other civilized states. The tyranny of the French Terror, wicked as it was, recognized the necessity of at least asserting belief in equality and fraternity as well as liberty, and in the end the present French Republic was established on that declaration. But the avowed and fundamental doctrine of the Russian Terror is that there is no equality, that one class must rule to the exclusion of all others, that the test of liberty is not the free vote for government but the seizure of other people's property, and that the ultimate purpose of the country's relations with other states is to force such principles upon all the rest of them.

If the Russian Bolshevists fail to do this, while prolonging the economic ruin of their own country, their political collapse can be only a question of time. Even should they succeed in doing it—say in distracted Germany, with the help of the social and political disintegration due to disgraceful military overthrow—their success could not possibly be more than temporary. For their program is not only the program of unblushing anarchy, but whereas the popular insurrections of 1789 and 1848 were uprisings against the tyranny of a privileged class, this is a cynical avowal of exactly such tyranny as the single purpose of the Twentieth Century insurrection.

That the relations, not only between labor and capital but between labor and government, would constitute an exciting problem of the period following the war, people of experience recognized long ago. The problem was indeed inherited from the period before the war. Probably it is destined to bring about many and far-reaching readjustments, both industrial and social. But politically, Russia's actual experience is at least as unmistakable a warning to labor as to capital. It provides the reason why, notwithstanding the ambitions of the more reckless group of laborers, and notwithstanding the sentimental attitude of certain soft-hearted women and soft-headed men in other classes of society, the Bolshevik experiment is not in the least likely to endure.

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Continued on page 70

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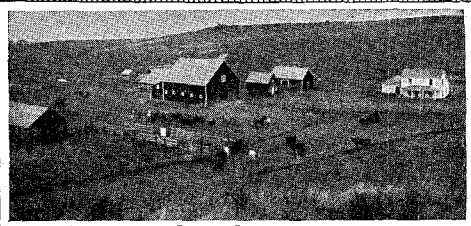

Farm Buildings in the Palouse Country

SECURITY OF OBVIOUS STRENGTH

According to the United States Census 37% of American farms are operated by tenants. These tenants pay the owners either a cash rental or a share of the season's crops.

When a thrifty tenant farmer aspires to become owner of the land he tills, if he has sufficient cash to pay for half the land and if investigation proves him a satisfactory borrower we will loan him the other half, taking as security a first mortgage on the entire farm.

We negotiate farm loans, secured by mortgages on land conservatively appraised at twice (often three or four times) the amount of the loan. You may invest in such security through us on a basis to net you 6%.

"THE NORTHWEST IN AGRICULTURE,"
Our new booklet for investors, sent free on request

VERMONT LOAN & TRUST CO.

BRATTLEBORO, VERMONT (Address nearest Office) SPOKANE, WASHINGTON

SESSIONS STANDS FOR SAFETY

Est. 1887 Inc. 1909

Ninth of Ten Reasons Why
"Sessions Stands for Safety"

The short maturity, the nature of the security, and other factors make our mortgages non-fluctuating in value. They are stable investments yielding a liberal income.

Write for booklet and list of 6% and 7% mortgage investments.

SESSIONS LOAN & TRUST CO.
Mortgage Bankers
Moultrie M. Sessions, President
Drawer 366 **Marietta, Ga.**

Prosperity Reigns In The Northwest

Abundant crops in 1918 and a guaranteed price for wheat in 1919 mean great prosperity for Northwest farmers. This is but one of several reasons why our 5½ and 6% First Mortgage Loans on Northwest Farms make an ideal investment. Write for descriptive booklet.

CAPITAL TRUST & SAVINGS BANK
Chartered 1890
Capital and Surplus $500,000.00
Saint Paul, Minnesota

Continued from page 68

If individual farm mortgages were always obtainable in amounts suited to the needs of all investors, both large and small, there would be no occasion to devise any other form of farm-mortgage security. But the fact that few investors are able or willing to put over $5,000 or $10,000 into a single mortgage, and the fact that few mortgages are available in small amounts, such as $500 and $1,000, have led to attempts to split up the investment in the larger mortgages into amounts convenient for the ordinary investor. In this way farm mortgages securing loans running into the hundreds of thousands are made available to the modest investor or the investor who wants to diversify his holdings by refraining from putting large sums into any one mortgage.

THE DIVIDED FARM MORTGAGE

The commonest method of dividing large loans is to take a series of notes from the borrower in convenient denominations, usually multiples of $500, secured by a single deed of trust in favor of an individual or corporation as trustee for the note-holders. The fact that the pledge of the farm is held by the trustee for the benefit of the note-holders is endorsed on each note, and the notes are sold to investors in amounts suited to their requirements. There is no distinction between an investment in these notes and an investment in an entire mortgage, except that the trustee instead of the investor holds the security for the notes, as would be the case in a corporation bond issue, and the trustee in case of foreclosure would enforce collection. Inasmuch as the purchaser of a standardized farm mortgage from an established farm-mortgage banking-house relies on the house to protect his interests in any case, there seems to be no reasonable objection to allowing a trustee to administer the security. The investor has a very simple and convenient security to hold and can avail himself of the choicest farm-mortgage security in any amount convenient for him.

As land values increase in the better loan fields, the size of individual farm mortgages increases with them, and it is very difficult to invest sums of less than two or three thousand dollars in good individual farm mortgages. The split mortgage is a natural and safe device to meet this situation and to give investors exactly the denominations they want, from $500 upwards.

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THE FARM-MORTGAGE BOND

The farm-mortgage bond is in principle practically the same as the divided mortgage, but is often put out more in the form of a corporation bond. Take for example an offering of $300,000 of first-mortgage 6 per cent bonds, secured by first lien on $818,675 worth of improved farm land, operated as a unit by management of proved capacity, and with liquid assets exceeding the amount of the loan. These bonds are in denominations of $100, $500, and $1,000, are secured by trust deed to a prominent trust company, are registrable as to both principal and interest, and are in bearer coupon form, with interest and principal payable in New York. In every particular these bonds are like the standard corporate issues, the trust deed containing all the elaborate protective clauses common to carefully drawn corporation mortgages, and prepared and approved by expert counsel.

These bonds have behind them the best of physical security, the personal obligation of a millionaire farmer, the best of legal advice, and the service of a well-known trust company, and yet they can be had in amounts as low as $100. In their case, as in the case of the divided mortgages, the only distinction as compared with an individual farm mortgage is that the trust company and not the investor holds the trust deed, and is responsible for seeing that, in case of default, its provisions are enforced. The great advantage of both the divided mortgage and the farm-mortgage bond is that they offer the investor of comparatively small sums the security of the most successful farmers and the best farms. They are, for that reason, and because of their convenience, steadily gaining in favor.

THE DEBENTURE OR COLLATERAL TRUST BOND

The debenture or collateral trust bond is characteristically the obligation of a corporation dealing in farm mortgages, secured by the deposit of farm mortgages of equal or greater face value with a trustee as collateral security for the obligation. The debenture is the customary type of farm-mortgage investment in Great Britain and Europe. Several of the important British and European companies maintain loaning agencies in the United States and put United States mortgages behind their debentures. In Canada, and in some instances in Great Britain and Europe, the debenture is not

Continued on page 72

Prospective Investors' Service

A service to which you are welcome without obligation

Every investor should make a thoughtful study and comparison of the various classes of investment offerings before making his commitment. Investors should have the opportunity to make this study without assuming obligations.

"Prospective Investors' Service" is the term we use to describe those distinctive services we render investors who want to make a thorough, unbiased investigation of our farm mortgage offerings. If we may render this service to you write for a

Prospective Investors' Application Blank

INVESTORS MORTGAGE COMPANY
R. B. BISHOP, *President*
610 Canal Bank Annex NEW ORLEANS, LA.

6% NET ON FARM MORTGAGES

7% First Mortgages

on high-class, revenue bearing property, backed by two to five times the amount of each loan, is the character of loans we offer investors.

21 years in the business, without loss of one dollar to any investor, is our record.

We are in the very heart of the famous black waxy land belt of Central Texas.

Write to-day for booklet—"Safe Investments," and current loan list.

R. O. CULP & COMPANY
Mortgage Loans and Investments
TEMPLE, TEXAS

7% NET ON CITY MORTGAGES

Buy Time Tested Investments

Our 6% First Farm Mortgages and Real Estate Gold Bonds have been purchased by investors in all sections now for more than 35 years without the loss of a dollar. Amounts to suit. Let us send you descriptive pamphlet "G" and offerings.

E. J. LANDER & CO., Grand Forks, N.D.
Est. 1883. Capital and Surplus $500,000.00

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Investing Scientifically in Farm Mortgages

The Investor and the Borrower

The first step to be taken by the investor who, after careful analysis, has decided to invest in farm mortgages, is to find a borrower who offers ample security, enjoys a good reputation, and who requires a loan for an essential purpose.

Through a complete organization of correspondents we are daily receiving desirable applications and are equipped to aid investors in securing high-grade investments in

Iowa and Missouri Farm Mortgages

Write for current offerings

PHOENIX TRUST COMPANY

OTTUMWA IOWA

6% PETTERS FARM MORTGAGE INVESTMENTS PERMANENT AND PROFITABLE EMPLOYMENT OF FUNDS 6%

The Best Evidence of Investment Satisfaction

Every year there matures hundreds of farm mortgages and farm mortgage bonds held by the investment clients of this Company.

The large percentage of our clients who reinvest in other Petters Farm Mortgage Investments is compelling evidence of the satisfactory character of these securities and of our service.

Write for descriptive list of current offerings

PETTERS AND COMPANY

SERVING INVESTORS SATISFACTORILY OVER 30 YEARS

CAPITAL AND SURPLUS $400,000

McKNIGHT BLDG. MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

FARM MORTGAGES I-F-M ALWAYS @ PAR

7%

IN TIMES OF UNCERTAINTY

THE

FARM LOAN IS CERTAIN

Buy our first mortgage loans on irrigated farms or on farms in the rain belt.

No customer of ours has ever lost a dollar through one of our farm loans.

Write for pamphlet and list

THE IRRIGATED FARMS MORTGAGE CO.

J.V.N. DORR, President DENVER, COLO. JOSEPH D. HITCH, Manager

Continued from page 71

secured by such definite deposit of collateral, but is a lien on the general assets of the issuing corporation, and the debenture issues are restricted to an amount bearing a fixed ratio to the paid-in capital, surplus, and reserves. In Canada such debentures are in the best of favor, are legal investments for trustees, and there has been no default in over forty years' experience among all the companies operating. The Canadian experience has demonstrated that debentures of properly regulated companies partake of all the advantages of safety and regularity of prime farm mortgages; but, owing to the unfortunate experience of investors in the United States a generation ago, with the debentures of unregulated companies, there is a strong prejudice against this form in this country. As a result there are few debentures offered on the United States market, although if issued under proper regulation and safeguards they are, theoretically at least, the safest and best of all forms of farm-mortgage investment.

FEDERAL FARM-LOAN BONDS AND JOINT STOCK LAND-BANK BONDS

There has been so much publicity regarding these issues of the institutions operating under the Federal Farm Loan Act that they are quite familiar to the public. Indeed, they are probably better known in the Eastern market than other forms of farm-mortgage investment, although as yet these issues constitute little more than 4 per cent of the outstanding farm-mortgage business of the country. The provisions of the law governing these issues are complicated, and investors are referred to the law itself and to the opinions of those experienced in rural banking, especially farm-mortgage banking, for information on the nature of these investments.

6% AN ASSURED 6% INCOME

Your surplus funds will yield 6% if invested in our 6% Time Certificates, issued for $100 or more. We have paid 6% continuously for 24 years and have never been a day late in mailing semi-annual interest checks. All our investments are made in First Mortgages on improved city property.

Write for the Booklet, "6% and Safety"

The Calvert Mortgage Company

867 Calvert Building, Baltimore, Md.

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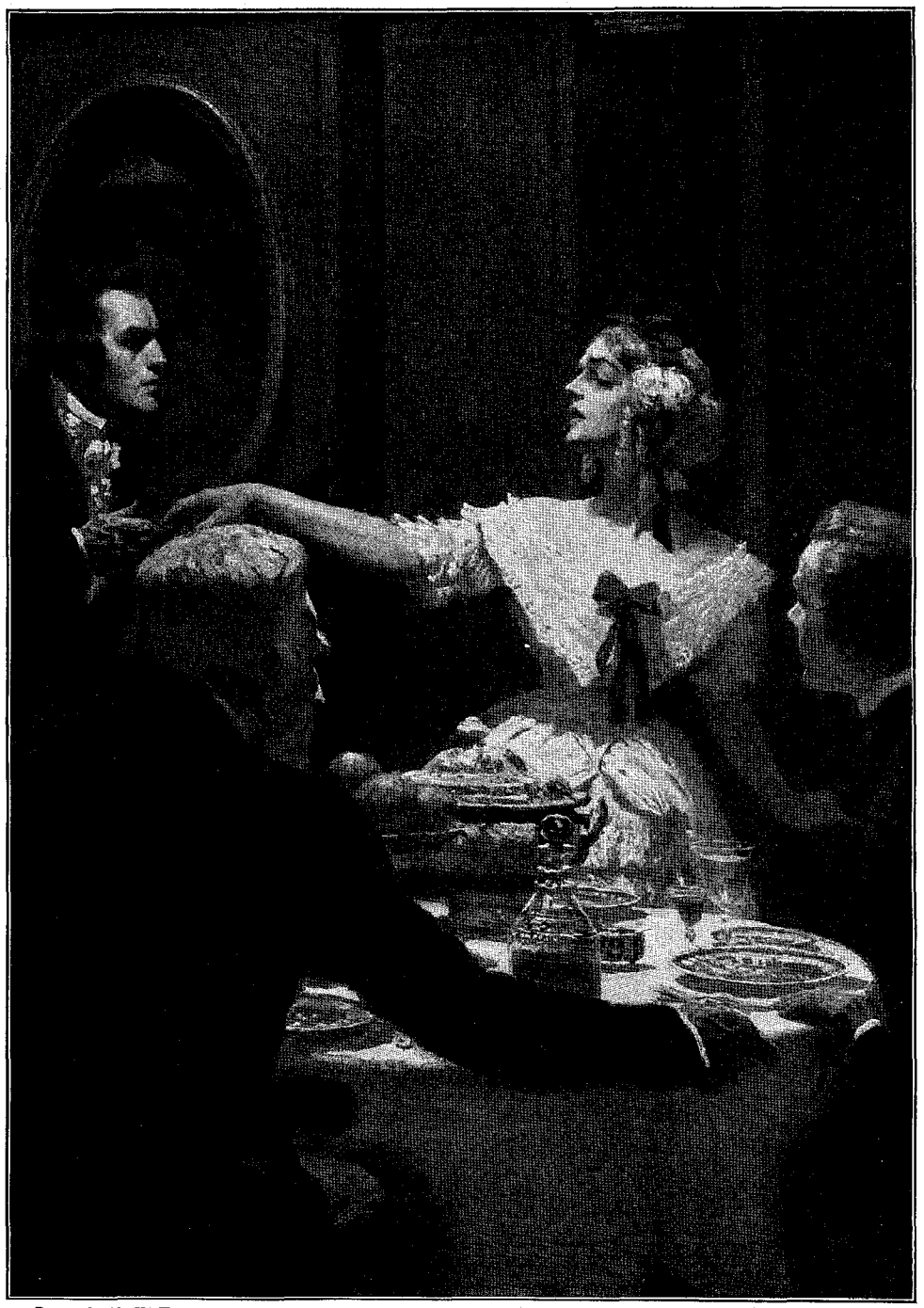

Drawn by T. K. Hanna.

SHE WAS STARING AT HENRY AS THOUGH SHE HAD NEVER SEEN HIM BEFORE.

—"The Trafficker," page 570.

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